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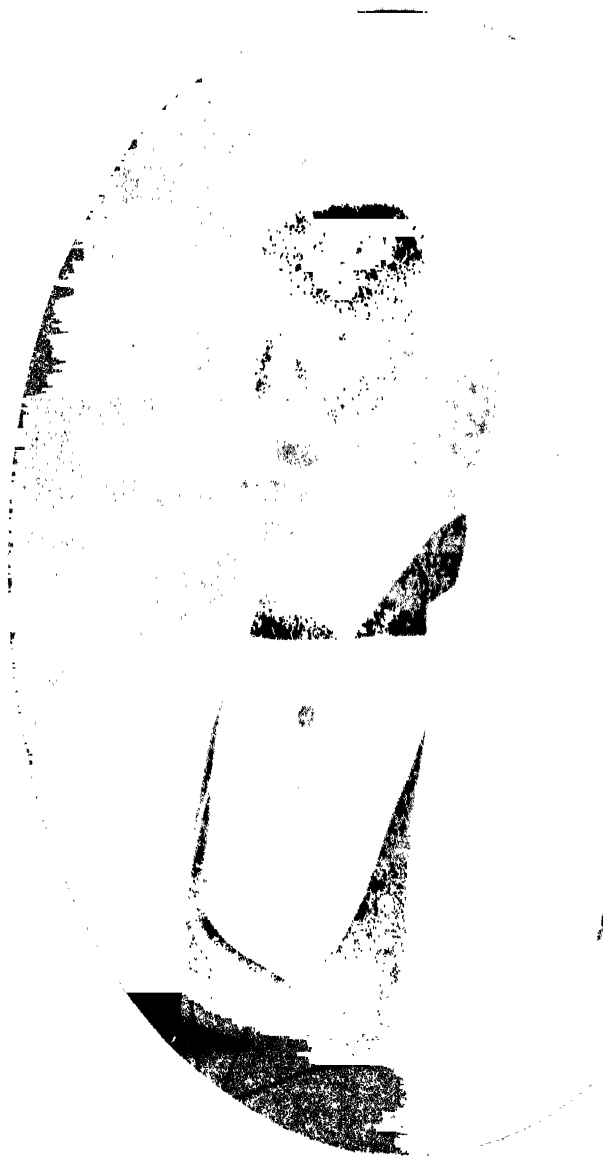
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THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.



JAMES FERNANDEZ.

THE
FERNANDEZ RECITER

A COLLECTION OF
POPULAR AND NOVEL RECITATIONS

FOR
STAGE, PLATFORM, AND DRAWING-ROOM

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JAMES FERNANDEZ

PART I.—*POPULAR*

PART II.—*HUMOROUS*

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LIMITED
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

1897

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PREFACE.

THE Editor having had considerable experience as a reciter, and expended much time and labour in seeking for recitations possessing the desirable qualities of strong interest, combined with adequacy of literary expression—and, having found them, to simplify the task for others, the Editor has been induced to communicate the result of his seekings and discoveries, by gathering into ready-reference form the present compilation of Popular and Novel Recitations for Stage, Platform, and Drawing-room.

And as all the merit of the work is contained in extracts from favourite authors (and others whose writings now appear in a collection for the first time), the Editor gratefully acknowledges his obligations to the following publishers:—Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, Saxon and Co., Harper Bros., Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, and Co., Ltd., Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., W. Heinemann, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Messrs. Ellis and Elvey, and others, for permission to make use of their rights; and to the following ladies and gentlemen:—Madame Sarah Grand, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mrs. Annie S. Bradshaw, Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., Marie Bancroft, Cosmo Monkhouse, Eric Mackay, Kay Bee, Robert Buchanan, Clement Scott, Austin Dobson, G. R. Sims, W. C. Bennett, H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, Grant Allen, W. Laird Clowes, W. A.

Eaton, Theyre Smith, and others, for having kindly placed their works at his disposal. And to those writers, with whom the Editor has been unable to communicate, he expresses the hope that he has not inadvertently infringed rights of which he was ignorant; and for all sins of omission or commission he humbly solicits pardon.

JAMES FERNANDEZ.

CONTENTS.

ARRANGED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

	PAGE
ADDRESS FOR POOR CLOWN'S BENEFIT <i>Spoken by Mr. Fernandez</i>	180
ADVANCE	161
AFTER THE ACCIDENT <i>Bret Harte</i>	208
ANNABEL LEE <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	182
ASHES <i>De Witt Sterry</i>	171
AW NIVIR CAN CALL HUR MY WIFE <i>Benjamin Preston</i>	136
BALLAD OF A SHIELD, THE <i>Cosmo Monkhouse</i>	35
BARBARA FRIETCHIE <i>John G. Whittier</i>	118
BETSEY AND I ARE OUT <i>Will Carleton</i>	175
BOAT RACE, THE <i>H. Cholmondeley-Pennell</i>	234
BRIDGE KEEPER'S STORY, THE <i>W. A. Eaton</i>	227
CARD-DEALER, THE <i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i>	237
CARDINAL WOLSEY ON HIS FALL <i>Shakespeare</i>	112
CHOICE, THE <i>Sarah Grand</i>	18
"COALSCUTTLE" BONNET, THE <i>Kay Bee</i>	78
COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN' ME <i>Edwin Waugh</i>	97
COUNTRY GIRL IN LONDON, THE <i>Nicholas Michell</i>	83
CRIMEAN SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS STORY, A <i>Robert B. Brough</i>	141
DANDY FIFTH, THE <i>F. H. Gassaway</i>	92
DEMON SHIP, THE <i>Tom Hood</i>	191
DIVER, THE <i>Schiller, Trans. by Lord Lytton</i>	74
DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM, THE <i>Tom Hood</i>	44

	PAGE
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD	<i>Thomas Gray</i> 67
ELIHU	<i>Alice Cary</i> 211
ESSAY ON CRITICISM (EXTRACTS)	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 41
FATE OF MACGREGOR, THE	<i>James Hogg</i> 125
FIREMAN'S WEDDING, THE	<i>W. A. Eaton</i> 61
FIRST IDEALIST, THE	<i>Grant Allen</i> 25
FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i> 87
FOR HER SAKE	<i>Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw</i> 230
FROM INDIA	<i>W. C. Bennett</i> 86
GINEVRA	<i>Samuel Rogers</i> 58
GLOVE AND THE LIONS, THE	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 218
HER LETTER	<i>Bret Harte</i> 23
HERVÉ RIEL	<i>Robert Browning</i> 12
HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP	<i>Will Carleton</i> 178
HOSTAGE, THE	<i>Schuller, Trans. by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.</i> 223
HOW JANE CONQUEST RANG THE BELL	<i>James Milne</i> 114
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT	<i>Robert Browning</i> 209
IN THE RIVER PEI-HO	<i>Wm. Laird Clowes</i> 183
ISLES OF GREECE, THE	<i>Lord Byron</i> 98
I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU?	<i>Anon.</i> 199
KETTLE ON THE HOB, THE	<i>J. E. Carpenter</i> 49
KING'S COMMAND, THE	<i>Mrs. Albert S. Bradshaw</i> 154
LEVEL CROSSING, THE	<i>G. R. Sims</i> 146
LIFE (A CÉNTO)	140
LINES ON AN EDELWEIS MUFF	<i>Marie Bancroft</i> 39
LITTLE HIGH CHAIR, THE	<i>Joel Benton</i> 18
LITTLE LIZZIE	<i>William Wells</i> 143
LITTLE JIM	<i>E. Farmer</i> 198
LOCHINVAR	<i>Sir W. Scott</i> 153

CONTENTS.

9

	PAGE
LOST CHILD, THE	<i>Edward Fitzball</i> 188
LOUISE	<i>Anon.</i> 123
LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS' ADDRESS	<i>J. Howard Payne</i> 150
MAN THE FLEET	<i>Eric Mackay</i> 64
MARY THE MAID OF THE INN	<i>Robert Southey</i> 213
MIDNIGHT CHARGE, THE	<i>Clement Scott</i> 71
NEWSBOY'S DEBT, THE	<i>Anon.</i> 53
NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO	<i>Lord Byron</i> 196
NORFOLK GENTLEMAN'S LAST WILL, A	<i>Percy Reliques</i> 109
NO, THANK YOU, TOM	<i>F. E. Weatherby</i> 219
OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE	<i>David Garrick</i> 34
ODE TO SHAKESPEARE	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 15
ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND	<i>Chas. Kingsley</i> 79
ODE TO THE WEST WIND	<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> 81
OLD SCHOOLMASTER, THE	<i>Lee O. Harris</i> 95
OLD SERGEANT, THE	<i>Byron F. Willson</i> 101
ONE GLASS MORE	<i>T. J. Ouseley</i> 86
ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST	<i>Elihu Burritt</i> 201
ON THE SITE OF A MULBERRY-TREE, planted by Shakespcare	<i>D. G. Rossetti</i> 17
OUR EMPRESS QUEEN	<i>Clement Scott</i> 241
OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY	<i>Will Carleton</i> 241
OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE	<i>Will Carleton</i> 204
PORTRAIT, THE	<i>Owen M. J. Hay</i> 90
PRIDE OF BATTERY B, THE	<i>F. H. G. Maby</i> 152
PUNCHINELLO	<i>F. E. Maby</i> 158
QUESTION NOT PROVIDENCE	<i>Abner Pope</i> 158
QUEEN'S DEFENCE, THE	<i>Mrs. A. D. Bradshaw</i> 26
RACE FOR THE CUP, THE	<i>W. C. Bennett</i> 182
RAILWAY SIGNAL, THE	<i>Elihu Burritt</i> 128

	PAGE
RAJAH'S RIDE, THE	<i>Sir Edwin Arnold</i> 119
RATCATCHER OF HAMELN, THE	<i>Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.</i> 50
RE-ENLISTED—AMERICA, 1864	<i>Lucy Larcom</i> 121
RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, THE	<i>R. T. S. Lowell</i> 63
RIDE OF JENNIE McNEAL	<i>Anon.</i> 167
SANTA CLÁUS	<i>Sophia P. Snow</i> 220
SCANDAL	187
SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY, THE	<i>Lord Lytton</i> 130
SHAMUS O'BRIEN	<i>T. Sheridan Le Fanu</i> 246
SHERIDAN'S RIDE	<i>T. B. Reed</i> 107
SOLDIER'S RETURN, THE	<i>Susanna Blamire</i> 165
SOLDIER TRAMP, THE	<i>Carlino</i> 193
SOMEBODY'S MOTHER	57
SONG OF THE FLAG, THE	<i>Eric Mackay</i> 251
SONNET, A	<i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i> 171
STOWAWAY, THE	<i>Clement Scott</i> 206
TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE	239
TINY TED	216
TITMICE OF NEWBERN, THE	<i>H. J. Shellman</i> 244
ULYSSES TO ACHILLES	<i>Shakespeare</i> 32
GRANT AND HIS DOG, THE	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 172
W	
ARE SEVEN	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 39
WOM	
OF MUMBLES HEAD	<i>Clement Scott</i> 137
WORN	
DING-RING, THE	<i>W. C. Bennett</i> 159
WRECK	
"HESPERUS"	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 163

THE
FERNANDEZ RECITER.

OUR EMPRESS QUEEN.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

VICTORIA! Queen of a nation
That governs the heart of the world!
Thy Empire of love is the station
Where Liberty's flag is unfurled.
What son would not die to defend thee,
Who ruleth our loves and our lives?
The heart of our manhood we send thee;
The blessing of mothers and wives.

Victoria! Hark to our singing,
Awake to our Jubilee Song!
At the foot of thy throne we are flinging
The hearts that hath lov'd thee so long.
The children of Time that surround thee,
The cup of thy joy shall refill;
A maid in thy beauty we found thee,
As Mother we honour thee still!

Victoria! Name that a nation
Has written in letters of gold,
Look down from the pride of thy station,
The wealth thou hast garner'd behold!
It is rarer than jewels or treasure,
It is pure as the starlight above,
It is richer than gold without measure,
The hearts of a people who love!

Victoria! Star of our story!
Thou light of the days that have been!
We cheer for thy reign and its glory,
We pray for our Country and Queen!

(By permission of the Author.)

HERVÉ RIEL.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Dam-
 freville;
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all;
 And they signalled to the place,
 "Help the winners of a race!
 Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker
 still,
 Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
 "Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
 laughed they:
 "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and
 scored,
 Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight,
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take
 in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"
 (Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard:

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these

—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croiseckese.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river dis-
embogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there's
a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,

—Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries Hervé
Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its
chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
 profound!

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock.
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harboured to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as fate,
 Up the English come, too late.

So, the storm subsides to calm;
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève:
 Hearts that bled are staunch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
 Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell!

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,

"Hervé Riel,"

As he stepped in from once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard:

Praise is deeper than the lips:

You have saved the King his ships,

You must name your own reward.

'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!

Demand whate'er you will,

France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
 " Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
 run ?—
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 Since the others go ashore—
 Come ! A good whole holiday !
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore ! "
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost :
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
 the bell.
 Go to Paris ; rank on ran—
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank :
 You shall long ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle
 Aurore !

(*By permission of Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co.*)



ODE TO SHAKESPEARE.

BY BEN JONSON.

Soul of the Age !
 The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !
 My *Shakespeare* rise ! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further off to make thee room :
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,

And art alive still while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
 I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses :
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee I will not seek
 For names : but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordoua dead,
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time !
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family :
 Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the Poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion ; and, that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn ;
 For a good poet's made, as well as born.
 And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shin
 In his well torned, and true filed lines ;

In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet swan of Avon! What a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volumes' light.



ON THE SITE OF A MULBERRY-TREE :

Planted by Wm. Shakespeare: Felled by the Rev. F. Gastrell.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THIS tree, here fall'n, no common birth or death
 Shared with its kind. The world's enfranchised son,
 Who found the trees of Life and Knowledge one,
 Here set it, frailer than his laurel-wreath.
 Shall not the wretch whose hand it feil beneath
 Rank also singly—the supreme unhung?
 Lo! Sheppard, Turpin, pleading with black tongue
 This viler thief's unsuffocated breath!

We'll search thy glossary. Shakespeare! whence almost,
 And whence alone, some name shall be reveal'd
 For this deaf drudge, to whom no length of ears
 Sufficed to catch the music of the spheres;
 Whose soul is carrion now,—too mean to yield
 Some Starveling's ninth allotment of a ghost.

(By permission of Messrs. ELLIS and ELVY.)



THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR.

BY JOEL BENTON.

IN an attic deserted, stowed safely away,
 A Little High Chair I discovered to-day,
 In a dingy dark corner, with cobwebs o'ergrown—
 But, who was its owner, is something unknown.

A round or two broken, a break from the seat,
 The back partly patched up, and nowhere complete,
 With the paint strangely tortured by patches quite bare,
 Make lone and pathetic the Little High Chair.

The child who sat in it, I venture to say,
 Is a tottering old man if he's living to-day;
 What fields he has conquered, what prospects found fair,
 No record or person is here to declare.

Yet, born with his youth, this one relic remains
 From a far distant time, when life's contests and pains
 Stood far in abeyance, and naught could impair
 The career that should start from the Little High Chair.

Did its subject tied up there, so proud on its throne,
 Go out through the world a great power, or unknown?
 Was the joy that youth promised fulfilled, or a snare?
 No answer comes back from the Little High Chair.

The mother who cherished the child that it bore,
 And all who once knew it have gone on before;
 But a history of some sort, forbidding or fair,
 Begins every day from some Little High Chair.



THE CHOICE

BY SARAH GRAND.

IN time gone by,—as it was told to me,—
 A noble *lady* had a noble *choice*.
 The daughter of an ancient house was she,
 Beauty, and wealth, and highest rank were hers.
 But love was not, for of a proud, cold race
 Her people were, caring for naught but lands,

Riches, and power : holding all tender thoughts
 As weakly folly, only fit for babes.
 The lady learnt their creed : and when the moment came
 To choose 'twixt love, *young* love, and pride of place,
 She still'd an unwonted feeling that would rise,
 And saying calmly " I've no heart to lose,
 And love is vain !" she *chose* to be the wife
 Of sinful age, corruption, and untruth,
Scorning the *steadfast love* of one who yearn'd
 To win her from the crooked paths she trod,
 And break the sordid chain that bound her soul,
 And sweep the defiling dust of common thoughts
 From out her mind, until it shone at last
 With large imaginings of God and good.

She chose : no more they met ; her life was pass'd
 In constant round of pomp and proud display,
 But when he'd gone and never more there came
 The love-sad-eyes to question and entreat,
 The voice of music praising noble deeds,
 The graceful presence and the golden hair,
 She *miss'd* the boy ; but scoff'd at first and said :
 " One misses all things, common pets one spurned,
 Good slaves and bad alike when both are gone,—
 A small thing makes the habit of a life ! "
 But days wore on, and adulation palled,
 She knew not what she lack'd, but knew she loathed
 The hollow semblance, and dull mockery
 Of joy which she had gained by choosing rank,
 And money's worth, instead of peace and love.

Yet even as the long days grew to months
 More heavy hung the time, moved slower by,
 And all things troubled her and gave her pain,
 And morning, noon, and night the *thought* would rise,
 And grow insistent when she would not hear :
 " One loved me ! out of all this crowd but one !
 And he is gone, and *I* have driven him forth ! "

Then in the silent solitude of night
 An old weird story that she once had heard
 Tormented her ; a story speaking much
 Of a rock-island on the Norman coast,
 A mountain peak rising from barren sand,
 Or standing sea-girt when the tide returns,
 And beaten by the winds on ev'ry side,

With wall'd-in town, and castle on the height,
 And high above the castle, strangely placed,
 A grey cathedral with its summit tipped
 By golden figure of St. Michael crowned,
 With burnished wings and flashing sword that shone
 A beacon in the sunset, seen for miles
 As tho' the Archangel floated in the air.
 The castle and the church a sanctuary
 And refuge were, to which men often fled
 For rest or safety, finding what they sought,
 And as the lady thought about the place.
 A notion came that she would like to kneel
 And pray for peace at that far lonely shrine.
 The longing grew; she rested not nor slept,
 And should she fly and leave her wretched wealth?
 And if she fled she never could return:
 Yet if she stay'd she felt that she should die.
 So go or stay meant misery for her—
 But misery is lessened when we move.
 Yes, she would go! and then she laugh'd to think
 Of the wild fury of her harsh old lord
 When he should wake one day and find her gone—
 Laugh'd! The first time for long and weary months.

By Mont St. Michael on the Norman coast.
 A restless river, changing oft its course,
 Flows sullenly: and racehorse-like the tide,
 Which, going, leaves a wilderness of sand,
 Comes rushing back, a foam-topped, wat'ry wall;
 And those who, wand'ring, 'scape the quicksand's grip,
 Are often caught and drowned ere help can come.
 But fair the prospect from the mount when bright
 The sunshine falls on Avranches far away,
 A white town struggling o'er a verdant hill;
 And on the tree-clad country towards the west,
 On apple orchards, and the fairy bloom
 Of feath'ry tam'risk bushes on the shore;
 Whilst high above in silent majesty
 Of hue and form the floating clouds support
 The far extending vault of azure sky.

Such was the shrine the lady sought, and there
 In mute appeal for what she lack'd she knelt,
 Not knowing what she lack'd; but finding peace
 Steal o'er her soul there as she faintly heard
 The slow and solemn chanting of the priests,

The mild monotony of murmur'd prayers,
And hush of pauses when she seemed to feel
The heart she deem'd so hard was melting fast,
And listened to a voice within her say—
"Love is not vain : Love all things and rejoice !"
And found warm tears were stealing down her cheeks.

The mystery of love, of love, of love,
Of hope, of joy, of life itself, she felt :
The crown of life which she had sacrificed
In scornful pride for lust of power and place.

The lady bowed her head, and o'er her swept
A wave of anguish, and she knew despair.
"Could I but see him once again !" she moan'd,
"See him, and beg forgiveness, and then die !"
Did the Archangel Michael standing there
Upon her left in shining silver hear ?
Who knows ? Her prayer was answered like a flash,
For at that moment, clear and sweet o'er all
The mingled music of the chanting choir,
There rose a voice that thrilled her inmost soul :
It breathed a blessing ; uttered soft a prayer.
No need to look : and yet she look'd, and saw
A hooded monk before the altar kneel
A graceful presence, tho' in sordid dress.
And as she gazed the cowl slipped back and show
(But dimly through the incense-perfumed cloud)
A pure, pale face, a golden-tonsured head,
And blue eyes raised to heaven. Then the truth
Was there revealed to her that he had left
The world to watch and pray for such as she.
Out of the castl'd gate she hurried forth :
What matter'd where she went, to east or west ?
What matter'd peasant's warnings that the sand
Was shifting ever, and the rushing tide
Gave them no quarter whom it overtook ?
'Twas death she courted, and with heedless step
Onward to meet it swift she fled, nor heard
That eager footsteps *followed* where she went.

The voice that call'd her was not real, she thought,
But a sweet portion of a strange sweet dream—
"Oh, stop !" ah ! that was real ! She turn'd and saw,—
Nor saw a moment ere she felt his grasp
Strong and determined on her rounded arm.

"Thou shalt not die!" he cried. "What madness this?"
 "Madness!" she echoed: "nay, my love, 'tis bliss—
 The first my life has known—to stand here still
 With thee beside me, and to wait for death.
 I know my heart at last, but all too late!
 I may not love thee, I, another's wife:
 Thou may'st not love me, thou has't wedded heaven,
 We cannot be together in this world:
 But all things change in death! so let us die
 Thus, hand in hand, and so together pass
 And be together thro' eternity!"

There was a struggle in the young monk's breast,
 He would not meet her pleading eyes and yield,
 But gazing up to heaven prayed for strength,
 Strength to resist, and guidance how to act,
 For death like that with her was luring,—sweet—
 A strong temptation, but he must resist,
 And strive to save and show her how to live.
 "We cannot make hereafter for ourselves,"
 He answered, softly: "all that we can do
 Is so to live that we shall win reward
 Of praise, and peace, and happy life to come.
 Thy duty lies before thee, so does mine.
 Let each return, and toil, and watch and pray,
 Knowing each other's heart is fixed on heaven,
 And do the good we can; not seeking death
 Nor shunning it, but living pure and true,
 With conscience clear to meet our God at last,
 And win each other for our great reward."

The moving music of his words sank deep:
 Her alter'd heart thrill'd high to holy thoughts.
 "Be thou my guide," she said. "My duty now
 Shall bring me peace; so shall I toil like thee
 To win the love I yearn for in the end."
 It might not be. The treach'rous working sand
 Already clutch'd their feet, and check'd their speed;
 And dancing, sparkling, like a joyful thing,
 A glitt'ring, glassy wall of foam-fleck'd wave
 Towards them glided with that fatal speed
 You cannot mark because it is so swift.
 No use to struggle now; no time to fly!
 He clasp'd her to him: "God hath will'd it thus.
 Courage, my sister!" "Is this death?" she cried.
 "Yes, this is death." "It is not death, but joy!"

And as she spoke the spot where they had stood
 Became a wat'ry waste of battling waves :
 While high above the summer sun shone on—
 A passing seabird hoarsely shrieked along !
 All things were changed, with that vast change which makes
 It seem as though nought else had ever been.

(*By permission of the Authoress.*)

HER LETTER.

BY BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
 Dressed just as I came from the dance,
 In a robe even *you* would admire—
 It cost a cool thousand in France ;
 I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
 My hair is done up in a cue :
 In short, sir, " the belle of the season "
 Is wasting an hour upon you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;
 I left in the midst of a set ;
 Likewise a proposal half spoken,
 That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
 They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
 And then he adores me indeed.
 And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
 Three thousand miles off, as you read.

" And how do I like my position ? "
 " And what do I think of New York ? "
 " And now, in my higher ambition,
 With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk ? "
 " And isn't it nice to have riches,
 And diamonds and silks, and all that ? "
 " And isn't it a change to the ditches
 And tunnels of Poverty Flat ? "

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
 Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
 If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
 To look supernaturally grand—

If you saw papa's picture, as taken
 By Brady, and tinted at that—
 You'd never suspect he sold bacon
 And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
 In the glare of the grand chandelier—
 In the bustle and glitter befitting,
 The "finest *soirée* of the year,"
 In the midst of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
 And the hum of the smallest of talk—
 Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
 And the dance that we had on "The Fork ;

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
 Of flags festooned over the wall ;
 Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
 And tallow on headdress and shawl ;
 Of the steps that we took to one fiddle ;
 Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis* ;
 And how I once went down the middle
 With the man that shot Sandy McGee ;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
 On the hill when the time came to go ;
 Or the few baby peaks that were peeping
 From under their bedclothes of snow ;
 Of that ride—that to me was the rarest ;
 Of—the something you said at the gate ;
 Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
 To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past ; yet it's funny
 To think, as I stood in the glare
 Of fashion and beauty and money,
 That I should be thinking, right there,
 Of some one who breasted high water,
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,
 Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
 The lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness ! what nonsense I'm writing !
 (Mamma says my taste still is low ;)
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho !

And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
 Whatever's the meaning of that?
 Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night; here's the end of my paper;
 Good night! if the longitude please—
 For maybe, while wasting my taper,
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.
 (*By permission of Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS.*)



THE FIRST IDEALIST.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

A JELLY-FISH swam in a tropical sea,
 And he said, "This world it consists of me :
 There's nothing above and nothing below,
 That a jelly-fish ever can possibly know,
 (Since we've got no sight, or hearing, or smell,)
 Beyond what one single sense can tell,
 Now, all that I learn from the sense of touch
 Is the fact of my feelings, viewed as such.
 But to think they have any external cause
 Is an inference clean against logical laws.
 Again, to suppose, as I've hitherto done,
 There are other jelly-fish under the sun,
 Is a pure assumption that can't be back'd
 By a jot of proof or a single fact.
 In short, with Hume, I very much doubt
 If there's anything else at all without.
 So I come at last to the plain conclusion,
 When the subject is fairly set free from confusion,
 That the Universe simply centres in me,
 And if *I* were not, then nothing would be."
 That minute, a shark, who was strolling by,
 Just gulped him down in the wink of an eye,
 And he died, with a few convulsive twists,
 But, somehow, the Universe still exists.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE QUEEN'S DEFENCE.

BY MRS. ALBERT S. BRADSHAW.

PROLOGUE.

"LET Aspasia be brought before me,
That I may chastise her soul with words :
The offspring born of her ingratitude !"

So, woman ! once again we meet.
I am pleased thou still hast sense of shame within thee,
To veil thy face and kneel abashed
Before the presence of the man whom thou hast wronged !
I'd rather sue a thousand times for blindness
Than look into thine eyes and read
Acknowledged guilt within their depth !
On bended knee I'd pray never to hear
A human voice, or sound of earth again,
If 'twould save me from the doom
Of listening to the words of falsity
That even now are trembling on thy perjured lips !
Hast thou forgotten how I rescued thee
From bondage vile and servile slavery ?
How, with mine own hands,
I cut the cords that bound thee,
And paid ten thousand drachmæ for thy ransom ?
Hast thou forgotten how thou swore
To live for me—and die for me—if thou might be so blest ?
And more than all, thou stole from me an answering love
To mate with thine own passion !
I plucked thee as a simple daisy from a field of stubble,
And planted thee amongst the roses
In the king's own garden.
I raised thee from thy lowly state to dignity of purple :
Clothing thee with raiment of fine linen ;
And diadem of precious stones I placed upon thy brow.
I held thy supple form within my arms,
And felt the beating of thy heart against mine own.
I had no ear for rhythm, or I must have felt
Its hollow mockery—no sense of falsity
When thou cajoled me with thy traitor's kiss !
I called thee wife ! And thou hast desecrated
For all ages the sacred title !

The sun has only risen and waned in yonder heavens
 Three times since I the journey took which parted us.
 Ah ! I remember how thou hung about my neck,
 And whispered in mine ear
 Thy lying vows of constancy,
 Pressing thy lips to mine with honeyed touch
 To sweeten my departure.
 And when the fleeting moments
 Would not let me longer stay,
 I tore myself from thy embrace,
 And left thee swooning in thy maidens' arms.
 But now the honey of thy kiss has turned to gall ;
 That last embrace a parasite that climbs around the oak
 To sap its life !
 So much for woman's love : her truth :
 Her loyalty : her vaunted sacrifice !
 Her mean and narrow soul has not the depth
 To faintly comprehend the meaning of the word.
 Thy love, which was to live beyond the tomb,
 In three short days had perished.
 Fidelity ! ah, never let me hear thy name again.
 Before the minions whom I hired to serve thee,
 And before the Court,
 Thou trailed my honour in the dust ;
 And flaunted in the eyes of strangers
 The red flag of thy infamy !
 But now, degraded and rebuked, I cast thee off,
 And all the world shall learn,
 Leonidas no longer has a wife ;
 But see he still has Spartan courage left
 To rise above his wrongs,
 And live respected still ! ”

* * * * *

With slow and gentle dignity the kneeling figure rose,
 And stood in all her glorious majesty of womanhood,
 Before the man who had accused and then condemned.
 With gesture quick and graceful,
 She flung aside the filmy veil from off her face,
 And thus revealed the loveliness that once
 Had won for her a seat upon a throne ;
 A royal consort for her spouse.
 Her coal-black eyes gleamed bright as flashing diamonds
 'Gainst the marble pallor of her face.
 Filled with the tragedy that had set its mark
 Upon her pure and lofty brow.

Her rich, dark tresses had escaped the golden fillet,
And fallen around her in luxurious abandonment,
As if in mockery of grief.
Then upon the silence,
Which was like unto a dead sea calm,
Her rich and dulcet voice, in sad and hushed tones, fell
Like a lost strain of harmony
Upon the listening Grecian ears.
"Leonidas! most honoured and most noble;
My lord and master! I crave thy royal clemency
To let me speak to thee, if not as wife,
At least as humble slave.
Unto the meanest of thy subjects
Thou art merciful, and 'tis not for mercy,
But for justice that Aspasia pleads.
'Tis true I veiled my face,
And knelt before thee lost in shame.
But 'twas the shame of knowing that my lord
Could deem me fallen and base—a traitress of his honour!
See, once again I kneel and kiss thy garment's hem,
And register my solemn oath
Before our mutual God,
That I am innocent of all offence against thee,
And but the injured victim of another's spleen.
To thy kind, gentle hand and noble heart
I owe my liberty and life.
Until I knew Leonidas was king,
I was an atom in a world of granite:
He raised me from my hell to Paradise,
And I would live eternally if only I might chant
His praise in never-ending song!
But lo! a blight has fallen upon my life;
A cloud has come before my sun
And blotted out its warmth and light,
And frozen all my joy into despair.
Thou art my life, Leonidas!
My sunshine is thy smile:
Thy love, the essence of my joy.
Oh! take not all away from me, or I am lost,
And doomed unto a living death!
If it should be thy royal will to lower me
From the high estate to which thou raised me,
I will not murmur or complain,
Or let my wayward heart rebel against thy stern decree;
For I am thine—to do with as it pleaseth thee,
So long as thou wilt let me be thy slave;

A minion 'neath the roof that shelters thee ;
 That I may look upon thy face from day to day ;
 Or watch thy smile of pity from afar ;
 Or hear thy voice in gentle accents raised.
 And thus perchance when years have rolled away,
 And I have spent my life
 In faithful servitude to thee,
 I once again may clasp thy hand,
 And take my last long look of earth
 Upon thy face ! ”

* * * * *

And still no sign of movement or relenting
 On that proud and handsome face.
 With moody brow and head bent low,
 His folded arms across his chest,
 The mighty Grecian stood : a second Hercules.
 No tear of pity dimmed his piercing eye ;
 No tender thrill convulsed his frame ;
 No pulse was stirred more quickly
 At sight of so much loveliness.

* * * * *

Maddened and despairing, once again Aspasia spoke.
 “ Art thou a statue with dumb marble lips,
 That canst not answer me ?
 Or is it that thy heart is turned to stone,
 And made of thee an iceberg and frozen all thy veins,
 That love and pity may no longer flow in them ?
 Or has the Great Avenger's blight descended on thee
 And palsied eye, and limb, and tongue alike,
 As redress for the wrongs and insults
 Thou hast heaped on me ?
 Thou gavest to me hope, and life, and love,
 And turned the blessings into weapons for thy use,
 To lash and sting my soul, and flay me with
 The torments of thy jealousy !
 I plead with thee for justice and thou dost not answer.
 And yet thy kingdom boasts of its great virtue.
 Yes ! justice for all save me—thy Queen, Aspasia !
 Justice for all save me—thine outraged wife !
 Justice for all save me—the abject and most
 Persecuted slave in thy dominion !
 Thou rail'st at me because my sex
 Is cursed with mean and narrow soul :
 Look at thine own, Leonidas, which has but space

To foster one foul lie, without a niche
 Where judgment or kind mercy may creep in.
 In truth, thou hast no ear for rhythm,
 Or sense of falsity! But neither hast thou soul
 Nor inner consciousness to recognise true love
 And faithful gratitude from baser passion's false alloy.
 Thou dar'st to cavil at a woman's love!
 And yet, had I been in thy place,
 And all the world had sworn to me
 That thou wert false, I would have plucked
 Their lying tongues from out their throats,
 And flung their tortured bodies, one by one,
 To bar the current of the flowing Hellespont;
 For I would stake my life upon my husband's honour!
 But thou, Leonidas, didst lend a willing ear
 Unto the loathsome reptile, who, like a centipede,
 Did crawl along thy shapely limbs
 And seize upon thy heart, to plant
 Jealousy and suspicion, the twin demon fiends,
 Who gnaw with greedy haste
 Upon the nobler senses there enshrined,
 Like croaking frog, or writhing snake;
 He hissed the slander in thine ear,
 And flooded thy white soul
 With inky poison of his own effluvia!
 And now, O king! I do demand of thee a subject's right:
 To meet the vile traducer of my honour face to face.
 And I will ply him with a catechism, such
 As never in language was compiled before!
 If but one spark of truth or manliness can still exist
 Within his cankered breast,
 I'll wrest it from him to mine own advantage,
 And make him honest even against his will!
 But if he be all demon,
 With no spark divine to make him human,
 I'll plunge this polished steel into my heart;
 And he shall bear Aspasia's lifeless form,
 In prostrate bleeding agony from his master's feet;
 Not bleeding in the agony of death,
 But from the wounds inflicted by thy cruelty!
 And thus will I fulfil my vow
 To live and die for thee,
 And carry out a vaunted sacrifice
 For Aspasia can no longer live,
 When living brings dishonour on her lord!"

* * * * *

It seemed as if a moment had but intervened,
 Ere Queen Aspasia looked upon the guilty face,
 And mean and cringing gait and form of her accuser.
 With trembling limbs and shifting eyes,
 He hastened to salute her as his Queen,
 And faltered forth in feeble, terror-stricken tones—
 “O, gracious Queen! I pray thee pardon me,
 And intercede on my behalf with King Leonidas.
 It was not I! but thy woman, Clytemnestra,
 Who swore to prove that thou wert false,
 And bade me tell the King!”
 “Depart, thou guilty traitor,” said Aspasia,
 “And let the woman, Clytemnestra, appear before me!”
 With noisy sobs and wailing cries,
 The woman flung herself in prostrate attitude,
 And piteously for mercy cried, as she did exculpate herself,
 And say: “It was not I, but that bold minion, Discordia,
 Who didst vow that thou must once again be slave,
 But never more a queen!”
 And yet again did the bold minion, Discordia, declare,
 “It was not I, but thine own handmaid, who did say—
 ‘I know my mistress, Queen Aspasia,
 No longer loves the king!’”

* * * * *

And, as the woman spoke,
 Leonidas at last stepped forth,
 And bade her summon all the court,
 That they might hear Aspasia's innocence proclaimed,
 And once again acknowledge her their queen.
 Before the assembled court
 He thus addressed her:
 “Aspasia! my wife! Wilt thou bestow
 On me the honour of thy love?
 If purity like thine can mate with one
 Who fell so low in doubting thee!
 In thus defending thine own honour
 Thou hast enthroned thy sex
 Upon a pinnacle so strong and sure
 That lying scandal-mongers ne'er may shake
 Its solid corner-stone;
 And by thy matchless courage thou hast taught
 How even a king, like common folk, may be
 The victim of an adder's sting!”

(*By permission of the Authoress.*)

ULYSSES TO ACHILLES.

THIS extract from Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, arranged for reciting, requires for its due comprehension to be prefaced with a few explanatory remarks, such as :—

Achilles, in this play, being neglectful of his duties, content to loll in his tent, and, having expressed his resolve not to fight again 'gainst Troy, Ulysses, Ajax, and other lords, combine to strive and stir Achilles' spirit to action by slights and taunts. And, having met Achilles, and passed him with scorn, Achilles, enraged, seeing Ulysses calmly reading, asks him what he reads? To which Ulysses replies :—

A strange fellow writes me here—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting.)
Till he communicate his parts to others ;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them form'd in the applause,
Where they are extended ; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this ;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heaven, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do !
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness .
To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

To which Achilles, with passion, exclaims:—

I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulysses answers:—

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude.
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: *Perséverance*, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was!
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and cumbering time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might ; and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
 And ease thy reputation in thy tent ;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
 And drove great Mars to faction.
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.



OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, AT THE OPENING OF DRURY LANE
 THEATRE, SEPTEMBER 5, 1750.

As heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and fall ;
 So (with the mighty to compare the small)
 Thro' int'rest, whim, or, if you please, thro' fate,
 We feel commotions in our mimic state :
 The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage ;
 A year's alliance is with us—an age !
 And where's the wonder ? all surprise must cease,
 When we reflect how int'rest or caprice
 Makes real kings break articles of peace.
 Strengthen'd with new allies our foes prepare ;
 “ Cry, havoc ! and let slip the dogs of war.”
 To shake our souls, the papers* of the day
 Drew forth the adverse pow'r in dread array ;
 A pow'r might strike the boldest with dismay :
 Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,
 Arm'd *cap-à-pie* in self-sufficient merit.
 Our ladies, too, with souls and tongues untam'd,
 Fire up, like Britons, when the battle's nam'd :
 Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,
 From Hamlet's mother to the cobbler's wife.
 Some few there are whom paltry passions guide,
 Desert each day, and fly from side to side :

* In which papers was this paragraph : “ We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mrs. Woffington, are engaged at Covent Garden Theatre for the ensuing year.”

Others, like Swiss, love fighting as their trade;
 For, beat, or beating—they must all be paid.
 Sacred to Shakespeare was this spot design'd,
 To pierce the heart, and humanise the mind.
 But if an empty house, the actor's curse,
 Shows us our Lears and Hamlets lose their force;
 Unwilling, we must change the nobler scene,
 And, in our turn, present you Harlequin.
 Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,
 Show gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk,
 For tho' we actors, one and all, agree,
 Boldly to struggle for our—vanity,
 If want comes on, importance must retreat:
 Our first, great ruling passion, is—to eat:
 To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;
 The conflict glorious! for we'll fight for you.
 And, should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,
 At least we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.



A BALLAD OF A SHIELD.

BY COSMO MONKHOUSE.

It was all of a shield on a tree,
 Hung high so that passers might see;
 From the south it shone forth
 Like gold; from the north
 It was silver as silver could be.

And this is the tale that it told
 Of a fight that was foughten of old
 By Sir Hugh, who had seen
 By its silvery sheen,
 And Sir Arthur, who swore it was gold.

They met with their lances in rest,
 And a shock that had shaken the best—
 Sir Arthur was sound
 As he leapt from the ground,
 But Sir Hugh had a dint in the breast.

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

Then neither spake ever a word,
 But out from the scabbard the sword ;
 And the blade of Sir Hugh
 Found a little way through,
 And Sir Arthur was down on the sward.

Sir Arthur declared it was well,
 But a pang like a torture of hell
 Smit Sir Hugh at the sight
 Of the blood-dappled knight,
 And then he, too, staggered and fell.

But now in the fight they had crost,
 And they looked through the boughs as they lost
 When gold on the blue
 Was the shield to Sir Hugh,
 To Sir Arthur as silver as frost.

Then neither could speak if he tried,
 But each stretched an arm from his side :
 With a smile on the lip,
 And the ghost of a grip,
 They loved one another and died.

(By permission of the Author.)



ONE GLASS MORE !

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

WHEN seated with companions,
 Or standing at the Bar ;
 How cheerfully time passes,
 No grief doth pleasure mar :
 No thought of home distresses,
 To think of them's a bore ;
 What care you what they're doing,
 Drink up ;—have one glass more.

What, though the wife be pining,
 The children cry for bread ;
 Such things are very common,
 Then bother not your head :

Besides, if you were with them,
 The sight would vex you sore ;
 You cannot help their troubles,
 Drink up ;—have one glass more.

Away, then, with reflection.
 'Tis better time to cheat ;
 At home you're in the horrors,
 They've nothing there to eat :
 Then why should you be wretched,
 Enough, if they deplore
 The want of every comfort ;
 Drink up ;—have one glass more.

Get drunk, and drown your reason,
 Much pleasanter you'll feel,
 When to your lowly dwelling,
 You gloriously reel :
 What, though the wife be crying,
 In rags the children snore ;
 An oath will check her piping,
 Drink up ;—have one glass more.

* * * * *

Let's change the scene,—time passes,
 The wife is dying now ;
 The being lov'd so dearly
 Has death-dews on her brow :
 The children have no mother,
 To cling to, as of yore ;
 Alas ! what bitter feelings
 Are caused by—one glass more.

She smiles upon you kindly,
 Forgives you all the past ;
 She cannot speak to bless you,
 For life is ebbing fast :
 She looks upon her children,
 That glance doth you implore,
 That you will now protect them ;
 Avoid that—one glass more.

The motherless are round you,
 Her little ones,—so dear ;
 How sad looks those young faces,
 No voice, like hers, can cheer :

They miss her in the morning;
Their dreams of her are o'er;
They wake, alas ! she is not,
Ne'er touch that—one glass more.

If earth could give you treasure,
As boundless as desire;
You now would yield it freely
To call back words of ire:
How dreadful is the anguish,
That reckless doings store;
They reap a bitter harvest,
Who drink that—one glass more.

The lid is on the coffin,
Strange feet are on the stair,
Uneven are their treadings,
What is that they bear?
'Tis all of her now left you—
Say, do you not deplore,
You broke a heart that lov'd you?
Ne'er touch that—one glass more.

A new-made grave is open,
The solemn prayers you hear;
The words are all unheeded,
You only know she's near:
The dirt, like hail, now patters
On all your earthly store,
Oh misery !—how bitter,
Caused by that—one glass more.

You reach your humble dwelling,
The children round you creep
Their little eyes are swollen
With tears; you cannot weep:
With pent-up thoughts of anguish,
Days gone, you now run o'er;
You whisper, "God forgive me!"
And loathe that—One Glass More.



LINES ON AN EDELWEISS MUFF.

(Exhibited at a Flower Show in the Engadine.)

BY MARIE BANCROFT.

OUR sister blossoms are so gay and bright,
 Whilst our poor faces, modest, meek and white,
 Have faintest hope to win from you a smile,
 Yet give a welcome for a little while :
 Our home is cheerless, icy is our bed,
 And where we live poor mortals rarely tread :
 We seldom see, or feel the sun's warm glow,
 And rest near shrouds of everlasting snow.
 We're nursed by tempest, rocked by wind and storm,
 No tender care to screen or keep us warm ;
 Still, we are nearer to the world above,
 So e'en must ask the angels for their love.
 We whisper comfort from our snowy peak,
 And mean so much, altho' we cannot speak.
 Our looks are cold, but do not let us part,
 Give us your hands, and wear us near your heart.

(By permission of the Authoress.)

WE ARE SEVEN.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SIMPLE Child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl,
 She was eight years old, she said ;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad ;
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
 Her beauty made me glad.

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"

"How many? seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea;

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother:
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.
Yet ye are seven; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we:
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,

"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

“So in the churchyard she was laid ;
 And all the summer dry.
 Together round her grave we played
 My brother John and I.

“And when the ground was white with snow,
 And I could run and slide,
 My brother John was forced to go,
 And he lies by her side.”

“How many are you, then,” said I,
 “If they two are in heaven ? ”
 The little maiden did reply,
 “O master ! we are seven.”

“But they are dead—those two are dead ;
 Their spirits are in heaven : ”
 ’Twas throwing words away ; for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, “Nay, we are seven.”



ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

(EXTRACTS.)

’Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
 But, of the two, less dang’rous is th’ offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
 To censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
 ’Tis with our judgment as our watches ; none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same ;
 Unerring *Nature*, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchang’d, and universal light,

Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of *Art*.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
That the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself : but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
These shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part ;
They talk of *principles*, but notions prize,
And *all* to *one* lov'd Folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
The Author, glad to meet a Judge so nice,
Produced a *play*, and begg'd the Knight's advice :
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities—what not ?
All which, exact to rule, when brought about,
Were *but a combat* in the lists *left out*.

"What ! leave the *combat* out ?" exclaims the Knight ;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
"Not so, by Heav'n !" (he answers in a rage) :
"Knights, esquires, and steeds must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain,
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing—not exact, but nice,
Form short Ideas ; and offend in Arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

True *wit* is Nature to advantage dress'd ;
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd ;
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable ;
 A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
 Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd ;

For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs with county, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old ;
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard ;
 Nay, fly to altars ; there they'll talk you dead,
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Be silent always when you doubt your sense ;
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence :
 'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.

Ah ! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the *critic* let the *man* be lost.
 Good-nature and good sense must ever join ;
 To err is human—to *forgive*, *divine*.



THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY TOM HOOD.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched with sin :
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can :
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man.

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book upon his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the pond'rous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp :
"Oh, God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp !"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

“ My gentle lad, what is’t you read—
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
“ It is ‘ The Death of Abel. ’ ”

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again ;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain ;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves ;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves ;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod ;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain :
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life’s sacred stream !
For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream !

“ One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

“ And lo ! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame ;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name !

“ Oh God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

“ My head was like an ardent coal.
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price :
A dozen times I groaned ; the dead
Had never groaned but twice !

“ And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite—
“ Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight ! ”

“ I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme :
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

“ Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool ;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

“ Oh, Heaven ! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn :
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed,
’Mid holy Cherubim !

“ And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed ;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

“ All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep :
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep !

“ All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time ;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave !

“Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursèd pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man !

“And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was elsewhere ;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

“Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep :
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones !

“Oh God ! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

“And still no peace for the restless clay,
 Will wave or mould allow;
 The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
 It stands before me now!”
 The fearful Boy looked up, and saw
 Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
 The urchin eyelids kissed,
 Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
 Through the cold and heavy mist;
 And Eugene Aram walked between,
 With gyves upon his wrist.



THE KETTLE ON THE HOB.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

THEY may talk as they will about singing,
 Their harps and their lutes and what not,
 Their fiddles are not worth the stringing
 Compared to the music I've got;
 It sings every morning to cheer me,
 My pockets it never can rob,
 I'm happy each morn when it's near me,
 'Tis my kettle that sings on the hob.
 At eve, when from labour returning,
 I list to its musical throb,
 Worth all your fal lals and fine learning,
 Is—my kettle that sings on the hob.

With home-faces smiling around me,
 And children and wife at the board,
 No music such joy ever found me
 As that its sweet song doth afford;
 I love every inch of its metal,
 From the tip of the spout to the knob,
 “Lead a temperate life,” sings the kettle,
 The kettle that sings on the hob.

Sometimes an old friend shares my table,
 Though never on dainties I dine,
 I treat him as well as I'm able,
 Tho' I boast of no cellar of wine;

'Tis friendship gives zest to the liquor,
 Though we but in tea hob-a-nob,
 And to make it the hotter and quicker
 'There's the kettle that sings on the hob.

Yet with lessons far deeper and higher
 The song of the kettle may teem,
 'Twas the kettle that sung on the fire
 That first proved the power of steam ;
 What great things from small may be springing
 Is proved by the engine's deep sob,
 And yet, after all, the beginning
 Was the kettle that sings on the hob.
 And so, to the kettle returning,
 I list to its musical throb,
 And find there's a lesson worth learning
 In my kettle that sings on the hob.



THE RAT-CATCHER OF HAMELN.

BY GUSTAV HARTWIG.

Translated by Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B.

(It may be interesting to compare with Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" and its many quaint humours, the treatment of the same legend by a young German poet, who has dealt solely with the grave and pathetic side of the story.)

THE Piper, he laughed with a scorn that stung,
 A curse was quivering on his tongue ;
 He fixed on the Councillors, where they sate,
 A look that was fired with a deadly hate.
 " From the plague of rats I have set you free,—
 Not a tail of them's left, and it's all through me ;
 Pay what you owe—my promised boon—
 Or you'll hear me pipe to a different tune.
 'Tis not rats only my pipe can wile,
 Music it has in quite other style ;
 Beware, and again I charge you, beware,
 Lest you waken the spell that is slumbering there !
 Stick to your bargain ! Pay my fee ! "
 " No ! Not a stiver." Away went he.

Now with joy the news was in Hameln told,
It was quit of the rats, and had kept its gold.
The myriad swarms of that loathly pest
Upon the townsmen no longer press'd ;
No longer the vermin, undismay'd,
With ravenous tooth on their victuals prey'd,
And folks at ease to their work might fare,
With no rats scaring them everywhere.
There was joy in every home once more,
And comfort, as in the good days of yore,
Until one day of sultry heats
Hung heavy o'er Hameln's silent streets.

The town seemed in a death-trance scal'd :
The men were away at work a-field,
While in their homes so hush'd and still
The women toiled as good housewives will.
Then through the empty streets, with slow
And wary steps,—a dusky glow
In his keen eyes, and in his face
A purpose dire,—did the Piper pace.
He held the pipe in his right hand,
By his bony fingers firmly spann'd ;
Slowly he raised it up, and to
His lips he set it, then withdrew,
As though his heart had failed him then ;
But, quick ! 'twas back at his lips again.
Then strains, so marvellously sweet
As never mortal ear did greet,
Flow from the pipe,—a music rare,
Like spirit-voices in the air,
Entrancing, thrilling, plaintive, mild,
Demonic, weird, ear-piercing, wild.

Onward he strides ; through street on street
He takes his way with stealthy feet,
And on his unblest path he bears
From house to house the magic airs ;
And where her darlings young and fair
Nestled within the mother's care,
Wherever childhood's eye shone bright,
There did the magic use its might.
The witching music, floating round,
Their souls within its meshes bound ;
Hark ! hark ! It strikes upon the ear.
They stretch their little necks to hear,

Within their eyes gleams such delight,
As though heaven opened to their sight.
And to the Piper, one by one,
Away the little creatures run.
The mother chides—no heed give they,
But one and all they rush away.
If little ones lay sick a-bed,
Away at once their sickness fled ;
Out of their mother's arms they slip,
And shout and gambol, jump and skip.

With warning voice, sweet, full of pain,
She calls to them, but calls in vain,
One sound alone their being sways,
The music the rat-catcher plays.
O'er every house, o'er every street,
He casts his spell of music sweet,
And, snared in it, the children throng,
Troops after him the town along.
Out through the gate, on, on they sweep,
Till they are stay'd by a mountain steep.
He looks round at them, as they sped,
So blithe of heart, so rosy red,
Poor innocents that should, perdie,
The victims of his vengeance be.

Then for a moment swept a trace
Of pity o'er his wrathful face.
Does he of the parents' anguish think ?
And from his vengeful purpose shrink ?
From life's tree shall he rudely tear
The buds that scarce have burgeon'd there ?
He stays the spell—the pipe is hush'd,
Pity his hate has well nigh crushed.
When Hameln meets his view, and straight
The pipe resounds, and all is hate.

With tones low, sweet, yet dread to hear,
With tones wild, wondrous, eldritch, drear,
Does he the troops of children clasp,
Not one of them eludes his grasp.

So to the mountain on he goes,
The children round him, rows on rows,
When unseen hands with crash and shock
Split wide the adamantine rock.

In pours the living torrent, then
 The mountain closes up again.
 And Hameln's luckless children all
 Are lost behind that stony wall.

Heavily on the unhappy town
 The Piper's vengeance settled down ;
 Mothers' hearts many it caused to break,
 And there even now men's souls will ache,
 To think of Hameln and the day
 The Piper's music lured away
 Her children, and their souls are stirr'd
 With anguish, just as though they heard
 The strains so sweet, so dread to hear,
 The strains so eldritch, wild, and drear,
 As round th' mountain rang, when it
 To swallow up Hameln's children split.

(By permission of the Translator.)



THE NEWSBOY'S DEBT.

ANONYMOUS.

ONLY last year, at Christmas-time, while pacing down the city
 street,
 I saw a tiny, ill-clad boy—one of the many that we meet—
 As ragged as a boy could be, with half a cap, with one good
 shoe,
 Just patches to keep out the wind—I know the wind blew
 keenly too :

A newsboy, with a newsboy's lungs, a square Scotch face, an
 honest brow,
 And eyes that liked to smile so well, they had not yet forgotten
 how :
 A newsboy, hawking his last sheets with loud persistence.
 Now and then
 Stopping to beat his stiffened hands, and trudging bravely on
 again.

Dodging about among the crowd, shouting his "Extras" o'er
and o'er;

Pausing by whiles to cheat the wind within some alley, by
some door.

At last he stopped—six papers left, tucked hopelessly beneath
his arm—

To eye a fruiterer's outspread store; here, products from some
country farm;

And there, confections all adorned with wreathed and clustered
leaves and flowers,

While little founts, like frosted spires, tossed up and down
their mimic showers.

He stood and gazed with wistful face, all a child's longing in
his eyes;

Then started as it touched his arm, and turned in quick,
mechanic wise,

Raised his torn cape with purple hands, said, "Papers, sir?
The Evening News!"

He brushed away a freezing tear, and shivered, "Oh, sir, don't
refuse!"

"How many have you? Never mind—don't stop to count—
I'll take them all!"

And when you pass my office here, with stock on hand, give
me a call."

He thanked me with a broad Scotch smile, a look half-wonder-
ing and half-glad.

I fumbled for the proper "change," and said, "You seem a
little lad.

To rough it in the streets like this." "I'm ten year's old on
Christmas-day!"

"Your name?" "Jim Hanley." "Here's a crown, you'll get
change there across the way."

"Five shillings. When you get it changed come to my office—
that's the place.

Now wait a bit, there's time enough: you need not run a
headlong race.

Where do you live?" "'Most anywhere. We hired a stable-
loft to-day.

Me and two others." "And you thought, the fruiterer's
window pretty, hey?"

"Or, were you hungry?" "Just a bit," he answered bravely as he might.

"I couldn't buy a breakfast, sir, and had no money left last night."

"And you are cold?" "Ay, just a bit; I don't mind cold."

"Why, that is strange!"

He smiled and pulled his ragged cap, and darted off to get the "change."

So, with a half-unconscious sigh, I sought my office desk again;

An hour or more my busy wits found work enough with book and pen.

But when the mantel clock struck five I started with a sudden thought,

For there beside my hat and cloak lay those six papers I had bought.

"Why, where's the boy? and where's the 'change' he should have brought an hour ago?"

Ah, well! ah, well! they're all alike! I was a fool to tempt him so.

Dishonest! Well, I might have known; and yet his face seemed candid, too.

He would have earned the difference if he had brought me what was due.

"But caution often comes too late." And so I took my homeward way,

Deeming distrust of human kind the only lesson of the day.

Just two days later, as I sat, half-dozing, in my office chair,

I heard a timid knock, and called in my brusque fashion,

"Who is there?"

An urchin entered, barely seven—the same Scotch face, the same blue eyes—

And stood, half-doubtful, at the door, abashed at my forbidding guise.

"Sir, if you please, my brother Jim—the one you give the crown, you know—

He couldn't bring the money, sir, because his back was hurt so.

"He didn't mean to keep the 'change.' He got runned over, up the street;

One wheel went right across his back, and t'other fore-wheel mashed his feet,

They stopped the horses just in time, and then they took him
up for dead,
And all that day and yesterday he wasn't rightly in his head.

• They took him to the hospital—one of the newsboys knew
'twas Jim—
And I went too, because, you see, we two are brothers, I and
him.
He had that money in his hand, and never saw it any more.
Indeed, he didn't mean to steal! He never stole a pin before.

“He was afraid that you might think he meant to keep it,
anyway;
This morning when they brought him to, he cried because he
couldn't pay.
He made me fetch his jacket here; it's torn and dirtied pretty
bad;
It's only fit to sell for rags, but then, you know, it's all he had.

“When he gets well—it won't be long—if you will call the
money lent,
He says he'll work his fingers off but what he'll pay you every
cent.”
And then he cast a rueful glance at the soiled jacket where it
lay.
“No, no, my boy! take back the coat. Your brother's badly
hurt you say?”

“Where did they take him? Just run out and hail a cab,
then wait for me.
Why, I would give a thousand coats, and pounds, for such a
boy as he!”
A half-hour after this we stood together in the crowded wards,
And the nurse checked the hasty steps that fell too loudly on
the boards.

I thought him smiling in his sleep, and scarce believed her
when she said,
Smoothing away the tangled hair from brow and cheek, “The
boy is dead.”
Dead? dead so soon? How fair he looked! One streak of
sunshine on his hair.
Poor lad! Well, it is warm in heaven: no need of “change”
and jackets there.

And something rising in my throat made it so hard for me to
speak,
I turned away, and left a tear lying upon his sunburned
cheek,



SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old, and ragged, and grey,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day ;

The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep,

Past the woman so old and grey,
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group ;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong, young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow ;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand.

"If ever so poor, and old, and grey,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was—"God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."



GINEVRA.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

If thou shouldst ever come, by choice or chance,
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio Gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
Its sparkling fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee ; through their arched walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun
Sets ere one-half is seen ; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house,—prithce, forget it not,—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
 The very last of that illustrious race,
 Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
 He who observes it—ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
 That he may call it up, when far away.
 She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half open, and her finger up,
 As though she said, "Beware!" Her vest of gold
 Brodered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs

Over a smouldering heirloom, its companion,
 An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Anthony of Trent
 With Scripture stories from the Life of Christ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
 That by the way—it may be true or false—
 But don't forget the picture: and thou wilt not,
 When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
 Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
 That precious gift, what else remained to him
 The young Ginevra was his all in life,
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety;
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady preached decorum;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
 When all sat down, the bride was wanting there,

THE FIREMAN'S WEDDING.

BY W. A. EATON.

"WHAT are we looking at, guv'nor?
Well, you see those carriages there?
It's a wedding—that's what it is, sir;
And ar'n't they a beautiful pair?"

"They don't want no marrow-bone music,
There's the fireman's band come to play;
It's a fireman that's going to get married,
And you don't see such sights every day!"

"They're in the church now, and we're waiting
To give them a cheer as they come;
And the grumbler that wouldn't join in it
Deserves all his life to go dumb.

"They won't be out for a minute,
So if you've got time and will stay,
I'll tell you right from the beginning
About this 'ere wedding to-day.

"One night I was fast getting drowsy,
And thinking of going to bed,
When I heard such a clattering and shouting—
'That sounds like an engine!' I said.

"So I jumped up and opened the window;
'It's a fire, sure enough, wife,' says I:
For the people were running and shouting,
And the red glare quite lit up the sky.

"I kicked off my old carpet slippers,
And on with my boots in a jiff;
I hung up my pipe in the corner
Without waiting to have the last whiff.

"The wife, she just grumbled a good 'un,
But I didn't take notice of that,
For I on with my coat in a minute,
And sprang down the stairs like a cat!"

"I followed the crowd and it brought me
In front of the house in a blaze ;
At first I could see nothing clearly,
For the smoke made it all of a haze.

"The firemen were shouting their loudest,
And unwinding great lengths of hose ;
The 'peelers' were pushing the people,
And treading on every one's toes

"I got pushed with some more in a corner,
Where I couldn't move, try as I might ;
But little I cared for the squeezing
So long as I had a good sight.

"Ah, sir, it was grand ! but 'twas awful !
The flames leaped up higher and higher :
The wind seemed to get underneath them,
Till they roared like a great blacksmith's fire

"I was just looking round at the people,
With their faces lit up by the glare,
When I heard some one cry, hoarse with terror,
'Oh, look ! there's a woman up there !'

"I shall never forget the excitement,
My heart beat as loud as a clock ;
I looked at the crowd, they were standing
As if turned to stone by the shock.

"And there was the face at the window,
With its blank look of haggard despair—
Her hands were clasped tight on her bosom,
And her white lips were moving in prayer.

"The staircase was burnt to a cinder,
There wasn't a fire-escape near ;
But a ladder was brought from a builder's,
And the crowd gave a half-frightened cheer.

"The ladder was put to the window,
While the flames were still raging below :
I looked, with my heart in my mouth, then,
To see who would offer to go !

“ When up sprang a sturdy young fireman,
As a sailor would climb up a mast ;
We saw him go in at the window,
And we cheered as though danger were past.

“ We saw nothing more for a moment,
But the sparks flying round us like rain ;
And then as we breathlessly waited,
He came to the window again.

“ And on his broad shoulder was lying,
The face of that poor, fainting thing,
And we gave him a cheer as we never
Yet gave to a prince or a king.

“ He got on to the top of the ladder—
I can see him there now, noble lad !
And the flames underneath seemed to know it,
For they leaped at that ladder like mad.

“ But just as he got to the middle,
I could see it begin to give way,
For the flames had got hold of it now, sir !
I could see the thing tremble and sway.

“ He came but a step or two lower,
Then sprang, with a cry, to the ground ;
And then, you would hardly believe it,
He stood with the girl safe and sound.

“ I took off my old hat and waved it :
I couldn't join in with the cheer,
For the smoke had got into my eyes, sir,
And I felt such a choking just here.

“ And now, sir, they're going to get married,
I bet you, she'll make a good wife ;,
And who has the most right to have her ?—
Why, the fellow that saved her young life !

“ A beauty ! ah, sir, I believe you !
Stand back, lads ! stand back ! here they are !
We'll give them the cheer that we promised,
Now, lads, with a hip, hip, hurrah ! ”

(By permission of the Author.)

MAN THE FLEET.

BY ERIC MACKAY.

HARK ! a voice that from afar
 Calls from fort and harbour-bar,
 Man the Fleet !
 Loud and long and clear it rings,
 As when some one boldly sings,
 Fired with faith in noble things—
 Man the Fleet !

Deaf are those who cannot hear
 England's cry from year to year,
 Man the Fleet !
 Blind are they who will not see
 Why the Fates have kept us free—
 Why we're strong, as men should be.
 Man the Fleet !

This the warning—this the shout—
 Born of truths we cannot doubt,
 Man the Fleet
 Keep the country's coast secure—
 Launch the word that's loud and sure ;
 Keep the standard proud and pure !
 Man the Fleet !

When our Nelson faced the foam
 All his ships were glory's home.
 Man the Fleet !
 England hears his spirit call
 O'er the wide and watery wall :
 " Each for each, and God for all ! "
 Man the Fleet !

Nelson's name is one with fame,
 Sweet as song, and fair as flame.
 Man the Fleet !
 When he lived he waved on high
 England's flag to sea and sky ;
 Now—though dead—he cannot die !
 Man the Fleet !

His the frown that scared the foe,
 His the sword that laid them low.
 Man the Fleet !

His the glance that in the past
Saw, when skies were overcast,
England's star supreme at last '
Man the Fleet!

Red, and white, and blue as dawn
Gleams the flag we doat upon.
Man the Fleet!
And the sun, that's daily crowned
King of all the ocean round,
Loves our good ships where they bound.
Man the Fleet!

None snall daunt us, east or west;
North or south shall none molest!
Man the Fleet!
Give the lie to those who fear!
Voice the cry, and make it clear—
Make it plain—that all may hear:
Man the Fleet!

(By permission of the Author.)



THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

BY R. T. S. LOWELL.

OH! that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last:
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all work'd on:
It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
 And I took her head on my knee :
 "When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
 "Oh ! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
 In the flecking of woodbine shade
 When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
 And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder-stench,
 And hopeless waiting for death :
 But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
 Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
 Of an English village-lane,
 And wall and garden ;—a sudden scream
 Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
 And then a broad gladness broke
 All over her face, and she took my hand
 And drew me near and spoke :

"*The Highlanders !* Oh ! dinna ve hear
 The slogan far awa—
 The McGregor's ? Ah ! I ken it weel ;
 It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonny Highlanders !
 We're saved ! we're saved !" she cried :
 And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
 Pour'd forth like a full flood-tide

Along the battery-line her cry
 Had fallen among the men :
 And they started, for they were there to die :
 Was life so near them then ?

They listen'd, for life : and the rattling fire
 Far off, and the far-off roar
 Were all :—and the colonel shook his head,
 And they turn'd to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said—"That slogan's dune ;
 But can ye no hear them noo—
The Campbells are comin' ? It's no a dream ;
 Our succours hae broken through !"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
 But the pipes we could not hear ;
 So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
 And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,—
 A shrilling ceaseless sound :
 It was no noise of the strife afar,
 Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
 And now they play'd "*Auld Lang Syne* :"
 It came to our men like the voice of God,
 And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
 And the women sobb'd in a crowd :
 And every one knelt down where we stood,
 And we all thank'd God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them,
 Our men put Jessie first ;
 And the General took her hand, and cheers
 From the men, like a volley, burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd
 Marching round and round our line ;
 And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
 For the pipes play'd "*Auld Lang Syne*."



ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world—to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed ;
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour,—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

'Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say—
 “ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

One morn I miss’d him on th’ accustom’d hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne—
 Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 ‘Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.’”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
 Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send.
 He gave to Misery all he had—a tear :
 He gain’d from Heaven—(’twas all he wish’d)—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.



THE MIDNIGHT CHARGE.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

PASS the word to the boys to-night!—lying about midst dying
and dead!—

Whisper it low; make ready to fight! stand like men at your
horse's head!

Look to your stirrups and swords, my lads, and into your
saddles your pistols thrust,

Then setting your teeth as your fathers did, you'll make the
enemy bite the dust!

What did they call us, boys, at home?—"Feather-bed
soldiers?"—faith, its true!

"Kept to be seen in her Majesty's parks, and mightily smart at
a grand review!"

Feather-bed soldiers? Hang their chaff! Where in the world,
I should like to know,

When a war broke out and the country called, was an English
soldier sorry to go?

Brothers in arms and brothers in heart! cavalry! infantry!
there and then;

No matter what careless lives they lived, they were ready to die
like Englishmen!

So pass the word! in the sultry night,
Stand to your saddles! make ready to fight!

We are sick to death of the scorching sun, and the desert
stretching for miles away!

We are all of us longing to get at the foe, and sweep the sand
with our swords to-day!

Our horses look with piteous eyes—they have little to eat, and
nothing to do;

And the land around is horribly white, and the sky above is
terribly blue.

But it's over now, so the Colonel says : he is ready to start, we
are ready to go :

And the cavalry boys will be led by men — Ewart ! and
Russell ! and Drury-Lowe !

Just once again let me stroke the mane—let me kiss the neck
and feel the breath

Of the good little horse who will carry me on to the end of the
battle—to life or death !

“Give us a grip of your fist, old man !” let us all keep close
when the charge begins !

God is watching o'er those at home ! God have mercy on all
our sins !

So pass the word in the dark, and then,
When the bugle sounds, let us mount like men !

Out we went in the dead of the night ! away to the desert,
across the sand—

Guided alone by the stars of heaven ! a speechless host ! a
ghostly band !

No cheery voice the silence broke ; forbidden to speak, we could
hear no sound,

But the whispered words, “Be firm, my boys !” and the horses'
hoofs on the sandy ground.

“What were we thinking of then ?” Look here ! if this is the
last true word I speak,

I felt a lump in my throat—just here—and a tear came trickling
down my cheek.

If a man dares say that I funk'd, he lies ! But a man is a man
though he gives his life

For his country's cause, as a soldier should—he has still got a
heart for his child and wife !

But I still rode on in a kind of dream ; I was thinking of home
and the boys—and then

The silence broke ! and a bugle blew ! then a voice rang cheerily,
“Charge, my men !”

So pass the word in the thick of the fight,
For England's honour and England's right !

What is it like, a cavalry charge in the dead of night ? I can
scarcely tell,

For when it is over it's like a dream, and when you are in it
a kind of hell !

I should like you to see the officers lead—forgetting their
swagger and Bond Street air—

Like brothers and men at the head of the troop, while bugles
echo and troopers dare !

With a rush we are in it, and hard at work—there's scarcely a minute to think or pause—
For right and left we are fighting hard for the regiment's honour and country's cause!
Feather-bed warriors! On my life, be they Life Guards red or Horse Guards blue,
They haven't lost much of the pluck, my boys, that their fathers showed us at Waterloo!
It isn't for us, who are soldiers bred, to chatter of wars, be they wrong or right;
We've to keep the oath that we gave our Queen! and when we are in it—we've got to fight!
So pass the word, without any noise,
Bravo, cavalry! Well done, boys!

Pass the word to the boys to-night, now that the battle is fairly won,
A message has come from the Empress-Queen—just what we wanted—a brief "Well done!"
The sword and stirrups are sorely stained, and the pistol barrels are empty quite,
And the poor old charger's piteous eyes bear evidence clear of the desperate fight.
There's many a wound and many a gash, and the sun-burned face is scarred and red;
There's many a trooper safe and sound, and many a tear for the "pal" who's dead!
I care so little for rights and wrongs of a terrible war; but the world at large—
It knows so well when duty's done!—it will think sometimes of our cavalry charge!
Brothers in arms and brothers in heart! we have solemnly taken an oath! and then,
In all the battles throughout the world, we have followed our fathers like Englishmen!

So pass this blessing the lips between—
'Tis the soldier's oath—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

(By permission of the Author.)



THE DIVER.

SCHILLER. TRANSLATED BY LORD LYTTON.

"OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below?
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king,
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle!
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
 And dark through the whiteness, and still through the swell,
 The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean,
 A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell ;
 The stiller and darker the farther it goes,
 Sucked into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! Before
 That path through the riven abyss closed again,
 Hark ! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—
 And behold ! he is whirled in the grasp of the main !
 And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
 And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
 From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
 Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
 Thrilled from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare thee well !"
 More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
 More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
 And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear" ;
 God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
 A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
 For never shall lips of the living reveal
 What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
 Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave ;
 Again crashed together the keel and the mast,
 To be seen tossed aloft in the glee of the wave !
 Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
 Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
 As when fire is with water commixed and contending ;
 And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
 And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
 Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And lo ! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
 Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea ?
 Lo ! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb !
 Steering stalwart and shoreward. O joy, it is he !
 The left hand is lifted in triumph ; behold,
 It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold !

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,

And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—

“He lives—lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!”

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee;

And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee—

And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spoke the Diver—“Long life to the King!”

“Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,

The air and the sky that to mortals are given!

May the horror below nevermore find a voice—

Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!

Nevermore, nevermore may he lift from the sight

The veil which is woven with terror and night!

“Quick brightening like lightning, the ocean rushed o’er me

Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day;

Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,

And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.

Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,

Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

“From the deep, then I called upon God, and He heard me;

In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye

A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me;

I sprung there, I clung there, and death passed me by.

And lo! there the goblet gleamed through the abyss,

By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless.

“Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,

Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!

A silence of horror that slept on the ear,

That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!

Salamánder, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell

In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

“Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,

Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;

Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms;

Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed;

And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,

Went the terrible shark—the hyena of ocean.

“There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o’er me,
 So far from the earth, where man’s help there was none!
 The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
 Alone—in a liveness so ghastly—ALONE!
 Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
 And begirt with the broods of the desert of Death.

“Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
 It saw—a dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!
 And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough
 Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;
 And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more,
 It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore.”

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled: quoth he,
 “Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
 And this ring I will give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
 Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
 If thou’lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
 To say what lies hid in the innermost main!”

Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion—
 “Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
 Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
 He has served thee as none would, thyself has confest.
 If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
 Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!”

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
 And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide!
 “But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
 And I’ll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
 And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
 The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
 And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes;
 He gazed on the flush in that beautiful face—
 It pales—at the feet of her father she lies!
 How priceless the guerdon! a moment—a breath—
 And headlong he plunges to life and to death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
 Their coming the thunder sound heralds along!
 Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell.
 They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
 Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
 But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

THE "COALSCUTTLE" BONNET.*

BY KAY BEE.

Up in the old garret we gathered one night,
Exploring old treasures long hidden from sight.
There many a quaint bygone garment was spread
Which was modish attire in the days that are dead.

And a bonnet we found of the "coalscuttle" kind,
Which had flow'rs 'neath the brim and a curtain behind.
An ancient affair, for that curtain was hung
When the Queen was a girl and the century young.

What was there about that old bonnet to start
A stream of sweet thoughts from the springs of the heart?
'Twas only a bonnet, and when it was worn
Not one of us bending above it was born.

Then why did the faded old flow'rs 'neath its brim
Call memory's shadows to eyes that were dim?
And why o'er its rusty old shape did we bend
As one may look down on the face of a friend?

We never beheld the fair face of the maid
Who smiled from the depth of the "coalscuttle's" shade.
We did not remember when new was that wreath,
The curls of bright hair which went flowing beneath.

But, oh! as we touched that quaint curtain of lace
We saw in a vision a sweet aged face.
We do not remember her bloom and her youth,
But we ne'er have forgotten her teaching of truth.

For we mind her alone when Time's fingers of care
Had shaken their silver all over her hair,
When the face which once bloomed from the "coalscuttle"
 quaint
Bore beauty which age and the world could not taint.

When our childhood she blessed, and her path to the tomb
Was sweeter to her than the days of her bloom.
For sorrow its chastening touch had bestowed,
And unfolded the map of the heavenly road.

* From *The People*.

'Tis many a year since she journeyed to meet
The friends of her youth, but her memory's sweet,
And love, faith, and tenderness turn from Time's track
With our grandmother's bonnet of fifty years' back.

(By permission of the Author.)



ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WELCOME, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter !
O'er the German foam ;
O'er the Danish moorlands
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of Summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day :
Jovial wind of winter
Turns us out to play !
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark ! the brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas.
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our father
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

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ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

O, WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red.
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, O, hear !

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean.

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright air uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst : O, hear !

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baia's bay,
And saw in deep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
 The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, suddenly grow grey with fear,
 And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
 If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
 A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
 Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even
 I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
 As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
 Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need
 Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
 I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
 One too like thee: tameless, and swift and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
 What if my leaves are falling like its own!
 The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
 Sweet thou in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
 My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
 Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
 And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth,
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

THE COUNTRY GIRL IN LONDON.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SHE left the wooded valleys,
The streams that babbled mirth,
She left the garden's alleys,
And flowers, bright stars of earth;
She left the grey church peeping
Among the village trees,
No more to hear the sweeping
Bell-music on the breeze;
She trusted—of joy dreaming,
She hoped a brilliant fate;
His love was but love's seeming,
The mask fell off too late.

The night was dark and dreary,
Winds bitter as her woe,
She wandered weary, weary,
The long streets to and fro:
Cast off she was for ever,
No friend, no helper nigh;
Return in shame? ah! never—
Here better sink and die.
And thus the lost one wandered
Through London's 'wildering mart,
And deeply, sadly pondered—
God help that breaking heart!

Chill winter's rain was falling,
No house would shelter give,
So to a door-step crawling—
For even *she* would live;
To a cold door-step crawling,
Timid she sat her down,
One dear name faintly calling,
Till sobs that name would drown:
Yes, he was dear, though cruel;
Though false, she loved him still;
To some love, hate is fuel,
Burning through good and ill.

The blast was rudely blowing,
 Sleet driving through the night ;
 Within, warm fires were glowing,
 And echoed laughter light :
 She drew her limbs up shivering,
 Folding her little hands,
 Her lips with anguish quivering—
 A form beside her stands ;
 He asked her business gruffly,
 For fear, she nought could say ;
 He raised and thrust her roughly—
 She sighed and moved away.

To beg for Nature's needling,
 Struggling she bowed her pride ;
 Her poor worn feet were bleeding,
 But tears she strove to hide :
 The great shops now were closing,
 Closing on longed-for bread ;
 Soon honest Toil, reposing,
 Would press his welcome bed.
 A workhouse gate was near her,
 Entrance she begged in vain ;
 "Too late"—they would not hear her—
 So forth she passed again.

On, on, more weary, creeping,
 On, on, more hopeless, sad,
 She felt the cold blast sweeping,
 In her thin garments clad ;
 She reached an archway lonely,
 The iron road above ;
 There would she hide—God only
 Would look on her in love :
 There would she, unmolested,
 Crouch till kind morning rose,
 Till her poor limbs were rested,
 Calm thinking on her woes.

Against the cold stones leaning,
 She dragged the slow, slow hours,
 The arch but badly screening
 From driving, drenching showers ;
 She passed the time, now weeping,
 Now gazing through the dim,
 Her tattered dress close keeping,
 To warm her numbing limb :

She moaned but seldom, stooping
Her face upon her breast,
Her thin white hands low drooping—
She would, but could not rest ;

A torpor deep oppressed her,
She feebly drew her breath ;
It was not sleep which bless'd her,
Was it slow-coming death ?
And yet her lip was smiling,
Heart's light on darkness stole ;
Dear fancy was beguiling
The dying wretch's soul.
O Fancy ! thy swift pinion
Can pass the gulf of pain,
And, 'neath thy bright dominion,
Lost bliss once more we gain.

She saw her native village,
Far from vast London town,
The fields prepared for tillage,
The old elms nodding down ;
She saw the dear green garden
She tended when a child,
Ere sin her heart could harden,
She felt the zephyrs mild ;
And birds were round her singing,
The flowers all blooming fair,
And village bells were ringing
Soft joy on evening's air.

A chorus of sweet voices—
Her sisters are at play,
And 'mid them she rejoices,
Gay-soul'd and glad as they ;
And on one breast she's leaning,
A mother's arms embrace :
She reads a tender meaning
In that forgiving face :
'Twas gone—the maiden started—
The arch, cold arch of stone—
The picture had departed,
Alone—again alone !

Alone—and she was dying,
Her cheek was white and cold ;
To God she now was sighing,
To Him her sins were told ;

Her little feet were chilling,
 Her eyes slow lost their ray,
 With life's last tears now filling,
 She knelt and strove to pray,
 "God pardon!" slowly drooping,
 The wronged, the lost one sighed,
 And then, her forehead stooping,
 She hid her face, and died.



FROM INDIA.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

"O, COME you from the Indies, and, soldier, can you tell
 Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well?
 O soldier, say my son is safe—for nothing else I care,
 And you shall have a mother's thanks—shall have a widow's
 prayer."

"O, I've come from the Indies—I've just come from the war;
 And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are;
 From colonel down to rank and file, I know my comrades well.
 And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert bade me
 tell."

"And do you know my Robert, now? O tell me, tell me true,
 O soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you!
 His very words—my own boy's words—O tell me every one!
 You little know how dear to his old mother is my son."

"Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were there;
 In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share;
 'Twice he went into Lucknow, untouch'd by steel or ball,
 And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought him
 safe through all."

"O thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's prayer,
 The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare!
 O bless'd be God, that turn'd from him the sword and shot
 away!

And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say?"

"Mother, he saved his colonel's life, and bravely it was done;
 In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised your son;

A medal and a pension's his ; good luck to him I say,
And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to-day."

"Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue ; O husband, that you
knew
How well our boy pays me this day for all that I've gone
through,
All I have done and borne for him the long years since you're
dead !
But, soldier, tell me how he look'd, and all my Robert said."

"He's bronzed and tann'd and bearded, and you'd hardly
know him, dame,
We've made your boy into a man, but still his heart's the
same :
For often, dame, he's talk'd of you, and always to one tune ;
But there, his ship is nearly home, and he'll be with you soon."

"O, is he really coming home, and shall I really see
My boy again, my own boy, home ? and when, when will it be ?
Did you say soon ? " "Well, he is home ; keep cool, old dame ;
he's here."
"O Robert, my own blessèd boy !"—"O mother—mother
dear !"



FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore ;
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said :—
"Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.

See here, all 'vantageless I stand,
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword!"

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade;
 Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death:
 Yet, sure, thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved:—
 Can nought but blood our feud atone?
 Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none!
 And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead,
 'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.'"

"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
 "The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy;
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
 "Soars thy presumption then so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
 He yields not, he, to man—nor Fate!
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
 My clansman's blood demands revenge!—
 Not yet prepared?—Saxon! I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour light
 As that of some vain carpet-knight,
 Who ill-deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword!
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!—
 Yet think not that by thee alone,

Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown.
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt ;—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt ! ”—

Then each at once his falchion drew ;
Each on the ground his scabbard threw ;
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what he ne’er might see again ;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed !
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide—
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain ;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter-shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his blind rage by steady skill ;
Till, at advantage ta’en, his brand
Forced Roderick’s weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

“ Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart’s blood dyes my blade ! ”
“ Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.”—

Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat that guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James’s throat he sprung ;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
No maiden’s arm is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel !—
They tug, they strain !—down, down, they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.

The Chieftain's grip his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw;
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight;
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!—
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye!
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.



THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

BY F. H. GASSAWAY.

SOUTH Mountain towered on our right,
Far off the river lay;
And over on the wooded height
We kept their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were stilled,
The day died slow and wan;
At last the gunners' pipes were filled,
The sergeants' yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew
Aside the fragrant flood,
Our brushwood razed, before our view
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,
From fireside fresh she seemed;
Of such a little one in heaven
I know one soldier dreamed.

And as she stood, her little hand
Went to her curly head,
In grave salute, "And who are you?"
At length the sergeant said.

"Where is your home?" he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?"
Why, don't you know I'm little Jane,
The pride of Battery B?

"My home? Why, that was burnt away,
And pa and ma is dead;
But now I ride the guns all day,
Along with Sergeant Ned.

"And I've a drum that's not a toy,
A cap with feathers too;
And I march beside the drummer-boy
On Sundays at review.

"But now our baccy's given out
The men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross; why, even Ned
Won't play with me, and joke!

"And the big colonel said to-day—
I hate to hear him swear—
'I'd give a leg for a good smoke
Like the Yanks have over there.'

"And so I thought when beat the drum,
And the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent, and come
Out here across the hill.

"And beg, good Mr. Yankee-men,
You'd give me some Long Jack;
Please do, when we get some again,
I'll surely bring it back.

"And so I came; for Ned, says he,
'If you do what you say,
You'll be a general yet maybe,
And ride a prancing bay.'"

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er,—
You should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store
Shook out a generous half.

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down
A score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice
Said, "Tention, squad!" and then

We gave her escort till good night
The little waif we bid,
Then watched her toddle out of sight,
Or else 'twas tears that hid

Her baby form, nor turned about
A man, nor spoke a word,
Until at length a far faint shout
Upon the wind we heard.

We sent it back, and cast sad eyes
Upon the scene around,
That baby's hand had touched the ties
That brothers once had bound.

That's all, save when the dawn awoke
Again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke
The screaming missiles fell.

Our colonel often rubbed his glass,
And marvelled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell
In the camp of Battery B.

*THE DANDY FIFTH.*

BY F. H. GASSAWAY.

'Twas the time of the working men's great strike,
When all the land stood still
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths
That labour could not fill;
When the thunder of the railroad cease
And startled towns could spy
A hundred blazing factories
Painting each midnight sky.

Through Philadelphia's surging streets
 Marched the brown ranks of toil,
 The grimy legions of the shops,
 The tillers of the soil ;
 White-faced militia-men looked on ;
 And women shrank with dread ;
 'Twas muscle against money then—
 'Twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,
 A carriage stopped the way,
 Upon the silken seat of which
 A young patrician lay.
 And as, with haughty glance, he swept
 Along the jeering crowd,
 A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks
 Took off his cap and bowed

That night the Labour League was met,
 And soon the chairman said :
 " There hides a Judas in our midst ;
 One man who bows his head,
 Who bends the coward's servile knee
 When capital rolls by."
 " Down with him ! Kill the traitor cur !"
 Rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held
 Erect his head of grey—
 " I am no traitor, though I bowed
 To a rich man's son to-day ;
 And though you kill me as I stand—
 As like you mean to do—
 I want to tell you a story short,
 And I ask you'll hear me through.

" I was one of those who enlisted first,
 The old flag to defend,
 With Pope and Halleck, with ' Mac ' and Grant,
 I followed to the end ;
 And 'twas somewhere down on the Rapidan,
 When the Union cause looked drear,
 That a regiment of rich young bloods
 Came down to us from here.

“ Their uniforms were by tailors cut,
They'd hampers of good wine ;
And every squad had a nigger too,
To keep their boots in shine ;
They'd nought to say to us dusty ‘ vets. ’
And through the whole brigade,
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth
When we passed them on parade.

“ Well, they were sent to hold a fort
The Rebs tried hard to take,
’Twas the key of all our line, which naught
While it held out could break,
But a fearful fight we lost just then,
The reserve came up too late ;
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,
Hung the whole division's fate.

“ Three times we tried to take them aid,
And each time back we fell,
Tho' once we could hear the fort's far guns
Boom like a funeral knell ;
Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up
An' then straight through we broke ;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats
Still back of the drifting smoke.

“ With the bands at play and the colours spread,
We swarmed up the parapet,
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout
I shall never in life forget.
Four days before had their water gone---
They had dreaded that the most---
The next their last scant rations went,
And each man looked a ghost,

“ As he stood gaunt-eyed, behind his gun,
Like a crippled stag at bay,
And watched starvation—but not defeat—
Drawer nearer every day.
Of all the Fifth, not fourscore men
Could in their places stand,
And their white lips told a fearful tale,
As we grasped each bloodless hand.

“The rest in the stupor of famine lay,
 Save here and there a few
 In death sat rigid against the guns,
 Grim sentinel in blue;
 And their Col’nel, *he* could not speak nor stir,
 But we saw his proud eye thrill
 As he simply glanc’d at the shot-scarr’d staff
 Where the old flag floated still!

“Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,
 While the wolf snarls at our door,
 And the men who’ve risen from us—to laugh
 At the misery of the poor;
 But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand
 I have left the strength to lift,
 It will touch my cap to the proudest swell
 Who fought in the Dandy Fifth!”



THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

BY LEE O. HARRIS.

HE sat at his desk at the close of day,
 For he felt the weight of his many years;
 His form was bent, and his hair was grey,
 And his eyes were dim with the falling tears,
 The school was out, and his task was done,
 And the house seemed now so strangely still,
 As the red beam of the setting sun
 Stole silently over the window-sill.

Stole silently into the twilight gloom;
 And the deepening shadows fell athwart
 The vacant seats and vacant room,
 And the vacant place in the old man’s heart;
 For his school had been all in all to him,
 Who had no wife, no children, no land, no gold,
 But his frame was weak and his eyes were dim,
 And the fiat was issued at last—“Too old.”

He bowed his head on his trembling hands
 A moment, as one might bend to pray;
 “Too old!” they say, and the school demands
 A wiser and younger head to-day.

"Too old ! too old !" these men forget
It was I who guided their tender years ;
Their hearts were hard, and they pitied not
My trembling lips and my falling tears.

"Too old ! too old !" it was all they said.
I looked in their faces one by one,
But they turned away, and my heart was lead ;
Dear Lord, it is hard, but Thy will be done.
The night stole on, and a blacker gloom
Was over the vacant benches cast ;
The master sat in the silent room,
But his mind was back in the days long past.

And the shadows took, to his tear-dimmed sight,
Dear well-known forms. His heart was thrilled
With the blessed sense of its own delight,
For the benches all were filled ;
And he slowly rose at his desk, and took
His well-worn Bible that lay within.
He said, as he lightly tapped the book,
"It is the hour—let school begin."

And he smiled as his kindly glances fell
On the well-beloved faces there—
John, Rob, and Will, and laughing Nell,
And blue-eyed Bess, with the golden hair,
And Tom and Charley, and Ben and Paul,
Who stood at the head of the spelling class—
All in their places—and yet they all
Were lying under the graveyard grass.

He read the book, and he knelt to pray,
And he cal'd the classes to recite,
For the darkness all had rolled away
From a soul that saw by an inward light.
With words of praise for a work of care,
With a kind reproof for a broken rule,
The old man tottered, now here, now there,
Through the spectral ranks of his shadow school.

Thus all night long, till the morning came,
And darkness folded her robe of gloom,
And the sun looked in, with his eye of flame,
On the vacant seats of the silent room.

Thewind stole over the window-sill,
 And swept through the aisles in a merry rout,
 But the face of the master was white and still :
 His work was finished and his school was out.



COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN' ME.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob ;
 Owd Swaddle has brought thy new shoon ;
 There's some nice bacon-collops o' th' hob,
 An' a quart o' ale posset 'i th' oon.
 Aw've brought thi top-cwot, does ta know,
 For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree ;
 An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow ;—
 Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
 Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer ;
 So, aw kissed th' little thing, an' aw said
 Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro th' fair ;
 An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
 An' a nice little white cotton bo' ;
 An' aw kissed her again ; but hoo said
 At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
 Afore aw could get him upstairs ;
 Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,
 He said, when he're sayin' his prayers ;
 Then he looked i' my face, an' he said,
 " Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad ? "
 An' he cried till his e'en were quite red ;
 He likes thee some weel, does yon lad !

At' th' lung-length, aw geet em' laid still ;
 An' aw hearken't folk's feet at went by ;
 So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,
 An' aw hanged 'em o' th' maiden to dry ;
 When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
 Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
 An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt,—
 Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer.

"Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick ;
 Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal ;
 Aw've book full o' babs ; an' a stick
 An' some 'bacco an' pipes for mysel ;
 Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—
 Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see* ;
 An' aw bought thee a new cap to-day,—
 But, aw olez bring summat for *thee* ! "

"God bless thee, my lass ; aw'll go whoam,
 An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd
 Thae knows, that wheerever aw roam,
 Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd.
 Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass ;
 Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree ;
 But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
 Except wi' yon childer an' thee ! "



THE ISLES OF GREECE.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE isles of Greece ! the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung.
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse,
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
 For, standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day,—
 And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now —
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
 Ah ! no : the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one, arise—we come, we come !"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup of Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
 Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh ! that the present hour wou a lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
They have a king who buys and sells :
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep :
There, swan-like, let me sing and die !
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

THE OLD SERGEANT.

BY BYRON F. WILLSON.

"COME a little nearer, Doctor!—thank you—let me take the cup ;

Draw your chair up—draw it closer—just another little sup !

Maybe you may think I'm better ; but I'm pretty well used up—

Doctor, you've done all you could do ; but I'm just a-going up !

"Feel my pulse, sir ! if you want to, but it ain't much use to ^{try}"—

"Never say that !" said the surgeon, as he smother'd down a sigh ;

"It will never do, old comrade ! for a soldier to say die !"

"What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor ! when you come to die.

"Doctor, what has been the matter ?"—"You were very faint, they say ;

You must try to get to sleep now."—"Doctor, have I been away ?"

"Not that anybody knows of !"—"Doctor—Doctor ! please to stay !

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have long to stay !

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go ; Doctor, did you say I fainted ?—but it couldn't ha' been so,—For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh, I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh !

"This is all that I remember—The last time the Lighter came, And the lights had all been lower'd, and the noises much the same,

He had not been gone five minutes before something call'd my name :

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON !' just that way it call'd my name.

"And I wonder'd who could call me so distinctly and so slow,—Knew it couldn't be the Lighter,—he could not have spoken so,—

And I tried to answer—'Here, sir!' but I couldn't make it go:
For I couldn't move a muscle, and I couldn't make it go!

"Then I thought: It's all nightmare, all a humbug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine*—and it won't come any more;
But it came, sir! notwithstanding, just the same way as before:

'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—even plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition, and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,
And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower:
And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!

ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON—IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin!—what *day* is this?"—"It is Wednesday night, you know."—

"Yes! to morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!

What *time* is it! Doctor Austin?"—"Nearly twelve."—"Then don't you go!

Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago!

"There was where the gunboats open'd on the dark rebellious host;

And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast,
There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost,—

And the same old transport came and took me over—or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me, all deserted far and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there M'Clermand met the tide;

There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hulbert's heroes died—

Lower down, where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

“There was where Lew Wallace show’d them he was of the
 canny kin,
 There was where old Nelson thunder’d, and where Rousseau
 waded in;
 There M’Cook sent ’em to breakfast, and we all began to
 win—
 There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began to
 win.

“Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was
 spread,
 And but for this old blue mantle, and the old hat on my
 head,
 I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was
 dead,—
 For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the dead!

“Death and silence!—Death and silence, all around me as I
 sped!
 And behold a mighty TOWER, as if builded to the dead,—
 To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,
 Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seem’d waving from
 its head!

“Round and mighty-based it tower’d—up into the infinite—
 And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft so
 bright;
 For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding stair of light
 Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out of
 sight!

“And behold, as I approach’d it—with a rapt and dazzled
 stare,—
 Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great
 Stair,—
 Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—‘Halt, and who goes
 there?’
 ‘I’m a friend,’ I said, ‘if you are.’ ‘Then advance, sir, to the
 Stair!’

“I advanced!—That sentry, Doctor! was Elijah Ballantyne.—
 First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line!—
 ‘Welcome, my old Sergeant! welcome! Welcome by that
 countersign!’
 And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of
 mine!

"As he grasp'd my hand I shudder'd, thinking only of the grave;
 But he smiled and pointed upward, with a bright and bloodless glaive;
 'That's the way, sir! to Head-quarters.'—'What Head-quarters?' 'Of the Brave.'
 'But the great Tower?'—'That'—he answer'd—'is the way, sir! of the Brave!'—

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;
 At my own so old and tatter'd, and at his so new and bright;
 'Ah!' said he—'you have forgotten the New Uniform to-night,—
 Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting *there*, and I—
 Doctor! did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless you all! Good-bye!
 Doctor! please to give my musket and my knapsack when I die,
 To my son—my son that's coming—he won't get here till I die!

"Tell him his old father bless'd him as he never did before—
 And to carry that old musket—Hark! a knock is at the door!—
 Till the Union—See! it opens!" "Father! Father! speak once more!—"
 "*Bless you!*" gasped the old grey Seargeant, and he lay and said no more!



OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
 All the hurry and worry is just as good as through.
 Only a bounden duty remains for you and I—
 And that's to stand on the door-step, here, and bid the old house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in, these nineteen or twenty years!
Wonder it hadn't smashed in, and tumbled about our ears;
Wonder it's stuck together, and lasted till to-day;
But every individual log was put up here to stay. . . .

And you, for want of neighbours, was sometimes blue and sad,
For wolves and bears and wild cats was the nearest ones you
had.

But lookin' ahead to the clearin' we worked with all our might,
Until we was fairly out of the woods, and things was goin'
right.

Look up there at our new house!—ain't it a thing to see?
Tall and big and handsome, and new as new can be;
All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,
And never a debt to say but what we own it all ourselves.

Look at our old log-house—how little it now appears!
But it's never gone back on us for nineteen or twenty years;
An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin' fun—
There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that it has
done.

Probably you remember how rich we was that night,
When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug and tight;
We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that's
new,
But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal
prouder too.

Never a handsomer house was seen beneath the sun:
Kitchen and parlour and bedroom—we had 'em all in one;
And the fat old wooden clock that we bought when we come West,
Was tickin' away in the corner there and doin' its level best.

Trees were all around us, a-whisperin' cheering words:
Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet the songs of birds;
And home grew sweeter and brighter—our courage began to
mount—
And things looked hearty and happy then, and work appeared
to count.

And here one night it happened, when things was goin' bad
We fell in a deep old quarrel—the first we ever had;
And when you give out and cried, then I, like a fool, give in,
And then we agreed to rub all out, and start the thing ag'in.

Here it was, you remember, we sat when the day was done,
And you was a-makin' clothing *that wasn't for either one* ;
And often a soft word of love I was soft enough to say,
And the wolves was howling in the woods not twenty rods
away.

Then our first-born baby—a regular little joy,
Though I fretted a little because *it* wasn't a boy :
Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all her pouts and smiles ?
Why, settlers come to see that show a half-a-dozen miles.

Yonder sat the cradle—a homely, home-made thing,
And many a night I rocked it, providin' you would sing ;
And many a little squatter brought up with us to stay—
And so that cradle, for many a year, was never put away.

How they kept a-comin', so cunnin' and fat and small !
How they growed ! 'twas a wonder how we found room for 'em
all ;
But though the house was crowded, it empty seemed that day
When Jennie lay by the fire-place there, and moaned her life
away.

And right in there the preacher, with Bible and hymn-book
stood,
“ ‘Twixt the dead and the living,” and “ hoped 'twould do us
good ; ”
And the little whitewood coffin on the table there was set,
And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I could see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you, you know ;
Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en a'most let go ;
And here is the spot I tumbled, an' give the Lord his due,
When the doctor said the fever'd turned, an' he could fetch you
through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house dear :
Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't we had here ?
Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got,
And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new ;
All the hurry and worry is just as good as through ;
But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say,
There's precious things in this old house we never can take
away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood before :
Winds will whistle through it, and rains will flood the floor ;
And over the hearth, once blazing, the snow-drifts oft will pile,
And the old thing will seem to be a-mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house ! you're naught that can feel or see,
But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me ;
And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion stands,
Until we commence a-keeping house in the house not made with
hands.



SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY T. B. REED.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.
And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.
But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.
Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master

Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.
Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild-eye full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away
The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course, there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
" I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."
Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !
Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright :
" Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away !"



THE NORFOLK GENTLEMAN'S LAST WILL
AND TESTAMENT; OR, THE CHILDREN
IN THE WOOD.

(*The Original Ballad, founded on fact, from the Percy*

Reliques.)

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write,
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light,
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.
Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have ;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind ;
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind ;
The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old :
Th' other a girl, more young than he
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come
Three hundred pounds a year ;
And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
Which might not be controul'd :
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth ;—
For so the will did run.
Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children dear ;

Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here :
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day ;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.
You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one ;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.
With that bespake the mother dear :
O, brother kind, quoth she,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth, or misery.
And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward ;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any stone,
She kiss'd her children small :
God bless you both, my children dear !
With that the tears did fall.
These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there :
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear ;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear
When you are laid in grave !
Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.
He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend .

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly
As they rode on their way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.
So that the pretty speech they had
Made murderers' hearts relent ;
And they that undertook the deed,
Full sore they did repent
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.
The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell to strife ;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life ;
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood,
While babes did quake for fear.
He took the children by the hand,
When tears stood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry :
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain :
" Stay here," quoth he, " I'll bring you bread
When I do come again."
These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down ;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town :
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed :
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.
Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief ;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,

Till Robin-redbreast, painfully,
 Did cover them with leaves.
 And now the heavy wrath of God
 Upon their uncle fell ;
 Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house ;
 His conscience felt a hell :
 His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
 His lands were barren made ;
 His cattle died within the field,
 And nothing with him stay'd.
 And, in the voyage of Portugal,
 Two of his sons did die :
 And, to conclude, himself was brought
 To extreme misery :
 He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
 Ere seven years came about,
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this means come out :
 The fellow that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery charged to die,
 As was God's bless'd will ;
 Who did confess the very truth,
 The which is here exprest ;
 Their uncle died, while he, for debt,
 In prison long did rest.
 All you that be executors made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless,
 And infants mild and meek,
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God, with such-like misery,
 Your wicked minds requite.



CARDINAL WOLSEY ON HIS FALL.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness,
 This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls—as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
 I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.—
 Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell :
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be heard of—say, I taught thee ;
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell.
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king,
 And—pr'ythee, lead me in :
 There, take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies !

HOW JANE CONQUEST RANG THE BELL.

BY JAMES MILNE.

'Twas about the time of Christmas, a many years ago,
When the sky was black with wrath and rack, and the earth
was white with snow,
When loudly rang the tumult of winds and waves at strife ;
In her home by the sea, with her babe on her knee, sat Harry
Conquest's wife.
And he was on the waters, she knew not, knew not where,
For never a lip could tell of the ship to lighten her heart's
despair.
And her babe was dying, dying, the pulse in the tiny wrist
Was all but still, and the brow was chill, and pale as the white
sea mist.
Jane Conquest's heart was hopeless, she could only weep and pray
That the Shepherd mild would take the child painlessly away.
The night grew deeper and deeper, and the storm had a stronger
will,
And buried in deep and dreamless sleep, lay the hamlet under
the hill.
And the fire was dead on the hearthstone within Jane Conquest's
room,
And still sat she with her babe on her knee, at prayer amid the
gloom,
When, borne above the tempest, a sound fell on her ear
Thrilling her through, for well she knew 'twas a voice of mortal
fear.
And a light leapt in at the lattice, sudden and swift and red,
Crimsoning all the whited wall, and the floor and the roof
o'erhead.
It shone with a radiant glory on the face of the dying child,
Like a fair first ray of the shadowless day of the land of the
undefiled ;
And it lit up the mother's features with a glow so strange and
new,
That the white despair that had gathered there seemed changed
to hope's own hue.

For one brief moment, heedless of the babe upon her knee,
With the frenzied start of a frightened hart up to her feet rose
she;

And thro' the quaint old casement she looked upon the sea—
Thank God, that the sight she saw that night, so rare a sight
should be.

Hemm'd in by hungry billows, whose madness foam'd at lip,
Half a mile from the shore, or hardly more, she saw a gallant
ship

Aflame from deck to topmast, aflame from stem to stern,
For there seemed no speck on all the wreck where the fierce fire
did not burn.

And the night was like a sunset, and the sea like a sea of
blood,

And the rocks and the shore were bathed all o'er as by some
gory flood.

She looked and looked, till the terror crept cold thro' every
limb,

And her breath came quick, and her heart turned sick, and her
sight drew dizzy and dim,

And her lips had lost their utterance; tho' she strove she could
not speak,

But her feeling found no channel of sound in prayer, or sob, or
shriek.

Silent she stood and rigid, with her child to her bosom prest,
Like a woman of stone with stiff arms thrown round a stony
babe at breast.

Till once more that cry of anguish thrill'd thro' the tempest's
strife,

And it stirr'd again in her heart and brain the active, thinking
life;

And the light of an inspiration leapt to her brightened eye,
And on lip and brow was written now a purpose pure and high.

Swiftly she turn'd and softly she crossed the chamber floor,

And faltering not, in his tiny cot, she laid the babe she bore;

And then, with a holy impulse, she sank to her knees and made

A lowly prayer in the silence there, and this was the prayer she
prayed:

"Christ, who didst bear the scourging, but now dost wear the
crown,

I at Thy feet, O true and sweet, would lay my burden down.

Thou badest me love and cherish the babe Thou gavest me,

And I have kept Thy word, nor stept aside from following
Thee;

And, lo! the boy is dying, and vain is all my care,
And my burden's weight is very great, yea! greater than I can
bear.

And, Lord, Thou know'st what peril doth threat these poor
men's lives,

I, a lone woman, most weak and human, plead for their waiting
wives.

Thou canst not let them perish; up, Lord, in Thy strength and save
From the scorching breath of this terrible death on the cruel
winter wave,

Take Thou my babe and watch it, no care is like to Thine,
And let Thy power, in this perilous hour, supply what lack is
mine."

And so her prayer she ended, and rising to her feet,
Turned one look to the cradle nook where the child's faint pulses
beat;

And then with softest footsteps retrod the chamber floor,
And noiselessly groped for the latch, and oped and crossed the
cottage door.

The snow lay deep, and drifted as far as sight could reach,
Save where alone the dank weed strewn did mark the sloping
beach.

But, whether 'twas land or ocean, or rock, or sand, or snow,
Or sky o'erhead, on all was shed the same fierce, fatal glow.
And thro' the tempest bravely Jane Conquest fought her way,
By snowy deep, and slippery steep to where her goal did lay.
And she gain'd it, pale and breathless, and weary, and sore, and
faint,

But with soul possess'd with the strength, and zest, and ardour
of a saint.

Silent and weird, and lonely amid its countless graves,
Stood the old grey church on its tall rock perch, secure from the
flood's great waves.

And beneath its sacred shadow lay the hamlet safe and still,
For however the sea and the wind might be, 'twas quiet under
the hill.

Jane Conquest reached the churchyard, and stood by the old
church door;

But the oak was tough, and had bolts enough, and her strength
was frail and poor.

So she crept through a narrow window and climbed the belfry
stair,

And grasp'd the rope, sole chord of hope for the mariners in
despair.

And the wild wind help'd her bravely, and she wrought with an
earnest will,
And the clamorous bell spake out right well to the hamlet under
the hill.
And it roused the slumb'ring fishers, nor its warning task gave
o'er
Till a hundred fleet and eager feet were hurrying to the shore ;
And then it ceased its ringing, for the woman's work was done,
And many a boat that was now afloat showed man's work was
begun.

But the ringer in the belfry lay motionless and cold,
With the chord of hope, the church-bell rope, still in her frozen
hold.
How long she lay it boots not, but she woke from her swoon at
last,
In her own bright room, to find the gloom and the grief of the
peril past.
With a sense of joy within her, and the Christ's sweet presence
near,
And friends around, and the cooing sound of her babe's voice
in her ear ;
And they told her all the story, how a brave and gallant few
O'ercame each check and reached the wreck, and saved the hap-
less crew ;
And how the curious sexton had climbed the belfry stair,
And of his fright, when, cold and white, he found her lying
there ;
And how, when they had borne her back unto her home again,
The child she left, with a heart bereft of hope, and wrung with
pain,
Was found within its cradle in a quiet slumber laid,
With a peaceful smile on its lips the while, and the wasting
sickness stay'd.
And she said 'twas Christ that watched it, and brought it safely
through,
And she praised His truth, and His tender ruth, who had saved
her darling too.
And then there came a letter across the surging foam,
And last the breeze that over the seas bore Harry Conquest
home.
And they told him all the story that still their children tell,
Of the fearful sight on that winter night, and the ringing of the
bell.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,—
Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde;
On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick Town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of morn looked down, and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick Town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.
“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast;
It shivered the window, pane, and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf,
She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
“Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country’s flag!” she said.
A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.
"Who touches a hair of yon grey head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel-host.
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well:
And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honour to her!—and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law:
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick Town!



THE RAJAH'S RIDE.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Now is the Devil-horse come to Sindh! Wah! wah! gooroo!—
that is true!

His belly is stuffed with the fire and the wind, but a fleeter
steed had Runjeet Dehu!

It's forty koss from Lahore to the ford, forty and more to far
Jummoo;

Fast may go the Feringhee lord, but never so fast as Runjeet
Dehu!

Runjeet Dehu was King of the Hill, lord and eagle of every
crest;

Now the swords and the spears are still, God will have it—and
God knows best!

Rajah Runjeet sate in the sky, watching the loaded Kafilas in ;
Affghan Kashmere, passing by, paid him pushm to save their
skin.

Once he caracoled into the plain, wah ! the sparkle of steel and
steel !
And up the pass came singing again with a lakh of silver borne
at his heel.

Once he trusted the Mussulman's word, wah ! wah ! trust a liar
to lie !
Down from his eyrie they tempted my Bird, and clipped his
wings that he could not fly.

Tettered him fast in far Lahore, fast by the gate at the
Runchenee Pûl ;
Sîd was the soul of Chunda Kour, glad the merchants of rich
Kurnool.

Ten months Runjeet lay in Lahore—wah ! a hero's heart is
brass !
Ten months never did Chunda Kour braid her hair at the tiring-
glass.

There came a steed from Toorkistan, wah ! God made him to
match the hawk !
Fast beside him the four grooms ran, to keep abreast the
Toorkman's walk.

Black as the bear on Iskardoo ; savage at heart as a tiger
chained ;
Fleeter than hawk that ever flew, never a Muslim could ride
him reined.

“ Runjeet Dehu ! come forth from thy hold ”—wah ! ten months
had rusted his chain !
“ Ride this Sheitan's liver cold ”—Runjeet twisted his hand in
the mane.

Runjeet sprang on the Toorkman's back, wah ! a king on a
kingly throne !
Snort, black Sheitan ! till nostrils crack, Rajah Runjeet sits, a
stone.

Three times round the Maiden he rode, touched its neck at
Kashmeree wall,
Struck the spurs till they spirted blood, leapt the rampant before
them all !

Breasted the waves of the blue Ravee, forty horsemen mounting
behind,
Forty bridle-chains flung free,—wah ! wah ! better chase the
wind !

Chunda Kour sate sad in Jummoo :—Hark ! what horse-hoof
echoes without ?

“ Rise ! and welcome Runjeet Dehu—wash the Toorkman’s
nostrils out !

“ Forty koss he has come, my life ! Forty koss back he must
carry me ;

Rajah Runjeet visits his wife, he steals no steed like an
Afreedee.

“ They bade me teach them how to ride—wah ! wah ! now I
have taught them well ! ”

Chunda Kour sank low at his side ! Rajah Runjeet rode the hill.

When he came back to far Lahore long or ever the night
began—

Spake he, “ Take your horse once more, he carries well—when
he bears a man.”

Then they gave him a khillut and gold, all for his honour and
grace and truth ;

Sent him back to his mountain-hold—Muslim manners have
touch of ruth ;

Sent him back, with dances and drum—wah ! my Rajah Runjeet
Dehu !

To Chunda Kour and his Jummoo home—wah ! wah ! futtee !—
wah, gooroo !

(By permission of the Author.)



RE-ENLISTED.—AMERICA, MAY, 1864.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Oh, did you see him in the street, dressed up in army-blue,
When drums and trumpets into town their storm of music
threw,—

A louder tune than all the winds could muster in the air,
The Rebel winds, that tried so hard our flag in strips to tear ?

You didn't mind him? Oh, you looked beyond him then,
perhaps,
To see the mounted officers rigged out with trooper-caps,
And shiny clothes, and sashes, and epaulets and all :—
It wasn't for such things as these he heard his country call.

She asked for men ; and up he spoke, my handsome, hearty
Sam,
“I'll die for the dear old Union, if she'll take me as I am.”
And, if a better man than he there's mother that can show
From Maine to Minnesota, then let the nation know.

You would not pick him from the rest by eagles or by stars,
By straps upon his coat-sleeves, or gold or silver bars,
Nor a corporal's strip of worsted ; but there's something in
his face,
And something in his even step, a-marching in his place,

That couldn't be improved by all the badges in the land :
A patriot, and a good, strong man ; are generals much more
grand ?

We rest our pride on that big heart wrapped up in army-blue,—
The girl he loves, Mehitabel, and I, who love him too.

He's never shirked a battle yet, though frightful risks he's run,
Since treason flooded Baltimore, the spring of Sixty-one ;
Through blood and storm he's held out firm, nor fretted once,
my Sam,
At swamps of Chickahominy, or fields Antietam.

Though many a time, he's told us, when he saw them lying
dead,
The boys that came from Newburyport, and Lynn, and
Marblehead,
Stretched out upon the trampled turf, and wept on by the sky,
It seemed to him the Commonwealth had drained her life-
blood dry.

“ But then,” he said, “ the more's the need the country has of
me :

To live and fight the war all through, what glory it will be !
The Rebel balls don't hit me ; and, mother, if they should,
You'll know I've fallen in my place, where I have always
stood.”

He's taken out his furlough, and short enough it seemed :
I often tell Mehitabel he'll think he only dreamed

Of walking with her nights so bright you couldn't see a star,
And hearing the swift tide come in across the harbour bar.

The Stars that shine above the Stripes, they light him south-
ward now;

The tide of war has swept him back; he's made a solemn vow
To build himself no home-nest till his country's work is done!
God bless the vow, and speed the work, my patriot, my son!

And yet it is a pretty place where his new house might be;—
An orchard-road that leads your eye straight out upon the sea.
The boy not work his father's farm? it seems almost a shame;
But any selfish plan for him he'd never let me name.

He's re-enlisted for the war, for victory or for death,—
A soldier's grave, perhaps; the thought has half-way stopped
my breath
And driven a cloud across the sun; my boy, it will not be!
The war will soon be over; home again you'll come to me!

He's re-enlisted: and I smiled to see him going too!
There's nothing that becomes him half so well as army-blue.
Only a private in the ranks; but sure I am indeed,
If all the privates were like him, they'd scarcely captains need.

And I and Massachusetts share the honour of his birth,—
The grand old State! to me the best in all the peopled earth!
I cannot hold a musket, but I have a son who can;
And I'm proud for Freedom's sake to be the mother of a man!



LOUISE.

ANONYMOUS.

HALF-PAST three in the morning!

And no one in the street

But me, on the sheltering door-step

Resting my weary feet:

Watching the rain-drops patter

And dance where the puddles run,

As bright in the flaring gaslight

As dewdrops in the sun.

There's a light upon the pavement—
 It shines like a magic glass,
 And there are faces in it
 That look at me and pass.
 Faces—ah! well-remembered
 In the happy Long Ago,
 When my garb was white as lilies
 And my thoughts as pure as snow.

Faces! ah, yes! I see them—
 One, two, and three—and four—
 That come in the gust of tempests,
 And go on the winds that bore.
 Changeful and evanescent,
 They shine 'mid storm and rain,
 Till the terror of their beauty
 Lies deep upon my brain.

One of them frowns; *I* know him,
 With his thin long snow-white hair,—
 Cursing his wretched daughter
 That drove him to despair.
 And the other, with wakening pity
 In her large tear-streaming eyes,
 Seems as she yearned towards me,
 And whispered "Paradise."

They pass,—they melt in the ripples,
 And I shut my eyes, that burn,
 To escape another vision
 That follows where'er I turn—
 The face of a false deceiver
 That lives and lies; ah, me!
 Though I see it in the pavement,
 Mocking my misery!

They are gone!—all three!—quite vanished!
 Let no one call them back!
 For I've had enough of phantoms,
 And my heart is on the rack!
 God help me in my sorrow;
 But *there*,—in the wet cold stone,
 Smiling in heavenly beauty,
 I see mine lost, my own!

There, on the glimmering pavement,
 With eyes as blue as morn,
 Floats by the fair-haired darling
 Too soon from my bosom torn,
 She clasps her tiny fingers—
 She calls me sweet and mild,
 And says that my God forgives me
 For the sake of my little child.

Oh! may such thoughts speak truly,
 And grant soon my peace be made,
 That the sin of a love unruly,
 For me in oblivion fade.
 And he who tempted, deceived me,
 To my grave lead, knowing no ease—
 Let his heart with remorse deep grieved be,
 As he reads on the headstone—*Louise*.



THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

BY JAMES HOGG.

“MACGREGOR, Macgregor, remember our foemen;
 The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond;
 The clans are impatient, and chide thy delay;
 Arise! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away.”—

Stern scowled the Macgregor, then silent and sullen,
 He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan.
 “Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed;
 The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest.”—

“Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been flying,
 Three days, round the hills of M’Nab and Glen-Lyon;
 Of riding and running such tidings they bear,
 We must meet them at home else they’ll quickly be here.”—

“The Campbell may come, as his promises bind him;
 And haughty M’Nab, with his giants behind him;
 This night I am bound to relinquish the fray,
 And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
 Forgive me, dear brother, this horror of mind;
 Thou knowest in the strife I was never behind,

Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
 Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man ;
 But I've sworn by the cross, by my God, and my all !
 An oath which I cannot, and dare not recall—
 Ere the shadows of midnight fall east from the pile,
 To meet with a spirit this night in Glen-Gyle.

“ Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,
 I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,
 When entered a lady with visage so wan,
 And looks, such as never were fastened on man.
 I knew her, O brother ! I knew her too well !
 Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell
 As would thrill thy bold heart ; but how long she remained,
 So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained,
 I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while.
 Though, proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,
 With length of existence no man can enjoy,
 The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly !
 The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego,
 Macgregor would dive to the mansions below,
 Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,
 The present to shun and some respite to find,
 I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile,
 To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle.

“ She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone,
 The glory and name of Macgregor were gone ;
 That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo
 Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo,
 Should wither and fall ere the turn of yon moon
 Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun
 That a feast on Macgregor each day should be common,
 For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

“ A parting embrace, in one moment she gave
 Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave !
 Then flitting illusive, she said with a frown,
 ‘ The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own ! ’ ”

“ Macgregor, thy fancies are wild as the wind ;
 The dreams of the night have disordered thy mind,
 Come, buckle thy panoply—march to the field—
 See, brother, how hacked are thy helmet and shield !
 Ay, that was M'Nab, in the height of his pride,
 When the lions of Dochart stood firm by his side.
 This night the proud chief his presumption shall rue ;
 Rise, brother, these chinks in his heart-blood will glue ;
 Thy fantasies frightful shall flit on the wing,
 When loud with thy bugle Glen-Lyon shall ring.”

Like glimpse of the moon through the storm of the night,
Macgregor's red eye shed one sparkle of light :
It faded—it darkened—he shuddered—he sighed—
“No! not for the universe!” low he replied.

Away went Macgregor, but went not alone :
To watch the dread rendezvous, Malcolm has gone.
They oared the broad Lomond, so still and serene,
And deep in her bosom, how awful the scene !
O'er mountains inverted the blue waters curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether world.

All silent they went, for the time was approaching ;
The moon the blue zenith already was touching :
No foot was abroad on the forest or hill,
No sound but the lullaby sung by the rill ;
Young Malcolm, at distance couched, trembling the while—
Macgregor stood lone by the brook of Glen-Gyle,

Few minutes had passed, ere they spied on the stream
A skiff sailing light, where a lady did seem ;
Her sail was the web of the gossamer's loom,
The glowworm her wakelight, the rainbow her boom ;
A dim, rayless beam was her prow and her mast,
Like wold-fire at midnight, that glares on the waste.
Though rough was the river with rock and cascade,
No torrent, no rock, her velocity stayed ;
She wimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.
Mute Nature was roused in the bounds of the glen ;
The wild deer of Gairtney abandoned his den,
Fled panting away, over river and isle,
Nor once turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

The fox fled in terror ; the eagle awoke
As slumbering he dosed on the shelve of the rock ;
Astonished, to hide in the moonbeam he flew
And screwed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.

Young Malcolm beheld the pale lady approach,
The chieftain salute her, and shrink from her touch,
He saw the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,
As begging for something he could not obtain ;
She raised him indignant, derided his stay,
Then bore him on board, set her sail and away.

Though fast the red bark down the river did glide,
Yet faster ran Malcolm adown by its side ;
“Macgregor! Macgregor!” he bitterly cried ;
“Macgregor! Macgregor!” the echoes replied.
He struck at the lady, but strange though it seem,
His sword only fell on the rocks and the stream ;

But the groans from the boat, that ascended amain
Were groans from a bosom in horror and pain.
They reached the dark lake, and bore lightly away—
Macgregor is vanished for ever and aye!



THE RAILWAY SIGNAL.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE most effective working-force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness; for it is the only moral force that operates with the same effect upon mankind, brutekind, and birdkind. From time immemorial, music has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning or unreasoning, that have ears to hear. The prettiest idea and simile of ancient literature relate to Orpheus playing his lyre to animals listening in intoxicated silence to its strains. Well, kindness is the music of good-will to men and beasts; and both listen to it with their hearts, instead of their ears; and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, if not to the same degree. Volumes might be written, filled with beautiful illustrations of its effect upon both. The music of kindness has not only power to charm, but even to transform, both the savage breast of man and beast; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident that will serve as a good illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially to this effect: A poor, coarse-featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passed through a wild, unpeopled district in Western Virginia. She was a widow, with only one daughter living with her in a log-hut, near a deep, precipitous gorge crossed by the railway bridge. Here she contrived to support herself by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for the market. She had to make a long, weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her house to this town; but the ride would cost too much of the profit on her small sales, so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor, or guard, came finally to notice her travelling by the side of the line, or on the footpath between the rails; and being a good-natured, benevolent man, he would often

give her a ride to and fro without charge. The engine-man and brakes-men also were good to the old woman, and felt that they were not wronging the interests of the railway company by giving her these free rides.

And soon an accident occurred that proved they were quite right in this view of the matter. In the wild month of March the rain descended, and the mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into the gorge, near the old woman's house. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood, and the darkness was deep and terrible. In another half-hour the train would be due. There was no telegraph on the line, and the stations were separated by great distances. What could she do to warn the train against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cords of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, head-pieces and side-pieces. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled their all of household furniture upon the line, a few rods before the black, awful gap, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed high up into the night, throwing its red, roaring, waving light a long way up the line. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane; and she could not revive it with green, wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brakes soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red woollen gown from her in a moment, and, tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the line, waving it with both hands, while her daughter swung around her head a blazing chair-post a little space before. The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great red eye of the engine showed itself coming round a curve. Like as a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that echoed through all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed; but the brakes-men wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the

heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the dying fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged to a death too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine-driver and the brakes-men came and knelt down by him; all the passengers came and knelt down by them: and there, in the expiring light of the burnt-out pile, in the rain and the wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line, the kneelers and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight prayer and voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever, ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.



THE SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

BY LORD LYTTON.

GENTLE lady!

The key of some charm'd music in your voice
 Unlocks a long-closed chamber in my soul;
 And would you listen to an outcast's tale,
 'Tis briefly told. Until my fourteenth year,
 Beneath the roof of an old village priest,
 Not far from hence, my childhood wore away.
 Then waked within me anxious thoughts and deep.
 Throughout the liberal and melodious nature
 Something seem'd absent—what, I scarcely knew—
 Till one calm night, when over earth and wave
 Heaven looked its love from all its numberless stars—
 Watchful yet breathless—suddenly the sense
 Of my sweet want swelled in me, and I ask'd
 The priest—why I was motherless?
 He wept, and answer'd “I was nobly born!”

As he spake,

There gleamed across my soul a dim remembrance
 Of a pale face in infancy beheld—

A shadowy face, but from whose lips there breathed
The words that none but mothers murmur !

'Twas at that time there came
Into our hamlet a rude jovial seaman,
With the frank mien boys welcome, and wild tales
Of the far Indian lands, from which mine ear
Drank envious wonder. Brief—his legends fired me,
And from the deep, whose billows washed the shore
On which our casements look'd, I heard a voice
That woo'd me to its bosom : Raleigh's fame,
The New World's marvels, then made old men heroes,
And young men dreamers ! So I left my home
With that wild seaman.

The villain whom I trusted, when we reached
The bark he ruled, cast me to chains and darkness,
And so to sea. At length, no land in sight,
His crew, dark swarthy men—the refuse crimes
Of many lands—(for he, it seems, a pirate)
Call'd me on deck—struck off my fetters : “ Boy ! ”
He said, and grimly smiled : “ not mine the wrong :
Thy chains are forged from gold, the gold of those
Who gave thee birth ! ”

I wrench'd
From his own hand the blade it bore, and struck
The slanderer to my feet. With that, a shout.
A hundred knives gleam'd round me ; but the pirate,
Wiping the gore from his gash'd brow, cried “ Hold !
Such death were mercy.” Then they grip'd and bound me
To a slight plank—spread to the wind their sails,
And left me on the waves alone with God !
That day, and all that night, upon the seas
Toss'd the frail barrier between life and death.
Heaven lull'd the gales ; and, when the stars came forth,
All look'd so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recall'd that wretch's words, and murmur'd, “ Wave
And wind are kinder than a parent.”
Day dawn'd, and, glittering in the sun, behold
A sail—a flag !

It pass'd away,
And saw me not. Noon, and then thirst and famine ;
And, with parch'd lips, I call'd on death, and sought
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnaw'd
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep ;
And then methought I saw, beneath the clear
And crystal lymph, a dark, swift-moving thing,
With watchful glassy eyes—the ocean-monster

That follows ships for prey. Then life once more
 Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent gaze,
 And lifted hair, I floated on, till sense
 Grew dim and dimlier, and a terrible sleep,
 In which still, still those livid eyes met mine,
 Fell on me.

I awoke, and heard
 My native tongue. Kind looks were bent upon me;
 I lay on deck, escaped the ghastly death—
 For God had watch'd the sleeper!



THE RACE FOR THE CUP.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

"THERE, win the cup, and you shall have my girl.
 I won it, Ned; and you shall win it too,
 Or wait a twelvemonth. Books—for ever books!
 Nothing but talk of poets and their rhymes!
 I'd have you, boy, a man, with thews and strength
 To breast the world with, and to cleave your way,
 No maudlin dreamer, that will need her care,
 She needing yours. There—there—I love you, Ned,
 Both for your own and for your mother's sake;
 So win our boat-race, and the cup, next month,
 And you shall have her." With a broad, loud laugh,
 A jolly triumph at his rare conceit,
 He left the subject; and, across the wine,
 We talked—or rather, all the talk was his—
 Of the best oarsmen that his youth had known,
 Both of his set, and others—Clare, the boast
 Of Jesus',—and young Edmonds, he who fell,
 Cleaving the ranks at Lucknow; and, to-day,
 There was young Chester might be named with them,
 "Why, boy, I'm told his room is lit with cups
 Won by his sculls. Ned, if he rows, he wins;
 Small chance for you, boy!" And again his laugh,
 With its broad thunder, turn'd my thoughts to gall;
 But yet I mask'd my humour with a mirth
 Moulded on his; and, feigning haste, I went,
 But left not. Through the garden porch I turned,
 But, on its sun-fleck'd seats, its jessamine shades

Trembled on no one. Down the garden's paths
Wander'd my eye, in rapid quest of one
Sweeter than all its roses, and acrost
Its gleaming lilies and its azure bells,
There in the orchard's greenness, down beyond
Its sweetbriar hedge-row, found her—found her there,
A summer blossom that the peering sun
Peep'd at through blossoms—that the summer airs
Waver'd down blossoms on, and amorous gold,
Warm as that rain'd on Danaë. With a step,
Soft as the sun-light, down the pebbled path
I pass'd ; and, ere her eye could cease to count
The orchard daisies, in some summer mood
Dreaming (was I her thought ?) my murmur'd " Kate "
Shocked up the tell-tale roses to her cheek,
And lit her eyes with starry lights of love
That dimm'd the daylight. Then I told her all,
And told her that her father's jovial jest
Should make her mine, and kiss'd her sunlit tears
Away, and all her little trembling doubts,
Until hope won her heart to happy dreams,
And all the future smiled with happy love.
Nor, till the still moon, in the purpling east
Gleam'd through the twilight, did we stay our talk,
Or part, with kisses, looks, and whisper'd words
Remember'd for a lifetime. Home I went,
And in my College rooms what blissful hopes
Were mine—what thoughts, that still'd to happy dreams,
Where Kate, the fadeless summer of my life,
Made my years Eden, and lit up my home
(The ivied rectory my sleep made mine)
With little faces and the gleams of curls,
And baby crows, and voices twin to hers.
O happy night ! O more than happy dreams !
But with the earliest twitter from the eaves,
I rose, and, in an hour, at Clifford's yard,
As if but boating were the crown of life,
Forgetting Tennyson, and books, and rhymes,
Even my new tragedy upon the stocks,
I throng'd my brain with talks of lines and curves,
And all that makes a wherry sure to win,
And furbish'd up the knowledge that I had
Ere study put my boyhood's feats away,
And made me book-worm ; all that day my hand
Grew more and more familiar with the oar,
And won by slow degrees, as reach by reach

Of the green river lengthen'd on my sight
Its by-laid cunning back ; so, day by day,
From when dawn touch'd our elm-tops, till the moon
Gleam'd through the slumbrous leafage of our lawns,
I flashed the flowing Isis from my oars
And dream'd of triumph and the prize to come,
And breathed myself, in sport, one after one,
Against the men with whom I was to row,
Until I fear'd but Chester—him alone.
So June stole on to July, sun by sun,
And the day came ; how well I mind that day !
Glorious with summer, not a cloud abroad
To dim the golden greenness of the fields,
And all a happy hush about the earth,
And not a hum to stir the drowsing noon,
Save where along the peopled towing-paths,
Banking the river, swarm'd the city out,
Loud of the contest, bright as humming-birds,
Two winding rainbows by the river's brinks,
That flush'd with boats and barges, silken-awn'd,
Shading the fluttering beauties of our balls,
Our College toasts, and gay with jest and laugh,
Bright as their champagne. One, among them all,
My eye saw only ; one, that morning, left
With smiles that hid the terrors of my heart,
And spoke of certain hope, and mock'd at fears—
One, that upon my neck had parting hung
Arms white as daisies—on my bosom hid
A tearful face that sobbed against my heart,
Fill'd with what fondness ! yearning with what love.
O hope, and would the glad day make her mine !
O hope, was hope a prophet, truth alone ?
There was a murmur in my heart of " Yes,"
That sung to slumber every wakening fear
That still would stir and shake me with its dread.
And now, a hush was on the wavering crowd
That sway'd along the river, reach by reach,
A grassy mile to where we were to turn
A barge moor'd mid-stream, flush'd with fluttering flags.
And we were ranged, and, at the gun, we went,
As in a horse-race, all at first a-crowd ;
Then, thinning slowly, one by one dropt off,
Till, rounding the moor'd mark, Chester and I
Left the last lingerer with us lengths astern,
The victory hopeless. Then I knew the strife
Was come, and hop'd 'gainst fear, and, oar to oar,

Strained to the work before me. Head to head
Through the wild-cheering river-banks we clove
The swarming waters, raining streams of toil ;
But Chester gain'd, so much his tutor'd strength
Held on, enduring—mine still waning more,
And parting with the victory, inch by inch,
Yet straining on, as if I strove with death,
Until I groan'd with anguish. Chester heard,
And turn'd a wondering face upon me quick,
And toss'd a laugh across, with jesting words :
“ What, Ned, my boy, and do you take it so ?
The cup's not worth the moaning of a man,
No, nor the triumph. Tush ! boy, I *must* win.”
Then from the anguish of my heart a cry
Burst : “ Kate, O dearest Kate—O love—we lose
“ Ah ! I've a Kate, too, here to see me win,”
He answered : “ Faith ! my boy, I pity you.”
“ O if you lose,” I answered, “ you but lose
A week's wild triumph, and its praise and pride ;
I, losing, lose what priceless years of joy !
Perchance a life's whole sum of happiness—
What years with her that I might call my wife !
Winning, I win her ! ” O thrice noble heart !
I saw the mocking laugh fade from his face ;
I saw a nobler light light up his eyes ;
I saw the flush of pride die into one
Of manly tenderness and sharp resolve ;
No word he spoke ; one only look he threw,
That told me all ; and, ere my heart could leap
In prayers and blessings rain'd upon his name,
I was before him, through the tracking eyes
Of following thousands, heading to the goal,
The shouting goal, that hurl'd my conquering name
Miles wide in triumph, “ Chester foiled at last ! ”
O how I turn'd to him ; with what a heart !
Unheard the shouts—unseen the crowding gaze
That ring'd us. How I wrung his answering hand
With grasps that bless'd him, and with flush that told
I shamed to hear my name more loud than his,
And spurn'd its triumph. So I won my wife,
My own dear wife ; and so I won a friend,
Chester, more dear than all but only her
And these, the small ones of my College dreams.

AW NIVIR CAN CALL HUR MY WIFE.

BY BENJAMIN PRESTON.

Aw'm a weyver ya knaw, and awf deead,
 So aw du aw all at iver I can
 Ta put away aut of my heead
 The thowts an the aims of a man !
 Eight shillin a wick's whot aw arn,
 When aw've varry gooid wark an full time,
 An aw think it a sorry consarn
 Fur a hearty young chap in his prime !

But ar maister says things is as well
 As they hae been, ur ivir can be ;
 An aw happen sud think soa mysel,
 If he nobud swop places wi me ;
 But he's welcome ta all he can get,
 Aw begrudge him o' noan o' his brass,
 An aw'm nowt bud a madlin ta fret,
 Ur ta dream o' yond bewtiful lass !

Aw nivir can call hur my wife,
 My love aw sal nivir mak knawn ;
 Yit the sorra that darkens hur life
 Thraws a shadda across o' my awn ;
 An aw'm suar when hur heart is at ceas,
 Thear is sunshine an singin i' mine,
 An misfortunes may come as they plecas,
 Bud they niver can mak ma repine.

That Chartist wur nowt bud a sloap,
 Aw wur foor'd be his speeches an rhymes,
 His promises wattered my hoap,
 An aw leng'd fur his sunshiny times ;
 But aw feel 'at my dearist desire
 Is withrin within ma away,
 Like an ivy-stem trailin' it mire,
 An deein' fur t' want of a stay !

When aw lay i' my bed day an neet,
 And wur geen up by t'doctrur for deead—
 God bless hur—shoo'd come wi' a leet
 An a basin o' grewil an breed ;

An aw once thowt aw'd aht wi' it all,
But sa kindly shoo chattud and smiled
Aw wur fain tu turn ovvur ta t'wall,
An ta bluther an sob like a child !

An aw said as aw thowt of her een,
Each breeter fur't tear at wur in't ;
It's a sin ta be niver furgeen
Ta yoke hur ta famine an stint ;
So aw'l e'en travel forrud thru life,
Like a man thru a desert unknow'n,
Aw mun ne'er hev a hoam an a wife,
Bud my sorras will all be my awn !

So aw trudge on aloan as aw owt,
An whatever my troubles may be,
They'll be sweetened, my lass, wi' the thowt
That aw've niver browt trouble to thee !
Yit a burd has its young uns ta guard,
A wild beast a mate in his den ;
An aw cannot but think but that it's hard—
Nay, dang it, aw'm blubb'ring agen !



THE WOMEN OF MUMBLES HEAD.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

BRING, novelists, your note-book ! bring, dramatists, your pen !
And I'll tell you a simple story of what women do for men.
It's only a tale of a lifeboat, the dying and the dead,
Of a terrible storm and shipwreck that happened off Mumbles
Head !
Maybe you have travelled in Wales, sir, and know it north and
south ;
Maybe you are friends with the "natives" that dwell at Oyster-
mouth !
It happens, no doubt, that from Bristol you've crossed in a
casual way,
An' have sailed your yacht in the summer in the blue of
Swansea Bay.

Well! it isn't like that in the winter, when the lighthouse
stands alone,
In the teeth of Atlantic breakers, that foam on its face of
stone.
It wasn't like that when the hurricane blew, or the storm-bell
tolled, or when
There was news of a wreck, and the lifeboat launched, and a
desperate cry for men.
When in the world did the coxswain shirk? a brave old salt
was he!
Proud to the bone of as four strong lads as ever had tasted
the sea,
Welshmen all to the lungs and loins, who about the coast, t'was
said,
Had saved some hundred lives apiece—at a shilling or so
a-head!

So the father launched the lifeboat, in the teeth of the
tempest's roar,
And he stood like a man at the rudder, with an eye on his boys
at the oar.
Out to the wreck went the father! out to the wreck went the
sons!
Leaving the weeping of women, and booming of signal guns,
Leaving the mother who loved them, and the girls that the
sailors love,
Going to death for duty, and trusting to God above!
Do you murmur a prayer, my brothers, when cosy and safe in
bed,
For men, like these, who are ready to die for a wreck off
Mumbles Head?

It didn't go well with the lifeboat! 'twas a terrible storm that
blew!
And it snapped the rope in a second that was flung to the
drowning crew;
And then the anchor parted—'twas a tussle to keep afloat!
But the father stuck to the rudder, and the boys to the brave
old boat.
Then at last on the poor doom'd lifeboat a wave broke
mountains high!
"God help us, now," said the father. "It's over, my lads!
Good-bye."
Half of the crew swam shoreward, half to the sheltered coves,
But father and sons were fighting death in the foam of the
angry waves.

Up at a lighthouse window two women beheld the storm,
And saw in the boiling breakers a figure—a fighting form,
It might be a grey-haired father—then the women held their
breath,
It might be a fair-haired brother, who was having a round with
death ;
It might be a lover, a husband, whose kisses were on the lips
Of the women whose love is the life of men going down to the
sea in ships ;
They had seen the launch of the lifeboat, they had heard the
worst, and more ;
Then, kissing each other, these women went down from the
lighthouse, straight to shore.

There by the rocks on the breakers these sisters, hand in hand,
Beheld once more that desperate man who struggled to reach
the land.

'Twas only aid he wanted to help him across the wave,
But what are a couple of women with only a man to save ?
What are a couple of women ? Well, more than three craven
men

Who stood by the shore with chattering teeth, refusing to stir
—and then

Off went the women's shawls, sir ; in a second they're torn and
rent,

Then knotting them into a rope of love, straight into the sea
they went !

"Come back," cried the lighthouse keeper, "for God's sake,
girls, come back !

As they caught the waves on their foreheads, resisting the fierce
attack,

"Come back !" moaned the grey-haired mother, as she stood
by the angry sea,

"If the waves take you, my darlings, there's nobody left to me."

"Come back !" said the three strong soldiers, who still stood
faint and pale,

"You will drown if you face the breakers ! you will fall if you
brave the gale !"

"Come back !" said the girls, "we will not ! go tell it to all
the town

We'll lose our lives, God willing, before that man shall drown !"

Give one more knot to the shawls, Bess ! give one strong clutch
of your hand !

Just follow me, brave, to the shingle, and we'll bring him safe
to land !

Wait for the next wave, darling, only a minute more,
And I'll have him safe in my arms, dear, and we'll drag him
safe to shore."

Up to their arms in the water, fighting it breast to breast,
They caught and saved a brother alive! God bless us, you
know the rest.

Well, many a heart beat stronger, and many a tear was shed,
And many a glass was toss'd right off to "The Women of
Mumbles Head!"

(By permission of the Author.)



LIFE.

(A CENTO.)

WHY all this toil for triumphs of an hour?	[Young.
Life's a short summer—man a flower,	[Dr. Johnson.
By turns we catch the vital breath and die—	[Pope.
The cradle and the tomb, alas! too nigh.	[Prior.
To be is far better than not to be,	[Sewell.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.	[Spenser.
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb;	[Daniel.
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.	[Sir W. Raleigh.
Your fate is but the common fate of all;	[Longfellow.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall,	[Southwell.
Nature to each allots his proper sphere,	[Congreve.
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.	[Churchill.
Custom does often reason overrule,	[Armstrong.
A cruel sunshine on a fool.	[Rochester.
Live well, how long or short—permit to heaven;	[Milton.
Those who forgive the most shall be most forgiven	[Bailly.
Sin may be clasped so close you cannot see its face;	[French.
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.	[Somerville.
Then keep each passion down, however dear,	[Thomson.
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.	[Byron.
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay,	[Smollett.
With craft and skill—to ruin and betray.	[Crabbe.
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,	[Massinger.
We masters grow of all that we despise.	[Cowley.
Oh, then remove that impious self-esteem,	[Bedford.
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream,	[Couper.

Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave ;	[Davenant.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.	[Gray.
What is ambition ? 'tis a glorious cheat,	[Willis.
Only destruction on the brave and great.	[Addison.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown ?	[Dryden.
'The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.	[J. Quarles.
How long we live not years but actions tell ;	[Watkins.
That man lives twice who lives the first life well.	[Merrick.
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend	[Mason.
Whom Christians worship, yet none comprehend.	[Hill.
'The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,	[Dana.
For, live we how we can, yet die we must.	[Shakespeare.



A CRIMEAN SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ROBERT B. BROUGH.

WHY, as to how I got my wound—
 The story's sorely hard to tell—
 I've often tried, but seldom found
 The voice and heart to do it well.
 It chokes me, like,—and makes me dim
 About the eyes, and brings a pain
 That's not the aching of the limb
 I'd rather ten times lose again.

'Tis hard, I say—because it's one
 I'd tell a thousand times a day
 To every man beneath the sun,
 If—"ifs" are easy words to say !
 Let's tell it out—as best I can.

'Twas on the dark eighteenth of June,
 We were repulsed at the Redan—
 But, pshaw ! enough to such a tune.

The dead are dead ! You know it all ;
 My share of grief's enough to tell.
 I was with those who pass'd the wall,
 And held the village suburb—Well !
 They drove us out at tooth and nail.
 (A Russian's grip both hugs and tears,
 A Bulldog's pluck, on oath, I'll bail
 By jove ! it's wanted for the Bears.)

There were the trenches—here the wall;
 The day was lost! a battered few,
 We scrambled o'er the hillocks tall
 Of slaughtered friends, the slopes that trew.
 I was the last, I think, to run—
 A Cossack seized me, (naught but fair)
 I brained him with his own long gun,
 That hangs above the chimney there.

I ran like wind (no harm in that!)
 The trench was nigh and life is dear,
 I tripp'd my foot and tumbled flat
 Over a comrade's body near.
 A sound escaped—the voice I knew—
 Tom Grant's, who ran from home with me.
 The Russians that around me flew
 My arm fell broken—as you see.

What could I do? Tom lay and groaned;
 Oh God, his face! he could not speak—
 I seized him with one arm, and moaned;
 The blood kept flowing—I was weak.
 I struggled, strain'd, the trench was nigh,
 There with its shelt'ring stones and mud—
 To see a friend before me die,
 For want of just a little blood!

I strove and tugged—I could not stand,
 Yet would not fall—I'd lift him yet.
 Tom smiled so faint, and kissed my hand—
 That smile I never shall forget.
 It drove me mad—the scene went round,
 The shots were rattling still like hail;
 I reel'd and fell upon the ground—
 And now's the saddest of my tale.

They should have left us there to die,
 'Twas war's grim fortune—but 'twould seem
 They'd watched us from the trench hard by
 (Ah, well! it's like an ugly dream!)
 A light-hair'd boy, with beardless lip
 (I'd marked him, till the battle's end
 Fighting like mad!) had seen me trip,
 And try to save (who'd not?) my friend.

He saw my arm in crimson steep'd,
"I'll save them both!" the hothead cried;
And from the trenches out he leap'd,
A bullet struck him—and he died!
In vain I strove to give alarm,
My voice was faint, he heard it not;
Poor Tom lay dead upon my arm,
And he was killed, and all—for what?

Poor lad! he was a lady's son
(A doleful Christmas her's to-day!)
I've often wondered would she shun
My presence, should I call to say
How brave he look'd—how bold and free,
In that short breathing space of time—
How well he died;—but 'twas for me,
And she would hate me—there's my crime.

Would she believe me, did I say
I would have bought his life with mine?
For what was I—a waif and stray
(Since Tom was dead.) What friends would pine
For loss of me? Nay, mother dear,
Forgive me—look not so distress'd;
'Tis Christmas time, and I am here,
Thank God, who orders all things best!



LITTLE LIZZIE.

A Sailor's Yarn.

BY WILLIAM WELLS.

ADMIRIN' them children, sir? Ah!
Ain't they a beautiful pair?
She with her ringlets black,
He with his fair bright hair,
Blithesome and merry as birds,
Without e'er a care in their lot;—
'Taint often you see such a pair,
Though I says it, perhaps, as should not.
"Both on 'em mine, sir?" No!
Only the laughing-eyed lad;
The lassie has never a parent,
Though she allus calls me "dad."

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

There's a story about that child,
If you've time to listen, I'll tell ;
'Tis a simple salt tale of the sea,
That mayhap might please you well.

"Smoke, sir?" I thank'ee, sir, yes ;
For cigars and sich-like I don't care,
But I'll light up my pipe, d'ye see,
And start with my yarn, fair and square.
'Twere last winter, just three years ago,
Our ship from the Indies set sail ;
And our hearts thrill'd with feelings of joy,
As homeward we sped with the gale.

Our captain was friendly and kind,
Light-hearted, good-tempered, and gay ;
And he'd give his commands with an air
That made us all gladly obey.
But the light of the ship was his wife,
With her manners so gentle and mild ;
And each sailor had always a smile
For Lizzie, her hazel-eyed child.

That's Lizzie you see playing there,
Along o' my boy on the green ;
You'd scarce think, to look at her now,
How near to her death she had been.
She's a sweet little creetur, sir. What ?
"Get on with my story," you say ?
Have patience, and let an old salt
Spin his yarn in his own sort o' way !

Well, we'd been about three weeks out,
When the weather grew murky and queer ;
But the captain kep' on under sail—
His wasn't the heart to know fear ;
Till at last, with a terrible roar,
The storm burst in fury o'erhead ;
The fierce lightning luridly flashed,
As we cower'd and shiver'd with dread.

Our sturdy masts splinter'd and fell,
'Mid the elements' fearful din ;
Then a leak in the vessel's side
Let the water come pouring in ;

And a rush was made for the boats,
But all had been wash'd away!
And the curses of doomèd men
Fill'd the calmest with wild dismay.

The captain had gallantly tried
To save his good ship, but too late!
And, finding all effort in vain,
With firmness awaited his fate.
He snatched at a broken spar,
Held fast to his wife and child,
As the vessel heeled over and sunk
In the depth of the ocean wild!

When I rose to the surface again,
Little Lizzie was just at my side;
I seized her with quick, eager grasp,
And bore her up over the tide:
While the captain, with agonised voice,
Cried, "Jim, if you live through this night,
Be a father to dear little Liz,
God bless you!" and sunk from my sight.

I floated away from the wreck,
With the child nestled close to my breast;
How I prayed for the coming of dawn,
As her cold lips I tenderly prest.
And my prayer was heard; for behold!
By the light of the dawn did I see
A noble ship come bearing down,
And Lizzie was saved from the sea!

Excuse me a moment, sir, please;
The thought on it makes me feel sad,
And brings the hot tears to my eyes—
Come here, Liz, and kiss your old dad!
I'm better, sir, now. Well, d'ye see
(To bring my yarn up a bit short),
The good vessel brought us right home,
And landed us safely in port.

And my missus—Heaven bless her kind soul!
(There she goes with the pitcher, d'ye see?)
Took the dear little waif to her heart—
The treasure I'd brought from the sea.

And my own darling curly-haired boy
 Kiss'd the child in his innocent glee ;
 Call'd her "sister," his "dear sister Liz !"
 (But that boy always were rather free.)

That's my story, sir. What do you say ?
 "A blessing light on my old head !"
 Lord love you, sir, what have I done ?
 Just honour'd my word to the dead.
 "Not dead !" Why, hold off a bit,
 Let me look at you full in the face—
 Hurrah ! It's the captain come back !
 Now praise be to God for His grace !

Run, dame, and fetch dear little Liz,
 Here's the captain return'd, safe and sound,
 With his lady, too, smiling and well :
 What rejoicing there'll be, I'll be bound !

* * * * *

Happy father ! blest mother and child !
 Once again love enjoys its full sway !—
 Dear old lass, give your husband a kiss,
 And thank God for *our* share in this day !



THE LEVEL CROSSING.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE eight o'clock up's just gone, sir—the London express, you mean ?
 There ain't not another as stops here, not till the nine-fifteen.
 Got any luggage a-comin' ?—Oh, only been here for the day !
 Yes, it's a quietish village ; never was over-gay.
 We're glad of a stranger sometimes, and a bit of the Lunnnon news ;
 It's lonely up here at the station, and easy to get the blues,
 For I'm on till the early morning ; and many and many a night
 There's never a human being as comes to bless my sight.

For the last of the trains as stops here is the parly at 10 P.M.,
 And then I'm alone with my thoughts like, and I ain't always
 fond o' them.

Out yonder's a level crossing, and it's part o' my work, you
 know,
 To watch here at night for the waggons a-travellin' to and fro.
 Been any accidents? Bless you! we're a boon to the local
 press;
 The company has me stop here just to try for to make 'em
 less.
 Why, only last year a farmer—but haven't you heard the tale
 How old Farmer Burton o' Birley was killed by the Limited
 Mail?

I thought as you must ha' heard it, for it made a regular fuss,
 And they held an inquiry on it, and they laid the blame on us.
 We ought to ha' seen and ha' warned him, so the chaps on the
 paper said;
 But we none of us knew as he'd got there, not till we see him
 dead.
 They brought it in accidental, the jury as tried the case;
 But it was no accident neither, though it's rather a likely place.
 Come and sit down in my shanty, you've nearly an hour to
 wait,—
 If you care for the rest, I can tell you the story of Burton's
 fate.

Never mind how I know it—there's plenty o' folks beside
 As knows about Master Burton, and why he came here and
 died;
 For the women ha' talked it over, and whenever that comes
 about,
 Wherever there's secrets hidden, the women 'll hunt 'em out.
 They wagged their heads when he married poor penniless Mercy
 Leigh.
 Right on the top of her hearin' as her lover was drowned at
 sea.
 Lord, how the women chattered—scandalous things they said!
 Hintin' she wanted a husband to hide her sin with the dead!

This Mercy Leigh was the daughter of decentish honest folks,
 And Burton had made her an offer, but she treated his words
 as jokes,
 For Mercy was barely twenty, and Burton was sixty-two;
 He'd made a bit at the farmin', and was counted as well-to-do;
 He made it a joke himself like, his love for "the pretty child,"
 And if any one chaffed him about it, that's what he said, and
 'smiled;

But under his broad thick waistcoat, right in his kind old heart,
I know as her nonsense pained him, though he took it in right good part.

It was pretty well known in the village that Mercy had set her cap
At the son of old Barnes, the builder, a dare-devil sailor chap;
And when he was off his cruises, and home for a week or so,
You'd meet him and Mercy together wherever you'd chance to go.
And the last time they parted he told her—that's what the gossips say—
That he reckoned, with luck and weather, he'd be but a month away,
And when he came back he'd wed her—he pledged her his solemn word;—
He'd perished at sea with his vessel—that was the next we heard

Now, the very next day this Mercy was seen, with a long white face,
A-makin' for Chumleigh Meadows—that was old Burton's place—
And one of his people told me as she stayed there half the day,
And they heard her a-cryin' and sobbin', and moanin' her heart away.
But when they came out the farmer had gotten her hand gripped tight,
And he kissed her, and said, "God bless you! I'll speak to your folks to-night."
It was known on the morrow through Birley that Mercy had promised to wed
The farmer of Chumleigh Meadows—but we noticed her eyes were red.

'Twas plain as her heart was buried away in the distant sea,
For I saw her the weddin' mornin', and her looks had a tale for me.
But she went through the service bravely, and the farmer's big brown face
Was bright with his love for Mercy, though he stood in a dead man's place.
I think they was happy at first, too, for he worshipped the ground she trod,
And went here and there like a sheep-dog, obeyin' her every nod.

Yet he'd given his name and honour to a woman who'd told
him—well,
What seldom to one who'd wed her a woman has dared to tell.

They were married six months and over, when, all of a sudden,
flew
News through the streets of Birley, as nobody thought was
true,—

That Barnes had escaped the shipwreck, and was back from a
lengthened trip ;

He'd been rescued and carried to Melbourne aboard of a sailin'
ship.

She heard it first at the station—I shall never forget her cry.

We carried her into this room here—I thought she was like to
die ;

But she got all right in a minit, and, takin' her husband's arm, .
She walked 'like a tipsy woman back thro' the fields to the
farm.

In less than a month from that, sir, old Burton lay here dead ;
Here, at this level crossing—"Accident," so they said.

But I know, for a woman told me who say Mercy before the
'quest,

That for many a night he'd murmur, and talk in his troubled
rest ;

And he'd wake in the night and tell her, if it chanced that he
should die,

That the hand of God would have freed her for a higher and
holier tie.

And the eve as it happened he kissed her, with tears in his eyes,
and said,

"Mercy, my darling! remember the *reason* that we were wed."

When he left her that night he told her he'd a lawyer to see in
town.

He was crossing there for the platform when the engine struck
him down.

That's how the jury got it, but *I* know a thing or two ;

And I say that night when he kissed her, he knew what he
meant to do ;

For his will was made, and it told her to marry the sailor chap

If it pleased the Almighty to take him—accident too, mayhap?

She went away from the village, and the farm and the house
were sold,

And she'd married young Barnes ere her mourning was barely
a fortnight old.

A cold-blooded thing to do, sir?—Not a bit of it. She was
 right;
 For she knew what was wearing his heart out when he went to
 his death that night:
 He laid down his life that a father, cast up from the jaws of
 the sea,
 Might hallow before God's altar the mother of one to be.
 It was just a month to the day, sir, since Burton was found here
 dead,
 That the baby was born to Mercy.—Why, bless us! the lights
 are red!
 I must run to the box and change 'em.—What does that signal
 mean?
 Why, that I must be saying good-night, sir, for here is the nine-
 fifteen.

(By permission of the Author.)



LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THUS, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
 Permitted utterance, we have told our story;
 And now, to say one word of the imposture—
 The mask necessity has made me wear!
 When the ferocious malice of your king—
 King, do I call him!—When the monster, Tarquin,
 Slew, as you most of you may well remember,
 My father Marcus, and my elder brother,
 Envyng at once their virtues and their wealth,
 How could I hope a shelter from his power,
 But in the false face I have worn so long?

Would you know why I have summon'd you together
 Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger
 Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
 See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
 She was the mark and model of the time—
 The mould in which each female face was form'd—
 The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!

Fairer than ever was a form created
 By youthful fancy when the blood strays wild,
 And never-resting thought is all on fire!
 The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
 Who met old Numa in his hallow'd walks,
 And whisper'd in his ear her strains divine,
 Can I conceive beyond her:—The young choir
 Of vestal virgins bent to her. 'Tis wonderful
 Amid the darnel, hemlock, and base weeds
 Which now spring rife from the luxurious compos
 Spread o'er the realm, how this sweet lily rose;
 How from the shade of those ill-neighbouring plants
 Her father shelter'd her, that not a leaf
 Was blighted; but, array'd in purest grace,
 She bloom'd unsullied beauty. Such perfections
 Might have called back the torpid breast of age
 To long-forgotten rapture; such a mind
 Might have abash'd the boldest libertine.
 And turn'd desire to reverential love
 And holiest affection! Oh, my countrymen,
 You all can witness that when she went forth
 It was a holiday in Rome:—old age
 Forgot its crutch, labour its task—all ran;
 And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
 "There, there's Lucretia!" Now, look ye, where she lies
 That beauteous flower—that innocent sweet rose,
 Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone! gone!

Say, would ye seek instruction? Would ye ask
 What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
 Which saw his poison'd brother!—saw the incest
 Committed there, and they will cry—Revenge!
 Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
 O'er the dead father's corse, 'twill cry—Revenge!
 Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
 With human blood, and it will cry—Revenge!
 Go to the tomb where lies his murder'd wife,
 And the poor queen, who lov'd him as her son;
 Their unappeased ghosts will shriek—Revenge!
 The temples of the gods—the all-viewing heavens—
 The gods themselves—shall justify the cry,
 And swell the general sound—Revenge! Revenge!

PUNCHINELLO.

BY F. E. WEATHERBY.

He was a Punchinello, sweet Columbine was she,
He loved the ground she danced on, she laughed his love
to see,
And he laughed himself as gaily, dancing, joking every night :
“ He’s the maddest, merriest fellow ! ” cried the people with
delight,
“ Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! ”

Bright was the day she married, and there among the rest
Came poor old Punchinello, still e’en the blithest guest,
But had they seen his tears at midnight, in his garret near
the sky,
“ He’s the maddest, quaintest fellow ! ” they’d have thought,
and still would cry :
“ Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! ”

One winter morn they told him sweet Columbine was dead,
He never joked so gaily as after that, the people said.
Never sang and laughed so madly, as he seemed to do each
night.
“ He’s the wildest, brightest fellow ! ” cried the people with
delight.
“ Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! ”

But when the play was over, forth to her grave he crept,
Laid one white rose upon it, then sat him down and wept ;
But the people, had they seen him gaze up to the moonlit sky,
Still had thought he had been acting, and aloud had been
their cry :
“ He’s the merriest, maddest fellow !
Bravo ! bravo ! Punchinello ! ”



LOCHINVAR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better b—
To have matched our fair cousin with young Loc'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
 "She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?



THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY ANNIE S. BRADSHAW.

THE young King stirred uneasily,
 Then with his slender fingers tossed the golden curls from off
 his brow,
 And starting suddenly exclaimed:
 "Did I but dream I heard again that awful sound?
 No! There they go! List how the footsteps of the tramping
 mob
 Commingle with the soldiers' martial tread.
 Hark! What is that?
 The cry of some poor creature run to earth!
 [Climbs a chair, and peers through window.]
 How close the people crowd!
 There! Now they part! It is—it is a child!
 Some brutal soldier's sword has pierced his side.
 How white and still he lies; his fair hair dabbled in the mud.
 [Jumps down and strikes a gong.]
 How strange and cruel is this strife
 That turns men's blood to fire, their hearts to stone!
 A tall gaunt form, in priestly garb attired,
 Appeared in answer to the brazen tongue.
 "Ah! Holy Father—is it you?" he said,
 "I pray you send at once two trusty messengers,
 To carry here a wounded boy, who but this moment fell
 Beneath the window of the tower;

And when his wounds are dressed,
 Let him be placed upon my couch, [*pointing*]
 That I may minister to one more friendless than myself !
 You would advise me, Father, that it is not fit,"
 He said, in answer to a protest of the priest's,
 " While we waste words the precious time is lost.
 Still you would hesitate !—
 Say ! Am I your King, or am I not !
 Bid them depart ; and if any dare to hinder them,
 Let them proclaim, ' It is the King's command ! ' "

* * * * *

" Poor boy ! What fate could bring him in the cruel streets !
 Perhaps he wandered there in search of those
 Whom he would never find,
 Unless at that great rendezvous—the block !
 Well ! I must teach him to forget.
 I wonder what he likes to play with most ?
 As men do not throw dice in jest,
 Who've staked their all and lost.
 Neither can we play mimic battles
 While blood is flowing through our streets.
 I've bricks for building palaces, but I'm no architect.
 And all the stories I could read to him
 Would not be half so sad as his or mine.
 I hear their footsteps mounting to the corridor ;
 Nearer and nearer still they come. [*Advances to meet them.*]
 This way, good Halibert ! Step slowly.

[*Walks as if beside them.*]

Now lay him gently down. [*Gazes upon him thoughtfully.*]
 He cannot be much older than myself ;
 His hair is just as fair and curling as my own :
 If he had but more colour in his face
 Methinks 'twould then be difficult to say
 Which of the two were which !
 If, Holy Father, you have seen his eyes unclose,
 Pray tell me, are they brown like mine, or blue ?
 I wish they had been brown ;
 Then we'd been more alike.
 Nay, Holy Father, do not chide me so,
 Blood still is blood ; and, if mine be blue, as you have said,
 I must confess I would not care to see it flow ;
 For those bright crimson drops that André shed
 Are prettier a thousand times by far.
 Yes ! Yes ! I know you speak of rank and state ;
 Though each is but an accident of birth,

That made me rich—him poor !

But if this mirror could reflect us both,

[*Standing as if in front of mirror.*]

What should we see ?

Two boys ! Each fashioned in one mould,

With eyes to see and tongue to speak,

With ears to hear and lips to taste,

In fact with body, limbs, and senses just the same,

Requiring both the same conditions, to sustain

Air, light and food and drink and warmth and rest.

If daintier food and choicer drink my portion is,

Then I must try to compensate for his ill chance.

Why should I rest upon a bed of down,

And he, perchance, upon a pallet hard ?

Or why should I within a palace dwell,

And he find refuge in a humble cot ?

I have not earned these blessings more than he,

Yet he has been contented with his peasant's lot.

Hush ! He is speaking,

I wondered why he slept so long.

I'll call him by his name :

Andrè ! Dear Andrè ! I'm your little friend !

Can you not answer me—

Or is your pain too great ? ”

“He does not hear you,” said the priest,

“He only babbles of the tombril

In which he saw his parents dragged away.”

“What ? Did his father and his mother

Perish on the block like mine ?

Poor Andrè, our link of brotherhood is close indeed.

Ah ! Holy Father, though you teach

Of noble blood and common clay,

Our Father is the same !

What is nobility ? I pray you tell me !

Is it noble for the strong to trample down the weak ?

'Twas only yesterday I saw a royal prince

Stoop from his horse to send a sword thrust

Through the body of a poor defenceless dog,

And, with a cruel jest, fling it maimed and suffering,

Amongst the ribald crowd.

And yet men call *him* noble !

Then what is it to be of common clay ?

Ah ! Andrè speaks again,

And see—his eyes unclosed.

How white he looks ! He gasps for breath

And stretches forth his arms !

What does he say ?

Long live the King ! ”

* * * * *

The priest stepped forth

And gently put the King aside,

Then held his crucifix before poor André's dying eyes.

A few quick gasps, a long drawn sigh,

And all was still.

With reverent touch the Holy Father

Laid the crucifix upon his breast,

And drew the covering o'er the sweet cold face,

And led the King away.

* * * * *

'Twas scarcely done before the sound

Of noisy tramping feet was heard without,

And loud rough voices cried :

“ Give up the King ! We do demand the King ! ”

Their faces blanched with fear ;

Then in a hoarse quick tone the Holy Father said

“ Hide there ! Behind the arras, quick,

And have no fear ! ”

A moment later and the door was flung aside—

“ Now, Holy Father ! Where's his Infant Majesty ? ”

The leader said.

“ 'Tis at your peril—so shelter him,

If thus you dare ! ”

The priest bowed low and pointed to the couch,

“ Advance and do your will,” he said,

“ The King is there ! ”

* * * * *

In dumb surprise they turned away,

The lust of blood a moment stifled in their breasts,

At sight of that pure innocence, so safe in death.

The King stepped from his hiding place,

In answer to the Holy Father's call.

“ Your Majesty has proved more wise than I,” he said.

“ Your Christian act has purchased you your life,

Though you must flee,

An exile from your native land,

Stripped of your honours and your kingly name.”

“ What matters it,” His Majesty replied,

“ Since from all those I loved I'm torn apart ;

Though not a King in wealth, or state, or name,

I'm none the less a King at heart ! ”

(By permission of the Authoress.)

QUESTION NOT PROVIDENCE.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate ;
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state ;
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer Being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food ;
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n ;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms of systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world,

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
 Man never Is, but always To be blest.
 The soul (uneasy, and confin'd) from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind ;
 His soul, proud Science, never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;
 Some safer world in depths of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christian's thirst for gold.
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire ;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser, thou ! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy Opinion against Providence ;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such.
 Say, here He gives too little, there too much ;

Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
 If Man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there ;
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Rejudge his justice, be the God of God.
 In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods,
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel ;
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause.



THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife ; ah, summers not a
 few,
 Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you ;
 And love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures
 too—
 Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was
 new.

O blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
 When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes" made you my
 loving wife ;
 Your heart will say the same, I know ; that day's as dear to you,
 That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring
 was new.

How well do I remember now, your young sweet face that day ;
 How fair you were—how dear you were—my tongue could
 hardly say ;
 Nor how I doated on you ; ah, how proud I was of you ;
 But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new ?

No—no ; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me,
 And dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be ?
 As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true,
 But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new ?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there,
For me you would not bravely face,—with me you would not
share?

O what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was
new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us wife—young voices that are
here,
Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more
dear,
Young, loving hearts, your care each day, makes yet more like
to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was
new.

And, bless'd be God, all He has given are with us yet; around
Our table, every little life lent to us, still is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst
we've struggled through;
Blessed be His name for all His love since this old ring was
new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now
forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was
new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow
old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow
cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was
new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;
O may my parting gaze be bless'd with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was
new.

ADVANCE !

(Founded on an Incident of the American Civil War.)

WHEN war's wild clamour filled the land,
When Porter swept the sea ;
When Grant held Vicksburgh by the throat,
And Halleck strove with Lee.
It chanced that Custer's cavaliers,
The flower of all our horse,
Held Hood's brigade at Carroll's ford,
Where still it strove to cross.
Two days the stubborn skirmish raged,
The lines still closer grew ;
And now the rebels gained an inch,
And now the men in blue.
Until at length, the Northern swords
Hemmed in the footmen grey ;
And both sides girded for the shock,
That won or lost the day.
'Twas scarce a lance's length
Between the worn and slippery banks,
O'er which our mighty squadrons faced,
The hard pressed Southern ranks.
And while Hood's sullen ambush crouched
Along the river's marge,
His pickets brought a prisoner in,
Captured in some brief charge.
This was a stripling trumpeter,
A mere lad, fitted far
To grace some loving mother's heart,
Than these grim scenes of war.
But still with proud defiant mien,
He bore his soldier's crest,
And smiled above the shattered arm,
That hung upon his breast.
For was not he staff-trumpeter
To Custer's famed brigade ?
Did not, through him, the General speak
In camp or on parade ?
'Twas his, to form the battle line ;
His was the clarion peal,
That launched upon the frightened foe
That surging sea of steel.

They led him to the outer posts,
Within the tangled wood ;
Beyond whose shade by chafing steeds,
His waiting comrades stood.
They placed his bugle in his hand,
A musket levelled nigh :
“ Now, Yankee, sound the loud retreat,”
They whispered, “ Sound or die ! ”
The lad looked up a little space,
A lark’s song sounded near,
As though to ask, why men had brought
Their deeds of hatred here—
High in the blue the south wind swept
A single cloud of foam,
A messenger it seemed to him,
To bear his last thought home.
Then casting to the Northland far,
One sad but steadfast glance,
He raised his bugle to his lips,
And blew the Grand “ ADVANCE ! ”
A bullet cut the plan short,
But ere his senses fled,
He heard that avalanche of hoofs,
Thunder above his head.
He saw his comrades sweep
Resistless o’er the plain ;
And knew his trumpet’s loyal note
Had sounded not in vain.
For when they laid him to his rest,
His bugle by his side,
His lips still smiled, for *victory*
Had kissed them ere he died.
A score of springs has passed since then,
And each has gently spread,
Above our scarce remembered feud,
The mantle of its dead.
And where death’s sickle mowed
Its bloody swathe of slain,
The husbandman of peace now binds
The after-math of grain.
And pauses where a rough-hewn stone
Bespeaks a reverent glance,
To marvel that its legend bore,
But one brave word, “ ADVANCE ! ”

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

" Oh father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be ? "
" 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ; "
And he steered for the open sea.

" Oh father ! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be ? "
" Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea ! "

" Oh father ! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be ? "
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow.
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a weary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board :
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe ! "



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

THE wars for many a month were o'er
Ere I could reach my native shed ;
My friends ne'er hoped to see me more,
And wept for me as for the dead.

As I drew near, the cottage blazed,
The evening fire was clear and bright,
As through the window long I gazed,
And saw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner sat,
My mother drew her useful thread ;
My brothers strove to make them chat,
My sisters baked the household bread.

And Jean oft whispered to a friend,
And still let fall a silent tear ;
But soon my Jessy's grief will end,
She little thinks her Harry's near.

What could I do ? if in I went,
Surprise would chill each tender heart ;
Some story then I must invent,
And act the poor maim'd soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
And crooked up a lying knee ;
And soon I found in that best place,
Not one dear friend knew aught of me.

I ventured in ;—Tray wagg'd his tail,
He fawn'd, and to my mother ran ;
“ Come here ! ” she cried, “ what can he ail ? ”
While my feign'd story I began.

I changed my voice to that of age :
“ A poor old soldier lodging craves ; ”
The very name their loves engage,
“ A soldier ! ay, the best we have.”

My father then drew in a seat ;
“ You're welcome,” with a sigh, he said.
My mother fried her best hung meat,
And curds and cheese the table spread.

“ I had a son,” my father cried,
“ A soldier, too, but he is gone ; ”
“ Have you heard from him ? ” I replied,
“ I left behind me many a one ;

“ And many a message have I brought
To families I cannot find ;
Long for John Goodman's have I sought,
To tell them Hal's not far behind.”

“ Oh ! does he live ? ” my father cried ;
My mother did not stay to speak ;
My Jessy now I silent eyed,
Who sobb'd as if her heart would break.

My mother saw her catching sigh,
And hid her face behind the rock,
While tears swam round in every eye,
And not a single word was spoke.

“ He lives indeed ! this kerchief see,
At parting his dear Jessy gave ;
He sent it far, with love, by me,
To show he still escapes the grave.”

An arrow, darting from a bow,
Could not more quick the token reach ;
The patch from off my face I drew,
And gave my voice its well-known speech.

"My Jessy dear!" I softly said,
She gazed and answer'd with a sigh ;
My sisters look'd, as half afraid ;
My mother fainted quite for joy.

My father danced around his son,
My brothers shook my hand away ;
My mother said "her glass might run,
She cared not now how soon the day."

"Hout, woman!" cried my father dear,
"A wedding first I'm sure we'll have ;
I warrant we'll live a hundred year,
Nay, maybe, lass, escape the grave!"



THE RIDE OF JENNIE McNEAL.

ANONYMOUS.

PAUL REVERE was a rider bold,—
Well has the valorous tale been told :
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one,—
Often has that been dwelt upon.
But who says men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds ?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found,
In the dangerous length of the neutral ground,
In a cottage cosy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all the many who passed their door ;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was tall at fifteen years.

Her laugh was like a gay bell's ring—
Her hair was the hue of the blackbird's wing,
And while the friends, who knew her well,
The sweetness of her heart could tell,—
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall,
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call ;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true ;
So all were kind who had to deal
With generous, black-eyed Jennie McNeal.

One night when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their pearly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door,—
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
Full well the British soldier showed ;
And the Captain bowed his host to greet,
Saying ; “ Madam, we crave for food to eat ;

We will pay you well, and if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring tea ;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a *rebel* colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as would appear ;
His pleasure will cost him sadly dear.”
And they fell on the supper with hasty zeal,
Watched by keen-eyed Jennie McNeal.

The grey-haired colonel they sought so near,
Had been her true friend—many a year,
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories, many a one
About the French war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many an art he taught to her ;

She had learnt to hunt by his manly side,
He had shown her the way to fence and ride ;
And once had said : “ The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me.”
And now she heard that mute appeal,
Grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bareheaded she slips from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way,
Urged the fiery horse of grey.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm ;
Secure and light, a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command ;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Seen when the ragged lightning gleamed,
As on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.

Hark ! From the hills, a moment mute,
Came the clatter of hot pursuit ;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
" Halt ! or your blood be on your head ! "
She heeded it not, and not in vain,
She lashed her steed with the bridle-rein.
Far into the night the grey horse strode ;
And the fire flashed from the rocky road.
And the high-born courage, that never dies,
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race ;—
The rain-drops splashed on her glowing face.
" On—on, brave beast ! " a fate we seal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal.

" Halt ! " once more came the voice of dread ;
" Halt ! or your blood be on your head ! "
Then, no one answering to the calls,
After her came a volley of balls.
They passed her in a rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right,
But rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill ;
The grey horse did his duty well,—
Till, all at once, he stumbled and fell !

Himself escaping hurt or harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him quiet stand,
Patted him with her gentle hand ;
Then sprang again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted " One more trial now ! "
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all—
And galloping down the hill-side steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap ;
With never a stumble, never a reel,
He ran his best for Jennie McNeal.

The men were a furlong behind or more,
When the girl burst in at the Colonel's door,
Her poor arm, helpless, hanging in pain,
And she, all drabbled and drenched with rain,—
Her cheeks as red as firebrands are,
Her eyes as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted—" Quick ! Away ! Away !
They come ! They come ! by the winding way ! "
Then sank on the threshold true and leal,
Brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.

The startled Colonel sprung and pressed
His wife and children to his breast,
Then turned in haste from the homestead bright,
And glided into the stormy night ;
To find alone his secret way,
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well,
To keep him out of a prison cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers jostled in,
And laughed, with a cry that was half a moan :
" Your bird has flown ! Your bird has flown !
And I have scared him from his nest,
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young Captain bowed his head,
And with a strong emotion said :
" Worthy to reign a crownèd queen,
A braver girl I never have seen !

Wear this gold ring as your valour's due ;
 And when peace comes I will come for you."
 But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
 As she said : " There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
 Who told me the same, long time ago ;
 And you would never agree, I know,
 I promised my love to be true as steel
 Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeal.



A SONNET.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

A SONNET is a moment's monument,—
 Memorial from the Soul's eternity
 To one deathless hour. Look that it be,
 Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
 Of its own arduous fulness reverent :
 Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
 As day or night may rule ; and let Time see
 Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin : its face reveals
 The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due,—
 Whether for tribute to the august appeals
 Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
 It serve ; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
 In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

(*By permission of Messrs. ELLIS and ELVEY.*)



ASHES.

BY DE WITT STERRY.

WRAPPED in a sadly tattered gown,
 Alone I puff my briar brown,
 And watch the ashes settle down
 In lambent flashes ;

While thro' the blue, thick, curling haze,
 I strive with feeble eyes to gaze
 Upon the half-forgotten days
 That left but ashes.

Again we wander through the lane,
 Beneath the elms and out again,
 Across the rippling fields of grain,
 Where softly plashes
 A slender brook 'mid banks of fern,
 At every sight my pulses burn,
 At every thought I slowly turn
 And find but ashes.

What made my fingers tremble so
 As you wrapped skeins of worsted snow
 Around them, now with movements slow
 And now with dashes ?
 Maybe 'tis smoke that 'blinds my eyes,
 Maybe a tear within them lies ;
 But as I puff my pipe there flies
 A cloud of ashes.

Perhaps you did not understand
 How lightly flames of love were fanned,
 Ah, every thought and wish I've planned
 With something clashes !
 And yet within my lonely den,
 Over a pipe, away from men,
 I love to throw aside my pen
 And stir the ashes.

THE VAGRANT AND HIS DOG.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
 Roger's my dog : come here, you scamp !
 Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye !
 Over the table,—look out for the lamp !—
 The rogue is growing a little old ;
 Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
 And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
 And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,

A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !

The paw he holds up there's been frozen),

Plenty of catgut for my fiddle

(This out-door business is bad for strings),

Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,

And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink ;

Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—

Ar'n't we, Roger ?—See him wink !

Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel ;

e's thirsty too,—see him nod his head ?

What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk !

He understands every word that's said,—

And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,

I've been so sadly given to grog,

I wonder I've not lost the respect

(Here's to you, sir !) even of my dog.

But he sticks by me through thick and thin ;

And this old coat, with its empty pockets,

And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,

He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living

Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,

So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,

To such a miserable, thankless master !

No, sir !—see him wag his tail and grin !

By George ! it makes my old eyes water !

That is, there's something in this gin

That chokes a fellow. But no matter !

We'll have some music, if you're willing,

And Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is, sir !)

Shall march a little,—Start, you villain !

Stand straight ! 'Bout face ! Salute your officer !

Put up that paw ! Dress ! Take your rifle !

(Some dogs have arms, you see !) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle.

To aid a poor old patriot soldier !

March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes,
 When he stands up to hear his sentence ;
 Now tell us how many drams it takes
 To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
 Five yelps,—that's five ; he's mighty knowing !
 The night's before us, fill the glasses !—
 Quick, sir ! I'm ill,—my brain is going !—
 Some brandy,—thank you,—there !—it passes !

Why not reform ? That's easily said ;
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my poor stomach's past reform ;
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
 At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
 A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink ;—
 The same old story ; you know how it ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features,—
 You needn't laugh, sir ; they were not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures ;
 I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast !
 If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
 That ever I, sir, should be straying
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since,—a parson's wife :
 'Twas better for her that we should part,—
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 Have I seen her ? Once ! I was weak and spent
 On the dusty road ; a carriage stopped :
 But little she dreamed, as on she went,
 Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, sir ; I'm sorry ;
 It makes me wild to think of the change !
 What do you care for a beggar's story ?
 Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?
 I had a mother so proud of me !
 'Twas well she died before—Do you know
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain ; then Roger and I will start.
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing in place of a heart ?
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were,—
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ! that glass was warming,—
 You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
 We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street,—
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;—
 The sooner the better for Roger and me !



BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

BY WILL CARLETON.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
 For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out—
 We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
 Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

“What is the matter ?” say you. I swear it's hard to tell !
 Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well !
 I have no other woman, she has no other man—
 Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
 And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree ;

Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—
How?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-creature was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of something a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the selfsame way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbours, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to
speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter
and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with
me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be
mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half ;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and
 roam ;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home ;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'able pay :
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day ;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much ;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such !
'True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young ;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps ;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon ;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and
 night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was as tidy as any I ever seen ;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Excepting when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right ;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world
 I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur ;
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her ;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
 And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree ;
 And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
 If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here.



HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

BY WILL CARLETON.

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer : how do you do to-day,
 You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.
 Don't cut down your figures ; make it an X or a V ;
 For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
 Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do ;
 And if my horses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
 They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to
 drive.

No—for I was labourin' under a heavy load ;
 No—for I was travellin' an entirely different road ;
 For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
 And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have
 been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
 When I ought to've held my temper, and driven straight
 ahead ;

And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
 And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
 Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind ;
 And these things flashed all through me, as you know things
 sometimes will

When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

" But," says I, " we're too far along to take another track.
 And when I put my hand to the plough, I do not oft turn
 back,

And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in
 two ; "

And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house, 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's going to pull up
stakes.

And when I went in the house, the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I
could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste
good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat-pocket like a cat would watch a
mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper, I drewed the agreement out,
And gave it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas
about;
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print; especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she gave my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through, she went for me, her face a-
streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, sir—I didn't come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its
worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on
earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
 And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
 And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
 Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
 Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
 But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
 My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out of doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
 But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do;
 When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
 And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than
 half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style,
 But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
 And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
 That that there written agreement of yours was just the
 makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer: don't stop short of an X;
 Make it more if you want to, for I have got the cheques.
 I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
 For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in
 gold.



ADDRESS.

(Spoken by MR. JAMES FERNANDEZ on the occasion of a poor
 Clown's Benefit at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, 1870.)

"MOTLEY's the only wear." Its wearer here,
 Who often has evoked the laughter clear
 Of happy childhood, soon farewell must take,
 Till next year's fairy spell his power shall wake.
 He now conjures you, by that happy night
 When Fairy-land first met your wond'ring sight.
 When demons, dragons, princes, elves, to you
 Were real things, and all the story true.
 Let not sweet Memory's magic work in vain,
 To make you children for an hour again.

Think of the anxious joy, the pleasure keen,
With which you saw the transformation scene;
Think of the burning love—when aged nine—
With which you idolized the Columbine;
(When Bloggin chaffed you, how your anger rose,
And you avenged your wrong on Bloggin's nose.)
Think how you envied all the glittering sheen
And graceful poses of the Harlequin;
And how you screamed when Pantaloon, knock'd down
Was kicked for falling, by your friend—the Clown.
Was he not then your hero? Who but he
Had ever proved that two and two were three?
Who, when he saw a head, was sure to knock it,
Who carried pigs and babies in his pocket?
Who chopped off legs of men and tails of dogs,
And made mince-pies of kittens or of frogs?
Who greased his hair with lumps of stolen fat,
And dared to smash the grim policeman's hat?
Who held, in your esteem, all life's renown,
Mirth-loving, mischief-making, merry clown.
“Motley's the wear,” but only for a time,
The “Monarch of Misrule” in pantomime
Lays down his crown and sceptre, drops his mask,
Throws by the cap and bells, and bows, to ask
That welcome for the *man*, from hearts and hands,
Which from your children he, as *clown*, commands.
The easy grace and skill which you admire
Cost years of patient labour to acquire.
The painted mask of fun, the broad grimace
May hide the lines of sorrow on his face;
The gaudy dress in which he plays his part
Cover a breast that bears an aching heart.
Happy if he but earns the daily bread
For *his* dear little ones, long since in bed;
Happy to mark his loving wife's delight,
To hear “the audience were so kind to-night.”
Be kind, in memory of those “added joys,”
In the bright time when you were girls and boys,
Knowing in your regard he has some share,
“Motley” to-night is not “the only wear.”



ANNABEL LEE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know by the name
of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought, than to love
and be loved by me.
I was a child, and she was a child, in this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love, I and my
Annabel Lee:
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven coveted her and
me.

And this was the reason that long ago, in this kingdom by the
sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling my beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her high-born kinsman came, and bore her away from
me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre, in this kingdom by the sea.
The angels, not half so happy in heaven, went envying her and
me—
Yes, that was the reason (as all men know, in this kingdom by
the sea),
That the wind came out of the cloud by night, chilling and
killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love of those who
were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above, nor the demons down
under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul of the beautiful
Annabel Lee.
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams of the
beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes of the
beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side of my darling
—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea, in her tomb by the sounding
sea.

IN THE RIVER PEI-HO, JUNE 25, 1859.*

(*A Naval Pensioner's Story.*)

BY WM. LAIRD CLOWES.

[THE episode which is the subject of the ballad is in every detail historical. For certain incidents, which are now made public for the first time, the author desires to acknowledge his obligations to various survivors of this gallant affair, and notably to Admiral Sir George Ommanney Willes, G.C.B. (who was captain of the *Chesapeake*) ; to Paymaster-in-Chief James William Murray Ashby, C.B. (who was secretary to Rear-Admiral Sir James Hope) ; and to Staff-Captain John Phillips (who was second master of the *Plover*), and who saw Flag-Officer Tatnall's boat come alongside, and witnessed or heard what happened subsequently.]

A yarn about some victory, why, bless yer, there's no need
For the folks like me to tell yer one, there isn't, sir, indeed !
The folks what writes for the papers, or as bring out reg'lar
stories,

Can tell you all yer want to know about them naval glories.
There's precious little danger of the victories being forgot,
But I'm afeared we do a bit forget the actions as was not.

What do I think of furriners—well, they're a different lot.
You'll find a different sort of them in every furrin port.
There's Christians and there's cannibals, there's yallers, browns
and blacks,

There's people as is fully dressed with nothing on their backs ;
But the only kind of furriner it's a pleasure to recall
Is the Yankeé, and I reckon he ain't no furriner at all.

(*Spoken*)

What ! He is ! Well then I'll spin you a yarn.
Now, it ain't for me to remember how our troubles in Chiney
began,
Nor I don't pretend to remember the whole of our Admiral's
plan ;
'Twas a question of sending our Envoy up by way of the river
Pei-ho,
And the Chinese blocked the Channel, determined he shouldn't
go.

* From *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1894.

They'd thrown three booms across it, and lined both banks with
forts,
Designed by Russian friends o' theirs, accordin' to all reports.

Yet, lor! we never dreamt as how them Chinese meant to fight,
There's mostways more of bark, you know, in them there chaps
than bite.

Leastways we thought, if it came to blows, they'd have to pay
the bill,

For we didn't see no hopes about, and the forts lay wonderfully
still.

But a Yankee frigate below the bar had heard and seen a bit,
And the Admiral's cox'en said to me, "You find your chewin'
grit."

That selfsame Admiral Tatnall, flag-orficer they called 'im,
Was a rum'un, as they all agreed, when things went wrong
and galled 'im.

Yet he was an excellent orficer, rough, p'raps, but bluff and
hearty,

And very particular friends with Admiral Hope and the British
party.

Yet I did hear tell that in eighteen twelve, in the old American
war,

He fought as a fiend agin us, and no one hated us more.

His cox'en, who told us that, explained and it may be true, I
suppose,

That a family quarrel ain't the same as a row with outside
foes.

Young brothers may fall to loggerheads, and fight to their
hearts' content,

In course it's sad enough to see, but there ain't no lastin' rent.

But from what I saw in Chiney, I tell yer fair and frank,

I shan't complain if I never have a better friend than a Yank.

Well, the Chinese beggars promised they'd do as we desired,

And open the way, but they never stirred, and our Admiral he
got tired.

Till at last he says we must take the forts and burst the booms
all three,

And clear the road to Tientsin (pronounced "Tangsang") that
our Envoy may go free.

So he took his gunboats across the bar, and he passed the word
of warning,

"Be ready to-morrow the twenty-fifth, at half-past four in the
morning."

Well, I never saw a lovelier day, the sun was hot, and the sky
Was as deep and dark a kind of blue as the Admiral's flag in
the fly.

And when we neared the nasty booms, and all lay calm and
still,

It began to look as tho' the China braves were wantin' in pluck
and skill.

But, bless you, sir, we did 'em wrong, for suddenly every gun
In the forts blazed down on our tiny craft, there were thirty-
five, if one.

They had the range to a nicety, and their guns aimed right
down our decks,

And in half an hour, or little more, the '*Possum* and we were
wrecks.

One shot took Cap'in Rason, cutting him clean in two,
And no wonder, sir, for he stood there, right full in the enemy's
view.

And another struck a soldier, McKenna was his name,
A Cap'in he was in the Royals, and served him just the same.

Our Admiral he was wounded, likewise the second master,
And as the afternoon wore on, the men fell ever faster.

One shot most cleared out forrard gun, of all its proper crew,
And others tore great holes in us, and cut our cables through.
That's why we drifted down, it was not thro' loss of pluck,
There wasn't a man aboard of us, but cursed his evil luck.

We drifted, steering as we could, until the muddy tide
Carried us down to the *Cormorant*, and we lashed to her star-
board side.

We weren't out of range, no fear, but we kept on firin' hard,
Tho' our bow guns cleared the *Cormorant's* bows, just only by
a yard :

But they took the Admiral out of us, he 'bein' very bad,
And board us, there wasn't comfort nor quiet to be had.

At half-past four, or thereabouts, as near as I could larn,
A double-banked cutter came 'longside, with the Stars and
Stripes at the stern.

Flag-officer Tatnall, burly and tanned, was sittin' as usual aft,
And beside him sat his cox'en, my pal of the '*Murrican* craft.
They came to the starboard gangway, and just as they happened
to come,

Damn'd if some Chineee gunner didn't manage to hull my chum.

So I thinks to myself, why neutral folks, as haven't no business
here,

Should be pullin' about in this storm of shot, is a point as isn't
quite clear.

But when old Tatnall stepped aboard, and I heard what he'd
to say,

I began to look at the pullin' about, in a different kind of way,
For he asked them to take him to Admiral Hope, which in
course our officers soon did,

And he said he trusted he might be of use in removing and
tending the wounded.

He crossed our deck to the *Cormorant*, where the Admiral's flag
was flying,

And he left his cutter, full o' men, alongside idly lyin',

And I saw the Americans' eyes on us, as we loaded and fired as
commanded.

We were fit to drop from weariness, besides bein' so short-
handed.

And presently one says "Bill, while we sets down here, we does
what we didn't oughter,

I'm going to help them blokes up there, for blood is thicker
than water."

So first that one, and then some more, crept slyly aboard the
Plover,

And did a job for the dear old flag, that was blowin' out ragged
above her.

They didn't say much, and they made no fuss, and I scarce
know how it was done,

But upon my word, an American crew was presently workin'
our gun.

And so we rested a welcome spell, till Tatnall, comin' agen,
Called out, with a roguish look in his eyes, "This isn't
neutrality, men."

He'd been to Jam with Admiral Hope and he'd said there
something too,

But blood bein' thicker than water, and no doubt he'd a liked
to do

What his boat's crew did without asking if he'd only felt so
free.

I mean to have a slam with us, at the yaller-faced Chinees,
But in course it wouldn't have been the thing, and he couldn't
do more than say,

"Come, come, my men, you must quit that gun," in a mock
indignant way.

Ay, that old man was a good'un, and when the assault had failed,
 For we tried to carry the forts that night, but the walls could not be scaled,
 He sent his little steamer, a craft called the *Toey Whan*,
 To help the boats, with the wounded, and thus saved many a man.
 It wasn't the business of neutrals, he might have kept apart,
 Nobody would have blamed him, only his kindly heart.

And that's why I draw the line when I hear our rediculous bluster,
 'Bout furriners bein' all alike, not up to the British muster,
 There are furriners as are furriners, and there are furriners as ain't,
 I've seen a deal of the first sort, and there's some as would rile a saint.
 But of furriners as ain't furriners, the only sort I know,
 Are the Yankee lot, who stood by us, that time in the river Pei-ho.

(By permission of the Author.)



SCANDAL.

A WOMAN to the holy father went,
 Confession of sin was her intent;
 And so her misdemeanours, great and small,
 She faithfully rehearsed them all;
 And, chiefest in her catalogue of sin,
 She owned that she a tale-bearer had been,
 And borne a bit of scandal up and down
 To all the long-tongued gossips of the town.
 The holy father for her other sin
 Granted the absolution asked of him;
 But while for all the rest he pardon gave,
 He told her this offence was very grave,
 And that to do fit penance she must go
 Out by the way-side where the thistles grow,
 And, gathering the largest, ripest one,
 Scatter its seeds, and that when this was done
 She must come back again another day
 To tell him his commands she did obey.

The woman, thinking this a penance light,
Hastened to do his will that very night,
Feeling right glad she had escaped so well.
Next day but one she went the priest to tell ;
The priest sat still and heard her story through,
Then said, "There's something still for you to do ;
Those little thistle-seeds which you have sown,
I bid you go re-gather, every one."
The woman said, "But, Father, 'twould be vain
To try to gather up those seeds again ;
The winds have scattered them both far and wide
Over the meadowed vale and mountain-side."
The father answered, "Now I hope that from this
The lesson I have taught you will not miss :
You cannot gather back the scattered seeds,
Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds,
Nor can the mischief once by scandal sown
By any penance be again undone."



THE LOST CHILD.

BY EDWARD FITZBALL.

He wandered from his mother's side
Into the deep woods, far away,—
The woods, where human monsters hide,
And deadly serpents seek their prey.

And yet they never injured him
If any crossed his path of flow'rs ;
Perhaps an angel came between—
Watching his young unconscious hours ?

From flower to flower, from tree to tree,
O'er many a rippling stream he crost.
Into the wild rose crept the bee—
The sun went down—the child was lost.

A pensive gloom spread all around ;
Bewildered, and alone, he wept ;
Then sat himself upon the ground,
And, calling for his father, slept.

The morning dawn'd all golden bright,
The buds peeped forth with fresher bloom ;
The child woke up in new delight,
And marvell'd father had not come.

Another day, another night,
In summer quickly how they pass ;
At length, stern hunger's withering blight
Prostrates poor Charley on the grass.

With bleeding feet, and weary eyes,
And sunken cheek he looks around,
Asking for food, helpless he lies—
Then dreams of home, in sleep profound.

His dreams are of his mother's knee,
The kitten, and the cotton-reel,
With feelings full of love and glee,
As only little children feel.

Vainly they seek him everywhere,
Save the *one* spot where he is lying,
While the dark pencil of despair
Pictures him suffering, starving, dying—

Dying without a mother's hand
To close those little eyes so dear,
To press those lips so pale and bland,
Whose last sigh angels only hear.

The father's woe, for her supprest—
He fain would breathe the prayer forgot ;
Nerving with courage false his breast,
Speaking of hope that felt it not.

The stars have risen bright again ;
The midnight clock strikes long and loud ;
The moonbeams fall o'er hill and plain,
Like the white shadow of a shroud.

All search is o'er ; the ominous bird
Shrieks its death-cry to desolate hearts.
The forest sleeps : no sound is heard ;
Yet hark ! What's that ? The father starts :

" List," he exclaims, " I hear the dog :
He barks ; but not enraged—'tis joy.
Mercy, oh ! High Supreme, I beg—
I feel that he has found our boy."

A cold thrill overcomes the wife,
She dares not go where *he* is gone ;
It is not death, it is not life,
That freezes thus her heart to stone.

Quick from that spell her senses break,
As, by the magic of a sound
Sweet as the harps of angels make,
Her husband's voice, cries " God ! he's found."

They've found him in a sleep like death,
But still not dead : one half-hour more,
The tiny streamlet of that breath
Its span of earth had dimpled o'er.

They've placed him on his fairy bed,
They've fed him with his little spoon,
A drop of wine, a sop of bread.
The cuckoo clock now tells 'tis noon.

That homely sound unlocks his eyes ;
He sees his mother standing by ;
In sweet confusion of surprise,
He pushes forth a joyous cry.

His tender arms twine round her neck,
His rosy lips to hers are given,
To what pure bliss the senses wake—
That wake thus, in a child's first heaven. .

And now he greets his father's face,
That smile, those looks so dearly known,
So full of love, so full of grace—
The grown resemblance of his own.

He grasps the darkly clustering hair,
And one bright little tear lets fall,
Exclaiming, like an angel's prayer,
" *Why you not come when Charley call ?*"



THE DEMON SHIP.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea looked black
and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the
brim ;

Titanic shades ! enormous gloom !—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light !
It was a time for mariners to bear a weary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky !

Down went my helm—close-reefed—the tack held freely in my
hand—

With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hissed the sea beneath her lea—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Oh ! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail !
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail !
What darksome caverns yawned before ! what jagged steepes
behind !

Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place ;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the
cloud

A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud :
Still flew my boat ; alas ! alas ! her course was nearly run !
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one !
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling fast,
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last !
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave ;
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a
wave !

Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base !
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine !
Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche of brine !
Brief pause had I, aloud to cry, or think of wife and home ;
The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked below the
foam !

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * *

"Where am I?—in the breathing world, or in the world of death?"

With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mocked the human face, before me watched alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my own?
Oh, never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I looked, on that accursed night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things, have haunted in my
dreams—

Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful
stare—

Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their
tombs—

All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as
dark:

His hand was black, and where it touched, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked
beneath,

His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning
teeth.

His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!

Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that ploughed the inky
waves!

"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake!
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful
lake?"

What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?

It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul!

Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that
beguiled

My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—

My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:

I'm sailing in the Demon's Ship, upon the Demon's Sea!"

Loud laughed that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to
stern—

A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once :
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the
Pit.

They crowed their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the
whole ;—

“Our skins,” said he, “are black, ye see, because we carry
coal ;

You’ll find your mother sure enough, and see your native
fields—

For this here ship has picked you up—the *Mary Ann* of
Shields !”



THE SOLDIER TRAMP.

BY CARLINO.

“YER honour, I pleads guilty ; I’m a bummer ;
I don’t deny the cop here found me drunk ;
I don’t deny that through the whole long Summer
The sun-warmed earth has been my only bunk.
I hain’t been able fur to earn a livin’ ;
A man with one leg planted in the tomb
Can’t git a job—an’ I’ve a strong misgivin’
’Bout bein’ cooped up in a Soldiers’ Home.

“‘Whar’ did I lose my leg?’ At Spottsylvania—
Perhaps you’ve read about that bloody fight—
But then I guess the story won’t restrain you
From doin’ what the law sets down as right.
I’m not a vag through choice, but through misfortune,
An’ as fur drink—well, all men have their faults,
An’, judge, I guess I’ve had my lawful portion
O’ rough experience in prison vaults.

“I served as private in the Tenth New Jersey,
An’ all the boys’ll say I done w’at’s right—
Thar’ ain’t a man kin say that Abram Bursey
War’ ever found a-shirkin’ in a fight.

Right in the hell-born frightful roar o' battle,
 Whar' shot an' shell shrieked through the darksome wood,
 Amid the blindin' smoke and musket's rattle,
 You'd always find me, doin' the best I could.

"We had a brave ol' feller for a colonel—
 We called him Sweetie, but his name was Sweet—
 Why, judge, I swear it by the Great Eternal,
 That brave ol' cuss'd rather fight than eat!
 An' you could allus bet your bottom dollar
 In battle Sweet 'd never hunt a tree—
 He'd allus dash into the front and holler:
 'Brace up, my gallant boys, and foller me!'

"Well, jest afore the Spottsylvania battle
 Ol' Sweetie cum to me an' says, says he:
 'I tell you, Abe, 'tain't many things 'll rattle
 A tough old weather-beaten cuss like me;
 But in my very soul I've got a feelin'
 That I'm a-goin' to get a dose to-day.
 An' 'tain't no use fur me to be concealin'
 The skittish thoughts that in my bosom play."

"'Fur many years you've been my neighbour, Bursey,
 An' I hev allus found you squar' an' true—
 Back in our little town in old New Jersey
 No one has got a better name than you.
 An' now I want yer promise, squar'ly given,
 That if our cause to-day demands my life,
 An' you yourself are left among the livin',
 You'll take me back an' lay me by my wife.'

"Well, judge, that day, amidst the most infernal
 An' desperate bloody fight I ever seed,
 'Way up in front I saw the daring colonel
 Throw up his hands and tumble off his steed,
 In half a minute I was bendin' o'er him,
 An' seein' that he wasn't killed outright,
 I loaded him upon my back and bore him
 Some little distance back out o' the fight.

"'The blood from out a ghastly wound was flowin',
 An' so I snatched the shirt from off my back,
 Fur I could see the brave ol' cuss war goin'
 To die, unless I held that red tide back.

An' purty soon I seed he was revivin',
 An' heard him whisper : " Abe, you've saved my life ;
 Yer ol' wool shirt, along with yer connivin',
 Has kept me from that grave beside my wife.'

" Well, judge, while I stood thar beside him, schemin'
 On how to get him in a doctor's care,
 A ten-pound shell toward us come a-screamin',
 Just like a ravin' demon in the air.
 An' w'en it passed I found myself a-lyin'
 Across ol' Sweety's body, an' I see
 That tarnal shell that by us went a-flyin'
 Had tuk my leg along fur company.

" Well, judge, that's all, 'cept when the war was over
 I found myself a cripple, an' since then
 I've been a sort o' shiftless, worthless rover,
 But jest as honest as the most o' men.
 I never stole a dime from livin' mortal,
 Nor never harmed a woman, child, nor man—
 I've simply been a bum and hope the court'll
 Be jest as easy on me as it can."

Then spake the judge : " Such helpless, worthless creatures
 Should never be allowed to bum and beg ;
 Your case, 'tis true, has some redeeming features,
 For in your country's cause you lost a leg.
 And yet I feel the world needs an example
 To check the tendency of men to roam ;
 The sentence is that all your life your camp 'll
 Be in the best room in my humble home."

The soldier stared ! Dumb ! Silent as a statue !
 Then, in a voice of trembling pathos, said :
 " Judge, turn your head and give me one look at you—
 That voice is like an echo from the dead."
 Then forward limped he, grimy hand extended,
 While tears adown his sun-browed cheeks did roll,
 And said, with slang and pathos strangely blended :
 " Why, Colonel Sweety, durn your brave ol' soul."

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY LORD BYRON.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying fleet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb, .
Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe ! They come ! they
come !"

And wild and high the " Cameron's gathering " rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's cars !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent

LITTLE JIM.

BY E. FARMER.

THE cottage was a thatch'd one,
The outside old and mean,
Yet everything within that cot
Was wondrous neat and clean.

The night was dark and stormy,
The wind was howling wild ;
A patient mother sat beside
The death-bed of her child.

A little worn-out creature—
His once bright eyes grown dim,
It was a collier's only child—
They called him Little Jim.

And, oh ! to see the briny tears
Fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offer'd up a prayer in thought—
She was afraid to speak,

Lest she might waken one she loved
Far better than her life ;
For there was all a mother's love
In that poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see, she kneels
Beside the sufferer's bed ;
And prays that He will spare her boy,
And take herself instead.

She gets her answer from her child ;
Soft fall these words from him—
" Mother, the angels do so smile,
And beckon little Jim !

" I have no pain, dear mother, now,
But, oh ! I am so dry ;
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again,
And, mother, don't you cry."

With gentle, trembling haste, she held
The teacup to his lips ;
He smiled, to thank her, as he took
Three tiny little sips.

“Tell father, when he comes from work,
 I said good-night to him ;
 And, mother, now I'll go to sleep.”
 Alas ! poor little Jim !

She saw that he was dying—
 The child she lov'd so dear
 Had utter'd the last words that she
 Might ever hope to hear.

The cottage door was open'd,
 The collier's step was heard ;
 The mother and the father met,
 Yet neither spake a word !

He knew that all was over—
 He knew his child was dead :
 He took the candle in his hand,
 And walk'd towards the bed.

His quivering lips gave token
 Of grief he'd fain conceal ;
 And see ! his wife has join'd him—
 The stricken couple kneel !

With hearts bowed down with sadness,
 They humbly ask of Him,
 In heaven, once more, to meet again
 Their own poor little Jim.



“I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU?”

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN a lady is seen at a party or ball,—
 Her eyes vainly turn'd in her fits of conceit,
 As she peers at the gentlemen, fancying all
 Are enchain'd by her charms and would kneel at her feet,
 With each partner coquetting,—to nobody true ;—
 I wouldn't give much for her *chances* !—would you ?

When an upstart is seen on the flags strutting out,
 With his hat cock'd aslant, and a glass in his eye ;
 And thick clouds of foul smoke he stands puffing about,
 As he inwardly says, " What a noble am I,"—
 While he twists his moustache for the ladies to view ;—
 I wouldn't give much for his *senses* :—would you ?

When a wife runs about at her neighbours to pry,
 Leaving children at home, unprotected, to play ;
 Till she starts back in haste at the sound of their cry,
 And finds they've been fighting while mother's away,
 Sugar eaten—panes broken—the wind blowing through ;
 I wouldn't give much for her *comfort* !—would you ?

When a husband is idle, neglecting his work,
 In the public-house snarling with quarrelsome knaves ;
 When he gambles with simpletons, drinks like a Turk,
 While his good wife at home for the poor children slaves ;
 And that home is quite destitute—painful to view ;—
 I wouldn't give much for his *morals* :—would you ?

When a boy at his school, lounging over his seat,
 Sits rubbing his head, and neglecting his book,
 While he fumbles his pockets for something to eat,
 Yet pretendeth to read when his master may look,
 Though he boasts to his parents how much he can do ;
 I wouldn't give much for his *progress* :—would you ?

When a man who is driving a horse on the road,
 Reins and whips the poor brute with unmerciful hand,
 Whilst it willingly strives to haste on with its load,
 Till with suffering and working it scarcely can stand ;
 Though he may be a man,—and a wealthy one too,
 I wouldn't give much for his *feelings* :—would you ?

When a master who lives by his labourers' skill,
 Hoards his gold up in thousands, still craving for more,
 Though poor are his toilers he grindeth them still,
 Or unfeelingly turns them away from his door ;
 Though he banketh his millions with claims not a few ;
 I wouldn't give much for his *conscience* :—would you ?

When a tradesman his neighbour's fair terms will deery,
 And keeps puffing his goods at a wonderful rate ;—
 E'en at prices at which no fair trader can buy ;—
 Though customers flock to him early and late ;
 When a few months have fled, and large bills become due
 I wouldn't give much for his *credit* :—would you ?

When in murderous deeds a man's hands are imbrued,
 Tho' revenge is his plea, and the crime is conceal'd,
 The severe stings of conscience will quickly intrude,
 And the mind, self-accusing, can never be heal'd ;—
 When the strong arm of justice sets out to pursue,
 I wouldn't give much for his *freedom* :—would you ?

When a husband and wife keep their secrets apart,
 Not a word to my spouse about this, or on that ;
 When a trifle may banish the pledge of their heart,
 And he naggles—she snaggles ;—both contradict flat ;
 Tho' unequall'd their love when its first blossoms blew ;
 I wouldn't give much for their *quiet* :—would you ?

When a man who has lived here for none but himself,
 Feels laid on his strong frame the cold hand of Death,
 When all fade away,—wife, home, pleasures, and pelf,
 And he yields back to God both his soul and his breath :
 As up to the judgment that naked soul flew,—
 I wouldn't give much for his *Heaven* !—would you ?



ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

BY ELIHU DURRITT.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away ; they look around them ; and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant.

"What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the

channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair,—“ William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!” The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stands his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one

foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity—Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting, and such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity!



THE PORTRAIT.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

MIDNIGHT past, not a sound of aught
Through the silent house but the wind at his prayers;
I sat by the dying fire and thought
Of the dear dead woman upstairs.

Nobody with me my watch to keep
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love;
And grief had sent him fast asleep
In the chamber up above.

Nobody else in the country place
All around that knew of my loss beside
But the good young priest with the Raphael face,
Who confessed her when she died.

On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear;
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

And I said the thing is too precious to me,
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be
If I do not take it away.

As I stretched my hand I held my breath,
I turned as I drew the curtains apart;
I dared not look on the face of death,
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first as my touch fell there,
It had moved that heart to life with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man that was moving slow,
O'er the heart of the dead from the other side;
And at once the sweat broke over my brow:
"Who is robbing the dead?" I cried.

Opposite me by the pale moonlight,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corse and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here, my friend?" the man
Looked first on me and then on the dead;
"There is a portrait here," he began;
"There is, it is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, you know."

"This woman loved me well," said I;
"A month ago," said my friend to me,
And in my throat I groaned, "You lie,"
The answer "let us see."

We found the portrait there in its place,
We opened it by the taper's shine,
The gems were all unchanged, the face
Was neither his nor mine.

One nail drives out another at least.
The face of the portrait then, I cried,
Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest,
Who confessed her when she died.

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

COME, my lad, and sit beside me, we have often talked before
Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea and
shore :

When we read of deeds and daring, done for dear old Eng-
land's sake,

We have cited Nelson's duty, and the enterprise of Drake ;
'Midst the fever'd din of battle, roll of drum, and scream of
fife,

Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up their life.
Pomps and pageants have their glory ; in cathedral aisles are
seen

Marble effigies ; but seldom of the mercantile marine.

If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather round at
school

Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that lashed the
land,

On the *Cyprian* screw steamer, there the Captain took his
stand,

He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the boast
That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild Carnarvon coast,
He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of English form,
So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and storm.
All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at its
height,

Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of the night
Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke with bated
breath :—

“ Save yourselves, my gallant fellows ! we are drifting to our
death ! ”

Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful shock,
When with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed upon
a rock.

All was over now and hopeless ; but across those miles of foam,
They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the lights
of home.

"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have answered duty's call.

Save yourselves! I cannot help you! God have mercy on us all!"

So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar, and rope—

For the sailor knows where life is there's the faintest ray of hope—

Then amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day,
From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched Stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad?

Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad?

Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school,

When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool?

No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralysing roar,
All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore.

Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast,
And the Captain with his life-belt—he prepared to follow last;

But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy grey,

"Who are you?" roared out the Captain. "I'm the boy what stowed away!"

There was scarce another second left to think what he could do,
For the fatal ship was sinking—Death was ready for the two.

So the Captain called the outcast, as he faced the tempest wild,
From his own waist took his life-belt, and he bound it round the child.

"I can swim, my little fellow! take my belt, and make for land,
Up, and save yourself!" The outcast humbly knelt to kiss his hand.

With the life-belt round his body then the urchin cleared the ship,

Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing on his lip,
But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled before,
As the Captain and the Stowaway were making for the shore!

When you tell this gallant story to your playfellows at school,
They will ask you of the hero—Captain Strachan, of Liverpool.
You must answer, they discovered—on the beach at break of day,

Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little Stowaway;
Then they watched the waves of wreckage, and they searched the cruel shore!

But the man who tried to save the little outcast—was no more.

* * * * *

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story where you
 can,
 To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man.
 Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with tears of quickened
 breath,
 "Manhood's stronger far than storms, and Love is mightier
 than death!"

(With permission of the Author).



AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

(Mouth of the Shaft.)

BY BRET HARTE.

WHAT I want is my husband, sir,—
 And if you're a man, sir,
 You'll give me an answer,—
 Where is my Joe?

Penrbyn, sir, Joe—
 Caernarvonshire.

Six months ago
 Since we came here—
 Eh?—Ah, you know!

Well, I *am* quiet
 And still.
 But I must stand here.
 And will!—

Please—I'll be strong—
 If you'll just let me wait
 Inside o' that gate
 Till the news comes along.

"Negligence"—
 That was the cause;
 Butchery!—
 Are there no laws—
 Laws to protect such as we?

Well, then!—

I won't raise my voice.

There, men!

I won't make no noise.

Only you just let me be.

Four, only four—did he say—

Saved! And the other ones? Eh?

Why do they call?

Why are they all

Looking and coming this way!

What's that?—A message?

I'll take it.

I know his wife, sir,

I'll break it.

“Foreman!”

Ay, ay!

“Out by-and-by”—

“Just saved his life!”

“Say to his wife

Soon he'll be free.”

Will I?—God bless you,

It's *me*!



HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and ae
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Direk groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's not in her.
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and crop over; lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

(By permission of Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co.)



ELIHU.

BY ALICE CARY.

“ O SAILOR, tell me, tell me true,
 Is my little lad—my Elihu—
 A-sailing in your ship ? ”
 The sailor's eyes were dimmed with dew.
 “ Your little lad ? Your Elihu ? ”
 He said with trembling lip ;
 “ What little lad—what ship ? ”

What little lad ?—as if there could be
 Another such an one as he !

“ What little lad, do you say ?
 Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
 The moment I put him off my knee.
 It was just the other day
 The *Grey Swan* sailed away.”

The other day ? The sailor's eyes
 Stood wide open with surprise.

“ The other day ?—the *Swan* ? ”
 His heart began in his throat to rise.
 “ Ay, ay, sir ; here in the cupboard lies
 The jacket he had on.”
 “ And so your lad is gone ! ”—

“ Gone with the *Swan*.” “ And did she stand
 With her anchor clutching hold of the sand
 For a month, and never stir ? ”

“ Why, to be sure ! I've seen from the land,
 Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
 The wild sea kissing her—
 A sight to remember, sir.”

“ But, my good mother, do you know,
All this was twenty years ago ?

I stood on the *Grey Swan's* deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw—
Taking it off, as it might be so—

The kerchief from your neck ;
Ay, and he'll bring it back.

“ And did the little lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,

Sail with the *Grey Swan's* crew ? ”

“ Lawless ! the man is going mad ;
The best boy ever mother had ;

Be sure, he sailed with the crew—
What would you have him do ? ”

“ And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive ? ”

“ Hold—if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine ;
Besides, he may be in the brine ;

And could he write from the grave ?
Tut, man ! what would you have ? ”

“ Gone twenty years ! a long, long cruise ;
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse ;

But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can
Forgive him ? ” “ Miserable man !

You're mad as the sea ; you rave—
What have I to forgive ? ”

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew

The kerchief. She was wild :

“ My God !—my Father !—is it true ?

My little lad—my Elihu !

And is it ?—is it ?—is it you ?

My blessed boy—my child—
My dead—my living child ! ”

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express ?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs :
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek :
Cold and hunger awake not her care.
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and her cheek
Has the deathly-pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the maniac has been ;
The traveller remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd her guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile.
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved ; and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life ;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door ;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And, smoking in silence with tranquil delight,
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

" 'Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
" A fine night for the Abbey ! " his comrade replied.
" Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a school-boy, would tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head :
And could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,—
For this wind might awaken the dead !"

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager, and lose !" with a sneer he replied ;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile ;
"I shall win,—for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent ;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight.
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid ;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile ;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near
And hastily gather'd the bough ;
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear :
She paused, and she listen'd all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd,—naught else could she hear.
The wind ceased ; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half-breathless with fear

She crept, to conceal herself there :

That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,

And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,

And between them a corse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold !

Again the rough wind hurried by,—

It blew off the hat of the one, and behold

Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd—

She felt and expected to die.

“Curse the hat!” he exclaimed; “Nay, come on here and
hide

The dead body,” his comrade replies.

She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,

She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,

And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,

She gazed horribly eager around,

Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,

And, exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,

Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,

For a moment the hat met her view ;—

Her eyes from that object convulsively start,

For—O God ! what cold horror then thrilled through her heart

When the name of her Richard she knew

Where the old Abbey stands on the common hard by,

His gibbet is now to be seen ;

His irons you still from the road may espy,

The traveller beholds them, and thinks, with a sigh,

Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.



TINY TED.

ME and my Polly 'is plain sort o' folks—
 I weels a big barrer all day ;
 Polly, she washes for warios blokes,
 And we lives down Whitechapel way.
 'Tain't a nice place to look at, you know,
 The 'ouse is a dingy old shed ;
 But Polly and me, *we* don't care for show—
 It's a pull with *us* to git bread.

Our lodgin's is cheap, although rayther high—
 It's heasy to understand *that* ;
 We rents a first floor comin' down from the sky—
 Convenient, yer see, for the cat.
 Our street isn't much like Grosv'nor-square,
 And not quite so hoften swept clean ;
 P'raps the mud might make a West Hend swell stare—
 If swells paid us wisits, I mean.

I ain't complainin' nor growlin', now mind—
 My motter is "never say die";"
 Fortune to Polly and me 'as been kind—
 Whoever says no—it's a lie !
 Some four years ago, a little un came,
 Permiskis, like, far in the night—
 Since then, our garret's no longer the same,
 Bein' much more cheerful and bright.

For months we was tremblin', Polly and me,
 Afeard we should lose that 'ere kid—
 Some'ow, his grub didn't seem to agree,
 But still he fought bravely, he did.
 Then he 'ad measles and 'oopin' cough, too ;
 The doctor said, shakin' his 'ead,
 The child was so weak, he mightn't pull through—
 Which meant, "It's all hup with poor Ted."

I forgot to say that Ted was his name,
 Which we called him "Tiny," for short ;
 T'll hadd that the dyin' of measles game
 Didn't appear to be his sort.
 Leastways, this all 'appened three years ago,
 When that bloomin' old doctor spoke :
 And Tiny Ted is now turned four, you know,
 And as lively as Jim Bell's moke.

But, for all that there, when I see that kid,
 And think wot adwenturs he's 'ad,
 I'd stake my life, I would, ag'in a quid,
 There ain't no more 'stonishin' lad,
 Which in Orgust last, it was pipin' 'ot—
 No doubt you remembers it well,
 And as for me, I may forgit a lot,
 But not what I'm goin' to tell.

I'd dragged my barrer till late in the day,
 And was quite done hup with the 'eat ;
 The sun po' red down in a Haffrican way—
 Which I went 'ome at last, dead beat.
 I was soon rewived by a smell o' tripe
 My missis was stewin' for tea ;
 Ted was a-smokin' a hempty pipe—
 He's too young for 'baccy, you see.

The winder was hopen, to cool the air—
 Polly's table was pushed up nigh ;
 Shirts, collars, and 'ankerchers, on a chair,
 Wos finished, and piled hup close by.
 I takes off my coat, and commences to count
 My coin out into my 'at—
 Ha'pence, silver, and all, didn't amount
 To ten bob, or summut like that.

All of a sudden I heerd a loud crash,
 And Polly turned white as the wall ;
 She sprung to the winder, quick as a flash,
 But too late to stop the kid's fall.
 Tiny Ted was gone !—the chair on its back—
 The shirts tumbled over the floor ;
 If 'arts 'as strings to 'em, I felt mine crack,
 Which it never was so before.

But 'tain't worth while, guv'nor, takin' no pains
 To say 'ow I felt at that sight ;
 The blood seemed to turn to hicc in my weins,
 And the day growed black, like 'twas night.
 I rushed to the winder, like a man wild—
 Leaned over, and tried to look down ;
 But my heyes wasn't made to see that child
 Lying mangled—dead on the ground.

Just then I heerd a loud shout from below,
 Which Polly went hoff in a fit;
 A hangel's voice said, "This 'ere *is* a go!
 Why, the kid isn't hurt a bit!"
 ——— A merrikle, guv'nor? No, 'twasn't none—
That does for old women to say;
 If awnin's is merrikles, then it *was* one,
 And still hangin' out any day.

A patched-up old awnin', dirty and torn—
I don't think it hever *was* clean—
 But whiter to me than the laces worn
 On the shoulders of any Queen.
 The place underneath is a 'baccy-shop—
I allus smoked my share o' shag;
Now, Polly says there's no makin' me stop—
 Well, it's all for love o' that rag.

Smokin's no crime; wot's a hodd pipe or two,
 When a feller 'as 'ad his grub?
I can't 'elp thinkin' wot I'd 'ad to do,
 If that there shop 'ad been a pub.
 Which Polly she says, a shakin' 'er 'ed—
 It's her way, you must understand—
 That the precious life of our Tiny Ted
 Was preserv'd by a unseen 'and.



THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
 And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court;
 The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
 And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make
 his bride;
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show—
 Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid, laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with
 their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thundrous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis, then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively came,
With smiling lips, and sharp, bright eyes, which always seemed the same:

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be,
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!
King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the chance is wondrous fine:
I'll drop my glove to prove his love, great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked on him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained his place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face!

"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."



"NO, THANK YOU, TOM."

BY F. E. WEATHERBY.

THEY met, when they were girl and boy,
Going to school one day,
And, "Won't you take my peg-top, dear?"
Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
Close to his side she came;
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the selfsame way,
When ten swift years had flown;
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
But that is yours alone;

And won't you take my heart ? " he said,
And called her by her name ;
She blushed, and said, " No, thank you, Tom,"
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
Have brought them care and joy ;
She has the little peg-top still
He gave her when a boy.
" I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,
" I've never brought you fame ; "
She whispers, " No ! no, thank you, Tom,
You've loved me all the same ! "



SANTA CLAUS ; OR, " HELP AT THE RIGHT TIME. "

BY SOPHIA P. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas ; good-night had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs ;
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight ; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin ;
No such creature as " Santa Claus " ever had been ;
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten ;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then ;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And he whispered : " Dear Annie, is 'ou fast asleep ? "
" Why, no, Brother Willie," a sweet voice replies ;
" I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes ;
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear Papa has said there is no ' Santa Claus. '

Now *we* know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before dear mamma died ;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,—
And God would hear everything mamma would say,—
And, maybe, she asked Him to send ' Santa Claus ' here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."

" Well, why tan'ot we p'ay, dust as mamma did, den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden ? "

" I've been thinking so too ; " and without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees on the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

" Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive ;
You must wait just as still till I say the ' Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.

" Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favours we're asking of Thee,
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That ' Santa Claus ' loves us as much as does he.
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."

" Please Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night
And bring us some p'esents before it is 'ight ;
I want he sood div' me a nice little sed,
Wid bright shinin' 'unners, and all painted 'ed ;
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
Amen. And den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds :
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again ;
He seems now to hear Annie's self-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
" I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
" And should not have sent them so early to bed :
But then I was troubled ; my feelings found vent ;
For bank-stock to-day has gone down two per cent. ;
But of course they've forgotten their troubles 'ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss ;
But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door—
To my darlings I never spoke harshly before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers ;
His Annie's " Bless papa " drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
" Strange, strange ! I'd forgotten," he said with a sigh,
" How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
" By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs, and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet !
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring :
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stow'd.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine-tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea ;
A work-box, well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had pray'd ;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
" With bright shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses ; books pleasing to see ;
And birds of all colours were perched in the tree ;
While, Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
Now, as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he'd amply been paid ;
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
" I'm happier to-night than I have been for a year ;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before :
What care I if bank-stock fall two per cent. more !
Henceforward I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas-eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And, slipping downstairs, retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for we're all of them found.
And they laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see

What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
 (Just the things that they wanted !), and left before light.
 " And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
 " You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know ;"
 While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
 Determined no secret between them should be ;
 And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
 That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
 Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
 And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
 " Den we dot up and p'ayed just as well as we tood,
 And Dod answered our p'ayer ; now wasn't He dood ? "
 " I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
 And knew just what presents my children would please."
 (" Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf !
 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")

Blind father ! who caused your stern heart to relent,
 And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent ?
 'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs
 And made you His agent to answer their prayers.



THE HOSTAGE.

BY SCHILLER. TRANSLATED BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.

CLOSE up to the tyrant Damon went,
 His hand on the dagger was hid in his vest :
 He was seized by the guards that around him pressed.
 " Speak, slave ! For what was the dagger meant ? "
 Dionysius cried, and with wrath was rent.
 " From the tyrant we loathe to free the state ! "
 " Ha ! this on the cross thou shalt expiate ! "

" To die I am ready ! " Damon said.
 " I ask not for life : but one boon there is
 Of your grace I crave, and the boon is this :
 My freedom until three days are sped,
 That my sister I may to her lover wed.
 My friend will here as my hostage stay ;
 Him, if I fail, you are free to slay ! "

The king mused awhile, and then, as o'er
His face played a crafty smile, he spake :
“ Three days, just three, I will let you take,
But know, if this respite run out, before
You give yourself up to my guards once more,
Your friend full surely your doom must dree,
Nor shall you go from my vengeance free.”

Damon comes to his friend,—“ The King,” he said,
“ For the deed that I purposed decrees that I
A felon's death on the cross shall die ;
And he sets me free till three days are sped,
That my sister I may to her lover wed :
Will you stay, there, as hostage for me to the king,
Till I come, and release from your dungeon bring ? ”

His true friend embraced him : no word he said :
And so from the tyrant is Damon freed.
Away then he hastens with breathless speed,
And, ere the third morning broke ray-red,
His sister he sees to her lover wed,
And home he hurries, in soul afraid,
Lest he fail in the pledge to his friend was made.

Torrents of rain from the welkin pour,
Rivulets rise, and rush from the hills,
Swells into rivers the brooks and rills.
As, stepping out stoutly, he came to the shore,
Down on the bridge the fierce torrent bore,
The arches give way with a thundrous crash,
And over the ruins the waters splash.

He paces the bank in wild despair.
Far every way his eye he casts,
And his shouts ring loud on the driving blasts ;
But no boat puts out from the strand to bear
Him across to the wished-for shore, and there
Is ferryman none to be bribed by fee ;
And the river expands to a raging sea.

He sinks on the ground, with sore grief undone,
And, uplifting his hands to Zeus, he cries—
“ Oh, stem the waters that madly rise !
The hours fly fast, at noon the sun
Is standing, and should its day's course be run,
Or even I reach the city, my friend
Must come for me to a woful end ! ”

But higher and fiercer the torrent grows,
 The wild waves on, ever onward sweep,
 On, ever onwards, the lost hours creep ;
 Then, mad with terrors that round him close,
 Into the torrent himself he throws,—
 He cleaves the waters with lusty arm,
 And a god had pity and saved him from harm.

He reaches the bank, he speeds on his way,
 And he thanks the god that has saved him so ;
 He is threading the gloom of a forest, when, lo !
 Out rush from the thicket, where close they lay,
 Some robber knaves, and his passage stay,
 And they brandish their bludgeons, as if they meant
 To kill him, if onward his steps he bent.

“ What would ye ? ” he cried, all pale with fear,
 “ Nothing have I but the life I live,
 And that I perforce to the king must give ! ”
 He snatches a bludgeon from one who stood near,—
 “ For my friend’s sake have mercy ! ” They will not hear :
 Then, laying around him fiercely, half-dead
 Fell three of the robbers,—the others fled.

The sun flamed in the sky like a scorching brand,
 And wearied and spent with alarm, and all
 The toils he had braved, he was like to fall.
 “ Hast thou rescued me from you robber band,
 Hast thou borne me safe through the waves to land,
 And now must I perish for thirst, and he,
 The friend, who so loved me, be slain for me ? ”

Hark ! What tinkles there with a silvery sound,
 What is this that goes gurgling by ?
 He stops, and he listens : ’tis nigh, ’tis nigh !
 And lo ! a spring that with sudden bound
 Shoots from the rock, and goes prattling round !
 He stops and drinks with delight from the pool,
 And the fever that raged in his blood grows cool,

The sun through the green of the branches peers,
 And paints the trees’ giant shadows deep
 On the meadows that there in their beauty sleep :
 And two wayfarers anon he nears,
 And, as he goes hurrying past them, hears
 These words by one to the other spoken,
 “ Even now will the man on the cross be broken.”

Anguish lends wings to his feet—afright
Spurs him still swifter on, and lo !
Where tipped with the sunset's ruddy glow,
The Syracuse roofs are shimmering bright !
Now his steward Philostratus meets his sight,
Come forth to meet him along the way,
And he sees his master with wild dismay.

“ Back, back ! and save your own life ! Too late
To save the life of your friend, for he
Even now is stretched on the fatal tree !
Hourly did he your return await,
And nought or in heart or in hope did hate :
He recked not the tyrant's scoffs, but clung
To his faith in your word with a heart unwrung.”

“ If it be too late—if I may not delight
His eyes, coming back to his rescue there,
Then death shall unite me to him, for ne'er
Shall the tyrant boast in his savage spite,
Friend kept not to friend what his word did plight ;
To slake his wrath, let him slay us both,
Then believe in love and in loyal troth ! ”

Now sinks the sun. From the gate he spied
The cross already uplifted high,
And a mighty throng that stood gaping by.
They hoist up his friend with cordage tied ;
He dashes the close-packed crowd aside :
“ 'Tis for me ! ” he shouted, “ for me to die !
It is I, for whom he was hostage, I ! ”

Amazement fell on the crowd. They cling,
Locked in each other's arms, these twain,
Weeping for mingled delight and pain ;
Not an eye but is filled with tears. They bring
The marvellous tale to the moody king.
And so on his feelings the story wrought,
He has them straight to his presence brought.

He looks at them long in mute amaze,
Then says, “ The victory rests with you,
My heart you have mastered. I see, that true
Devotion is not a mere empty phrase.
Fain would I share in your thoughts and ways :
Then let me, for deeply my soul is stirred,
Be in this league of yours the Third ! ”

(By permission of the Translator.)

THE BRIDGE KEEPER'S STORY.

BY W. A. EATON.

"Do we have many accidents here, sir?"

Well, no! but of one I could tell,
If you wouldn't mind hearing the story,
I have cause to remember it well!

You see how the drawbridge swings open
When the vessels come in from the bay,
When the New York express comes along, sir!
That bridge must be shut right away!

You see how it's worked by the windlass,
A child, sir, could manage it well,
My brave little chap used to do it,
But that's part of the tale I must tell!

It is two years ago come the autumn,
I shall never forget it, I'm sure;
I was sitting at work in the house here,
And the boy played just outside the door!

You must know, that the wages I'm getting
For the work on the line are not great,
So I picked up a little shoemaking,
And I manage to live at that rate.

I was pounding away on my lapstone,
And singing as blithe as could be!
Keeping time with the tap of my hammer
On the work that I held at my knee.

And Willie, my golden-haired darling,
Was tying a tail on his kite;
His cheeks all aglow with excitement,
And his blue eyes lit up with delight.

When the telegraph bell at the station
Rang out the express on its way:
"All right, father!" shouted my Willie,
"Remember, I'm pointsman to-day!"

I heard the wheel turn at the windlass,
I heard the bridge swing on its way,
And there came a cry from my darling,
A cry, filled my heart with dismay.

“ Help, father ! oh help me ! ” he shouted.
I sprang through the door with a scream,
His clothes had got caught in the windlass,
There he hung o’er the swift, rushing stream.

And there, like a speck in the distance,
I saw the fleet oncoming train ;
And the bridge that I thought safely fastened,
Unclosed and swung backward again.

I rushed to my boy, ere I reached him
He fell in the river below ;
I saw his bright curls on the water,
Borne away by the current’s swift flow.

I sprang to the edge of the river,
But there was the onrushing train,
And hundreds of lives were in peril,
Till that bridge was refastened again.

I heard a loud shriek just behind me,
I turned, and his mother stood there,
Looking just like a statue of marble,
With her hands clasped in agonised prayer.

Should I leap in the swift-flowing torrent
While the train went headlong to its fate,
Or stop to refasten the drawbridge,
And go to his rescue too late ?

I looked at my wife and she whispered,
With choking sobs stopping her breath,
“ Do your duty, and Heaven will help you
To save our own darling from death ! ”

Quick as thought, then, I flew to the windlass,
And fastened the bridge with a crash,
Then just as the train rushed across it,
I leaped in the stream with a splash.

How I fought with the swift-rushing water,
How I battled till hope almost fled,
But just as I thought I had lost him,
Up floated his bright golden head,

How I eagerly seized on his girdle,
As a miser would clutch at his gold,
But the snap of his belt came unfastened,
And the swift stream unloosened my hold.

He sank once again, but I followed,
And caught at his bright clustering hair,
And biting my lip till the blood came,
I swam with the strength of despair !

We had got to a bend of the river,
Where the water leaps down with a dash,
I held my boy tighter than ever,
And steeled all my nerves for the crash.

The foaming and thundering whirlpool
Engulfed us, I struggled for breath,
Then caught on a crag in the current,
Just saved, for a moment, from death !

And there, on the bank, stood his mother,
And some sailors were flinging a rope,
It reached us at last, and I caught it,
For I knew 'twas our very last hope !

And right up the steep rock they dragged us,
I cannot forget, to this day,
How I clung to the rope, while my darling
In my arms like a dead baby lay.

And down on the greensward I laid him
Till the colour came back to his face,
And, oh, how my heart beat with rapture
As I felt his warm, loving embrace !

There, sir ! that's my story, a true one,
Though it's far more exciting than some,
It has taught me a lesson, and that is,—
“ Do your duty, whatever may come ! ”

(By permission of the Author.)



FOR HER SAKE.

BY MRS. ALBERT S. BRADSHAW.

(Founded on a Story entitled "*Quixarvyn's Rival*," by
H. Greenhough Smith.)

Do I believe in heroes, friend ? Well, yes, I think I do,
And, what's more, I'll tell you a story would make you trust
 them too.
Of course you've heard of John Quixarvyn ? No ! Then you're
 a stranger here ;
But I must give you his history to make my meaning clear.
'Twas after the battle of Sedgmoor had been fought, ay, fought
 and lost,
When Feversham was conqueror, as the beaten knew to their
 cost.
One of five hundred prisoners in an old grey church John lay,
At the mercy of the Royalists, waiting for break of day.
The only light was the lurid gleam which from scanty torches
 fell,
Fixed to the massive pillars in that sombre dismal Hell !
No sound but the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the sentries, iron
 shod,
And the moans of the mad and wounded, as they called upon
 their God !
In the shadow of the pulpit steps sat slim and handsome David
 Dare,
And, by his side, rugged, thick-set Quixarvyn, a strange assorted
 pair.
Natives of Axbridge both, though strangers, till chance that
 fatal day
Had made them comrades in the fight, and victims of the fray.
Quixarvyn puffed from his short black pipe thick curling rings
 of smoke,
While David gazed on his sweetheart's face, till John the silence
 broke.
" Poor fellow ! " he said, " you've someone to love, Great God !
 so once had I ;
While the thief who robbed me is unavenged I cannot, cannot
 die ! "
His eyes were ablaze with passion ; he struck himself with rage ;
" And yet I must die at daybreak, like vermin that's trapped in
 a cage."

“Who was he? Do you think if I’d seen his face, or even heard his name I’d let him live! Yes? of course, in my place I know you’d feel the same!”

“Look! look! Is this a face to jilt?” He thrust the pictured face to Dare:

“Let’s look at yours, lad; it’s not more pure or innocent, I swear!”

A silence fell between them: then in each other’s eyes they glared—

’Twas the face of the woman both men loved—neither the other spared.

“Don’t blame her,” said David Dare, “she liked you, but found out her mistake;

Would you have had her wed you—and then—her tender heart to break?”

“No!” said Quixarvyn, thrusting the portrait back into his breast;

“But I warn you to defend yourself, for you’ve given life new zest!”

Unto their feet they sprang, and amid the dreadful surging hum,
At the same moment on the air fell the rattle of a drum.

Only the rattle of a drum, but the sound turned all to stone;
It hushed the shrieks; then a cry went up as if from one heart alone;

’Twas the harbinger of daybreak; the herald of coming death—
The guards took up the signal, while the foes, with bated breath,

Were amongst the first to be seized and marched in the open air;

And the grey dawn broke, ’neath sunrise streaks, upon the desperate pair.

As they marched along the narrow streets, where the mob in pity gazed

Upon the faces of the doomed, with their eyes to earth, half-dazed.

Nor did they halt until they reached the moor with its border wide;

Fate scored once more when, ranged in line, the foes stood side by side:

They heard the order given—“Let every man be shot!”

Quixarvyn started wildly—could it be true or not?—

“I know those men,” pointing to himself and David Dare,
Said an officer on horseback, “fine fellows we ill can spare.”

Why, Dare is the swiftest runner in all the country side ;
 And the other man—Quixarvyn—is a champion to ride ! ”
 “ Eh ? What ? ” said Feversham in glee—“ a moment,
 sergeant—stay !
 I spy a chance of gallant sport for all of us to-day !
 One upon horseback—one on foot—these men for us shall
 race—
 Will you back the runner, Major ? ” he asked, with charming
 grace.
 “ Agreed ! ” the Major answered, “ if the winner gain his life ! ”
 So Feversham consented, for the pleasure of the strife.

The course was soon mapped out, a line of troopers stationed
 either side.

Feversham and the Major at the end, each sat his horse astride.
 Whichever of the two should pass between them first should be
 Rewarded as the victor with life and liberty.

And the heart of David Dare beat high, with hope that was
 almost pain.

’Twas not for life, ’twas for love ! then it ceased, for hope had
 died again.

Though swift of foot, what chance had he ?—he gazed at the
 horse being led,

And on the skilful rider, whipped and spurred, who stood with
 downbent head !

Once more the gleam flashed in his eyes—“ success—success—
 means life !

And life means love !—and Mary—yes, for my own—my wife ! ”

Quixarvyn mounted, led by two soldiers to the starting place,
 Deep in thought, but, unlike his rival, no elation in his face.

But murmuring “ I can’t forget—not even if I would—

Those words of Dare’s—You could not make her happy—and—
 I could ! ”

They halted when they reached the spot where Feversham was
 in sight,

When Quixarvyn raised his head and saw young Dare upon his
 right.

Stripped to the waist, without his shoes—waiting the signal
 for the start ;

As the guards dropped the horse’s bridle, each man had gained
 fresh heart.

A sergeant stood between the two—drew a pistol from his belt :
 The strange excitement grew intense, and the silence could be
 felt !

And even the condemned forgot their own approaching doom,
As they craned their necks, and listened for the sound of the
pistol's boom!

While Feversham and the Major, with glasses at their eyes,
Sat motionless as statues, gazing with keen surprise.

The sergeant raised his pistol—as its clear sound cut the air,
Horse and man shot out together—a fearless, matchless pair.
At first the runner, who was practised at flying, from the start;
With less momentum than the horse, seemed to have the better
part.

On! on! In a few seconds, David was some twenty yards ahead,
Then the gap between them ceased to widen, then decreased
instead.

The horse was gaining—slowly at first, but surely, stride by
stride;

When half the course was covered, they both were side by side.

And then—then came such a race as had ne'er been seen
before,

The two ran locked together for a hundred yards, or more.

O'er the short crisp turf, the runner's panting figure almost flew,
As the horse in its fierce gallop, and its rider—nearer drew;
The gazers scarcely breathed—the goal was but fifty yards
away;

The horse was gaining—"all's over," one instant, it seemed
to say;

The next, to their amazement, they saw him lag behind,
And with a mighty effort, young Dare flew like the wind.

Close to the goal he dashed, nerved for a frantic bound;
Past horse—past judge—falling, exhausted, to the ground.

In spite of discipline—along the line, broke forth a frantic
cheer,

Even Feversham, who'd lost his bet, smiled, as though he did
not hear.

As David staggered to his feet, he saw Quixarvyn standing
near,

Wearing a smile and a new strange look, which made him
blanch with fear.

Shocked and bewildered, upon his mind a light broke in,
"You pulled that horse," he said, "for *her* sake you let me
win!"

Quixarvyn's nails dug in his palms, he'd acted at bitter cost:—
"Make her happy," was all he said, "then I'll know its not
been lost!"

Then he took his place as a prisoner—that was his last
 “Good-bye”——

Dare stifled his ears and turned his back, that he should not
 see him die!

Yet with each word, the sergeant’s voice seemed to grow
 harsher and higher,

Stabbing Dare’s heart afresh—“Ready!”—“Present!”—
 “Fire!!”

A crash! a report! with a shudder Dare turned around,
 And saw a thick white cloud, like a shroud above the ground,

Left from the smoking muskets, where the fated victims lay,
 He sought the martyred hero, who fell for him that day.

He found him lying upon his face with a bullet through his
 heart,

Pressed to his bosom—something—from which he would not
 part.

Upon his face a look of peace, free from all pain and strife:
 In his clenched right hand the pictured face
 For which he’d given his life.

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THE BOAT RACE.

BY H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

THERE’S a living thread that goes winding, winding,
 Tortuous rather, but easy of finding,

Creep and crawl

By paling and wall—

Very much like a dusty-dry snake—

From Hyde Park Corner right out to Mortlake;

Crawl and creep

By level and steep,

From Putney Bridge back again to Eastcheap,—

Horse and man,

Waggon and van,

Tramping along since the day began—

Rollicking, rumbling, and rolling apace,

With their heads all one way like a shoal of dace:

And beauty and grace,
 The lofty and base,
 Silk, satins, and lace,
 And the evil in case,
 Seem within an ace of a general embrace—
 Jog-trotting behind the Lord Mayor with his mace—
 As if the whole place
 Had set its whole face
 Towards the Oxford and Cambridge race.

Has anyone seen some grand, fleet horse
 At the starting-post of an Epsom course,
 With nostril spread and chest expanding,
 But like a graven image standing,
 Waiting a touch to start into life
 And spurn the earth in the flying strife
 Whilst around, with restless eddying pace,
 Frolic the froth and foam of the race?

So side by side
 Like shadows they glide,
 Two streaks of blue just breasting the tide,
 Whilst a thousand oars are glitt'ring wide,
 Flash'd in the morning beam,—
 And so, as when waked to sudden speed
 Darts from the throng the flying steed,
 They darted up the stream.

With a rush and a bound,
 And a surging sound,
 From the arches below and the boats around,
 And the background of everything wooden and steel
 That's driven by oar, sail, paddle, or wheel,
 Striving and tearing,
 And puffing and swearing,
 With the huge live swarm that their decks are bearing,—
 A sound from bridge and river and shore
 That gathers into a human roar—
 “*Cambridge! Cambridge!*” “*Now, Oxford, now!*”
 Betwixt the crews
 There isn't a pin to choose—
 Not so much as the turn of “a feather.”—
 The Cambridge eight
 Have muscle and weight,
 But the dark blue blades fall sharp and straight,
 As the hammer of Thor on the anvil of fate,
 So wholly they pull together.

And they pull with a will! . . .
 Row! Cambridge, row!
 They're going two lengths to your one, you know—
 The Oxford have got the start,—
 Out and in—at a single dash—
 Flash and feather, feather and flash,
 Without a jerk, or an effort, or splash—
 It's a stroke that will break your heart. . . .
 A wonderful stroke! but a *leetle* too fast?
 Forty-four to the minute at least;
 For five or six years it's been all your own way,
 But you've got your work cut out to-day,
 Give them the Cambridge swing, I say,
 The grand old stroke, with its sweep and sway,
 And send her along!—never mind the spray—
 It's a mercy the pace can last. . . .
 They never can "stay"? though the turn is in sight.
 Ha, now she lifts!—row, row! . . .
 But in spite
 Of the killing pace, and the stroke of might,
 In spite of bone and muscle and height,
 On flies the dark blue like a flash of blue light,
 And the river froths like yeast. . . .
 "Oxford, Oxford! she wins, she wins"—
 Well, you've won "the toss," you see,
 Whilst the Cantabs must fetch
 Their boat thro' a stretch
 That's as lumpy and cross as may be;
 And the men are too big, and the boat's too small,
 For a rushing tide and a racing squall—
 But look! by the bridge, a haven for all—
 And Cambridge may win if she can;—
 And the squall's gone down, and the froth is past,
 And you'll find it's the "pace that kills" at last—
 You must *pull*, do you understand?
 Put your back into it—now or never—
 Jam home your feet whilst the clench'd oars quiver,
 For over the gold of the gleaming river
 They're passing you, hand over hand:
 And a thousand cheers
 Ring in their ears—
 The muscles stand out on their arms like cords,
 Brows knit and teeth close set,—
 And bone and weight are beginning to tell,
 And the swinging stroke that the Cam knows well
 Will lick you yet. . . .

Cambridge ! Cambridge ! again—bravo !—
 Splendidly pulled !—now, Trinity, now !—
 Now let the oars “ sweep ”—
 Now, whilst the shouts rise,
 And the white foam flies,
 And the stretch'd boat seems to leap !
 Stick to it, boys, for the bonnie light blue. . . .
 And the turquoise silk, dash'd with the spray,
 Steals forward now :
 Rowed, rowed of all ! . . .
 . . . But what ails the crew ?
 What ails the strong arms, unused to wax dull ?
 And the light boat trails like a wounded gull ? . . .
 * * * * * *
Swamped ! swamped, by Heaven !
 Beat in mid-fight,
 With the goal in sight,
 As they were gaining fast—
 Row, Cambridge, row !
 Swamped, while the great crowd roared,
 Wash over wash it poured
 Inch by inch—
 Does a man flinch ?
 Row, Cambridge, row !—
 Stick to it to the last—
 Over the brown waves' crest
 Only the oarsmen's breast,
 Yet, Cambridge, row !
 One gallant stroke, pulled all together—
 One more ! . . . and a long flash in the dark river,
 And the dark blue shoots past.

(By permission of the Author.)



THE CARD-DEALER.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

COULD you not drink her gaze, like wine ?
 Yet though its splendour swoon,
 Into the silence languidly,
 As a tune into a tune,
 Those eyes unravel the coiled night
 And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand,
 In truth rich prize it were;
 And rich the dreams that wreath her brows
 With magic stillness there;
 And he were rich who should unwind
 That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance
 Now breathes its eager heat;
 And not more lightly or more true
 Fall there the dancers' feet
 Than fall her cards on the bright board
 As 'twere a heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,
 Smooth polished silent things;
 And each one as it falls reflects
 The swift light-shadowings,
 Blood-red and purple, green and blue,
 The great eyes of her rings.

Whom plays she with? With thee, who lov'st
 Those gems upon her hand:
 With me, who search her secret brows;
 With all men, bless'd or bann'd.
 We play together, she and me,
 Within a vain strange land:

A land without any order,—
 Day even as night, (one saith,) *Where*
who lieth down ariseth not,
 Nor the sleeper awakeneth;
 A land of darkness as darkness itself
 And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards, you ask? Even these:—
 The *heart*, that doth but crave
 More, having fed; the *diamond*,
 Skilled to make base seem brave;
 The *club*, for smiting in the dark,
 The *spade*, to dig a grave.

And do you ask what game she plays?
 With me 'tis lost or won;
 With thee it is playing still; with him
 It is not well begun;
 But 'tis a game she plays with all
 Beneath the sway o' the sun.

Thou seest the card that falls,—she knows
 The card that followeth :
 Her game in thy tongue is called Life,
 As ebbs thy daily breath ;
 When she shall speak, thou'lt learn her tongue
 And know she calls it Death.



TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

(Old Ballad quoted from by Shakespeare in "Othello.")

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill ;
 Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 "Get up, gudeman, save Crummie's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn ?
 Thou kenn'st my cloak is very thin ;
 It is so bare and over-worn
 A crick he thereon canna rin.
 Then I'll nae langer borrow nor lend,
 For ance I'll new apparell'd be ;
 To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
 I'll hae a new cloak about me."

My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come o' a gude kine ;
 Aft bath she wet the bairnies' mou',
 And I am laith that she should tyne.
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat.
 For I hac worn't this thirty year ;

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MANCHESTER AND NEW YORK

Many of the parodies contained in this volume have reference to the originals in the former. Possessed of both books, the reciter and reader will have at his, or her, command the speedy means of furnishing diversion, interest, and entertainment on all required occasions.

And for the varied excerpts which constitute the merit of this book the compiler gratefully acknowledges his indebtedness to the following publishers:—Messrs. Chatto and Windus; Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, and Co., Ltd.; Harper Bros.; Saxon and Co.; the Proprietors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., the Proprietors of the *Boys' Own Paper*; Messrs. Macmillan and Co., for courteously allowing the use of their rights; and to the following ladies and gentlemen:—Mary E. Manners, Mrs. W. G. Lammie, Mary Mitchell, F. C. Burnand, W. S. Gilbert, Theyre Smith, F. Anstey, Edward T. Turner, Austin Dobson, Cotsford Park, Jerome K. Jerome, E. B. Rieu, G. A. Henty, Charles G. Loring, W. A. Eaton, Harry Furniss, W. Heath, Winstanley, and

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JAMES FERNANDEZ.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE,
LONDON, 1837.

CONTENTS.

ARRANGED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

ALEX-AND-HER		181
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL		27
AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.	Artemus Ward	60
ANYTHING YOU LIKE; OR, NOT PARTICULAR		111
AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN	Mark Twain	165
BACHELOR'S DREAM, THE	Thomas Hood	220
BAIT OF THE AVERAGE FISHERMAN	H. C. Dodge	207
BALLAD OF THE BUCKET AND THE SPADE	J. M. Bullock	102
"BEAR AND FORBEAR"	John J. Pledge, F.R.G.S.	227
BILIOUS BEADLE, THE	Arthur Shirley	63
BISHOP AND THE CATERPILLAR, THE	Mary E. Manners	144
BLUE-STOCKING'S ANSWER, THE	W. I. Henderson	240
CHAMELEON, THE		156
CHOOSING A WIFE BY CHEESE		40
CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG, THE	Mark Twain	201
CLERICAL WIT		112
COME WITH THE RING	Thomas Hood	177
CONFESSION, THE		162
CONNUBIAL CONSTANCY	John Taylor	187
CUBING A COLD	Mark Twain	101
DANGER OF LYING, THE	Charles Dickens	204
DOMESTIC ASIDES	Tom Hood	173
DOMESTIC DOLORES, A.	Cotsford Dingle	30
DOT BABY OFF MINE	Charles F. Adams	174
DOW'S FLAT.—1856	Bret Harte	84

EIFFEL BONNET, THE		
EPILOGUE TO BARBAROSSA		
FAITHFUL LOVERS, THE		include
FARMER AND THE LAWYER, THE	Ho	dingly
FARMER'S BOUNDER, THE		is en-
FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA; OR, THE GENTLE PIEMAN . W.		have
FLIGHT OF TIME, THE		for
GLITTING UP; OR, THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD . H. S. Leigh		13
GIFT OF THE GAB, THE	H. S. Leigh	13
GREENGROGGER'S REBUKE, THE		108
GROWTH OF SCANDAL, THE	Anon.	190
HALF-HUNDRED, THE	James Bruton	21
HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY	Charles G. Leland	110
HAPPY THOUGHTS.—HUNTING	F. C. Burnand	92
HAT, THE	M. Coquelin	16
HEATHEN CHINEE, THE	Bret Harte	86
HOW HE SAVED HIS BACON		142
HOW SAM HODGE WON THE VICTORIA CROSS . Wm. Jeffrey Prowse		65
HOW TO SAVE A THOUSAND POUNDS		155
HUMBUG EXPOSED		218
IN A NUTSHELL	Charles Matthews, sen.	43
IN BONDAGE		234
I WANT TO FLY	Anon.	224
JACKDAW OF RHEIMS, THE		151
JOHN GRUNLIE		176
KATIE'S ANSWER	Miss C. H. Thayer	22
KITCHEN CLOCK, THE	John Chance Cheney	213
LECTURE ON PATENT MEDICINES, A	Dr. Puff Stuff	116
LEND ME THE LOAN OF A GRIMMON	Samuel Lover	137
LETTERS AT SCHOOL, THE	Anon.	255
LITTLE MAMMA	Charles Henry Webb	113
LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON	A.	196
LITTLE VULGAR BOY, THE		27
LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN	George Colman, jun.	57

CONTENTS.

9.

	PAGE
LOSING HIS SENSES	235
LOVE IN A BALLOON <i>Theyre Smith</i>	101
MANNERS MATCH MAN "	96
MARY'S GHOST <i>Thomas Hood</i>	121
MICHAELMAS FLY <i>F. Anstey</i>	96
"MEDIO DE FONTE LEPORUM SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID". <i>Lord Lytton</i>	90
MODERN LOGIC; OR, THE CHESTNUT HORSE	103
MOSQUE OF THE CALIPH, THE <i>Austin Dobson</i>	14
MOTH-EATEN	43
MR. BARKER'S PICTURE <i>Max Adler</i>	135
MRS. BROWN GOES TO AN EVENING PARTY <i>Arthur Sketchley</i>	125
MRS. GOODWOMAN'S DILEMMA <i>John J. Pledge, F.R.G.S.</i>	45
MY FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE <i>Edward F. Turner</i>	191
MY FIRST RECITAL <i>W. A. Eaton</i>	241
NAGGLETONS ON THE DERBY, THE <i>Shirley Brooks</i>	74
NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY, THE <i>George Colman, jun.</i>	52
NEW WOMAN, THE	218
OLD SAYINGS IN RHYME	133
ONLY SEVEN <i>H. S. Leigh</i>	149
ON THE ART OF ANGLING <i>Jerome K. Jerome</i>	198
OWL CRITIC, THE <i>James T. Fields</i>	118
PLAYHOUSE EFFECT, A	205
PLEASE TO RING THE BELL <i>George Colman, jun.</i>	54
PROLOGUE, A <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	11
PROLOGUE TO BARBAROSSA. <i>Garrick</i>	24
PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER, THE <i>John G. Saxe</i>	133
PUZZLED DUTCHMAN, THE <i>Charles F. Adams</i>	101
RAT OR A MOUSE, A; OR, NEITHER RIGHT	253
REASONABLE EXCUSE, A	69
REMARKABLE LITERARY DISCOVERY, A <i>An Advanced Baconian</i>	58
SAINT MONDAY <i>Arthur Locker</i>	88
SERJEANT BUDFUZ'S ADDRESS TO THE JURY.—BARDILL V. PICKWICK <div style="text-align: right;"><i>Charles Dickens</i></div>	163
SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN, THE	99
SHAPE OF THE EARTH, THE	206

CONTENTS.

BENJAMIN BACKBITE'S POETRY, IN "THE SCHOOL FOR THE		
ORIGIN OF		
MR. M. M. STYCOPIANT ON THE ART OF BOWING		
POETIC EXPERIENCES	Cha	
BLA OF THE TONGUE, A		
BO. BOUQU AT POKER, A		
CHARLIE JIM		
STANDS TO AN INTOXICATED FLY		
BOU IN BLACK AND WHITE, A	H.	
SWEET FRIENDSHIP		Q. 12
TALE OF TUSKANY, A		130
TENNING OF THE THATCH, THE		150
TO A FAIR MUSICIAN		68
BY A TIMID LEECH	G. R. Sims	116
TO EASY JADE	H. S. Leigh	233
TOM SHERIDAN'S ADVENTURE	Charles F. Adams	178
TRIFF, A		222
"TWIN, THE"	W. Beatty Kingston	207
TYRAN. WOOLR, A	H. S. Leigh	206
UNVEILED MERIT		172
VAT AC PLEASE		34
VIST TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, A	J. R. Planché	30
WALL OF TIM O'HARA, THE	Artemus Ward	71
WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME!	Robert Buchanan	180
WHAT DOST THOU SING?	F. B. Doveton	181
WHEN THE		226
WHEN ENJOYED, THE	S. Rogers	226
WHY AND THE MASTIFF, THE	Ascribed to Coleridge	158
WOMEN LEGS		90
WON OF THE STEAMSHIP "PUFFIN," THE	W. B. Rands	248
WALL OF THE "NANCY BELL," THE	F. Anstey	122
WALL OF STRAUSS	W. S. Gilbert	41
WHAT IS SO!	Charles F. Adam.	175

THE ANDEZ RECITER.

A PROLOGUE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A PROLOGUE? Well, of course the ladies know
I have my doubts. No matter—here we go!
What is a Prologue? Let our Tutor teach:
Pro means beforehand; *logos* stands for speech.
'Tis like the harper's prelude on the strings,
The prima donna's courtesy ere she sings;—
Prologues in metre are to other *pros*
As worsted stockings are to engine-hose.

“The world's a stage”—as Shakespeare said one day
The stage a world—was what he meant to say.
The outside world's a blunder, that is clear;
The real world that Nature meant is here;
Here every foundling finds its lost mamma;
Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa;
Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
The cheats are taken in the traps they laid;
One after one the troubles all are past,
Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,
When the young couple, old folks, rogues and all,
Join hands, *so* happy at the curtain's fall.
—Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
And black-browed ruffians always come to grief.
—When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
Cries, “Help, kyind Heaven!” and drops upon her knees
On the green—baize—beneath the (canvas) trees;—
See to her side avenging Valour fly:—
“Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terraitorr, yield or die!”
—When the poor hero flounders in despair,
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire,—

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy
Sobs on his neck, " *My boy!* MY BOY!! MY

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world to—
Of love that conquers in disaster's spite,
Ladies, attend. While woful cares and do
Wrong the soft passion in the world without
Though fortune scowl, though prudence int
One thing is certain: Love will triumph he
Lords of creation, whom your ladies rule—
The world's great masters, when you're out of
Learn the brief moral of our evening's play
Man has his will—but woman has her way!
While man's dull spirit toils in smoke and fire,
Woman's swift instinct threads the electric wire:
The magic bracelet stretched beneath the waves
Beats the black giant with his score of slaves.
All earthly powers confess your sovereign art,
But that one rebel—woman's wilful heart.
All foes you master; but a woman's wit
Lets daylight through you ere you know you're hit.
So just to picture what her art can do,
Hear an old story made as good as new.

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lightened with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armour flashes in the stream,
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)
"Friend, I *have* struck," the artist straight replied;
"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."

He held his snuff-box—"Now then, if you please!"
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled—bowed along the floor—
Bounced down the steps;—the prisoner said no more!

Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye;
If death lurks in it, oh, how sweet to die!
Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head:
We die with love, and never dream we're dead,

THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

A Lecture on Elocution.

BY H. S. LEIGH.

You have read how Demosthenes walk'd on the beach,
 With his mouth full of pebbles, rehearsing a speech,
 Till the shell-fish and sea-gulls pronounced him a bore,
 And the sea met his gravest remarks with a roar.
 In fact, if you ever learnt Greek, you'll confess
 That it's hardly the right kind of tongue to impress
 An intelligent lobster or well-informed crab,
 With the deepest respect for the Gift of the Gab.

Still Eloquence gives men a wonderful power,
 And it often strikes me, after sitting an hour
 At a lecture on something I don't understand,
 That the Gift of the Gab is decidedly grand.
 Indeed, I am frequently heard to declare,
~~If the Queen of the Fairies would answer my prayer.~~
 I should instantly drop on my knees to Queen Mab,
 Trying, Grant me, oh, grant me, the Gift of the Gab.

If you'd hear the true Gammit of Eloquence reach'd,
 Go to church when a charity-sermon is preach'd;
 Where, with hands in his pockets and tears in his eyes,
 Ev'ry soft-hearted sinner contributes and cries.
 I think, if you look in the plate, you'll opine
 That the sermon you heard was uncommonly fine,
 And that ev'ry Oxonian and ev'ry Cantab
 Ought to cultivate early the Gift of the Gab.

But it's after a dinner at Freemasons' Hall
 That the orator's talent shines brightest of all;
 When his eye becomes glazed and his voice becomes thick,
 And he's had so much hock he can only say *hic*.
 So the company leave him to slumber and snore
 Till he's put in a hat and conveyed to the door;
 And he finds, upon reaching his home in a cab,
 That his wife rather shines in the Gift of the Gab.

Then there's Gab in the senate and Gab at the bar,
 But I fear their description would lead me too far;
 And (last but not least) there is Gab on the stage,
 Which I couldn't exhaust if I sang for an age.

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

But, if there are matters that puzzle you still,
You may take up an Enfield and go through a drill,
Which will teach you much more than a hurried confab
With regard to that art call'd the Gift of the Gab.

(By permission of Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS.)



THE MOSQUE OF THE CALIPH.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

Then to Seyd, the Vizier, spake the Caliph Abdallah :
" Now hearken and hear, I am weary, by Allah !
I am faint with the mere over-running of leisure :
I will rouse me, and rear up a palace of pleasure ! "

To Abdallah, the Caliph, spake Seyd, the Vizier :
" All eyes grow pale if, my Lord, I draweth near,
And the breath of his mouth not a mortal shall scoff it—
They must bend and obey, by the head of the Prophet ! "

Then the Caliph that heard with becoming sedateness,
Drew his hand down *his* beard as he thought of his greatness :
Dained out the last bead of the wine in the chalice ;
Have spoken, O Seyd : I will build it, my palace !
As a drop from the wine where the wine-cup has spilled it,
As a gem from the mine, O my Seyd, I will build it :
Without price, without fear, it shall stand for a token,
That the word is a law which the Caliph hath spoken ! "

Yet again to the Caliph bent Seyd the Vizier :
" Who shall reason or rail if my Lord speaketh clear ?
Who shall strive with his might ? Let my Lord live for ever,
He shall choose him a site by the side of a river. "

Then the Caliph sent forth unto Kur, unto Yemen—
To the south—to the north—for the skilfullest freemen ;
And soon, in a close, where the river breeze fanned it,
The basement uprose, as the Caliph had planned it.

Now the courses were laid, and the corner-piece fitted,
And the buttments and set-stones were shapen and knitted.
Then, lo ! on a sudden, the Caliph heard, frowning,
That the river had swelled, and the workmen were drowning.

Then the Caliph was stirred, and he flushed in his ire as—
He sent forth his word from Teheran to Shiraz :
And the workmen came new, and the palace built faster,
From the bases up-grew unto arch and pilaster.
And the groinings were traced, and the arch-heads were
chased,

When, lo! in hot haste there came flying a mason,
For a cupola fallen had whelmed half the workmen,
And Hamel, the chief, had been slain by the Turc'men.

Then the Caliph's beard curled, and he foamed in his rage as—
Once more his scouts whirled from the Tell to the Hedjaz.
"Is my word not my word?" cried the Caliph Abdallah :
"*I will build it up yet by the aiding of Allah!*"

Though he spoke in his haste with King David before him,
Yet he felt as he spoke that a something stole o'er him :
And his soul grew as glass, and his anger passed from it,
As the vapours that pass from the Pool of Mahomet.

And the doom seemed to hang on the palace no longer,
Like a fountain it sprang when the sources feed stronger ;
Shaft, turret and spire leaped upward, diminished,
Like the flames of a fire—till the Palace was finished !
Without price, without flaw. And it lay on the azure,
Like a diadem dropped from the Emperor's treasure ;
And the dome of pearl white, and the pinnacles fleckless,
Flashed back to the light, like the gems in a necklace.

So the Caliph looked forth on the turret-tops gilded,
And he said in his pride, "Is my palace not builded?
Who is more great than I, that his word can avail if—
My will is my will?" said Abdallah the Caliph.
But lo! with the light he repented his scorning,
For an earthquake had shattered the whole ere the morning :
Of the pearl-coloured dome there was left but a ruin,
But an arch as a home for the ringdove to coo in.

Shaft, turret, and spire—all were tumbled and crumbled,
And the soul of the Caliph within him was humbled ;
And he bowed in the dust—"There is none great but Allah!
I will build him a mosque," said the Caliph Abdallah.

And the Caliph has gone to his fathers for ever,
But the mosque that he builded shines still by the river ;
And the pilgrims up-stream to this day slacken sail if—
They catch the first gleam of the "Mosque of the Caliph."

(By permission of the Author.)

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

THE HAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. COQUELIN BY MRS.

E. W. LATIMER.

WELL, yes! On Tuesday last the knot was tied—
Tied hard and fast; that cannot be denied.
I'm caught, I'm caged, from the law's point of view,
Before two witnesses, good men and true.
I'm licensed, stamped: undo the deed who can;
Three hundred francs made me a married man.

Who would have thought it! Married! How? What for?
I who was ranked a strict old bachelor;
I who declined—and gave lame reasons why—
Five, six, good comfortable matches; I
Who every morning when I came to dress
Found I had one day more, and some hairs less;
Whom all mothers slander and despise,
Because girls find no favour in my eyes—
Married! A married man beyond-a-doubt!
How, do you ask, came such a thing about?
What prompted *me* to dare connubial bliss?
What worked the wondrous metamorphosis?
What made so great a change—a change like that?
Imagine. Guess. You give it up?

A hat!

A hat, in short, like all the hats you see—
A plain silk stove-pipe hat. *This* did for me.
A plain black hat, just like the one that's here.
A hat? Why, yes! But how? Well, lend an ear.

One day this winter I went out to dine,
All was first-rate—the style, the food, the wine;
A concert afterwards—*en règle*—just so.
The hour arrived. I ventured, bowing low,
My heels together. Then I placed my hat
On something near, and joined the general chat.
At half-past eight we dined. All went off well.
Trust me for being competent to tell!
I sat between two ladies—mute as fishes—
With nothing else to do but count the dishes.
I learned each item in each course by heart.
I ate tobacco, but as smoke might part

Me from those ladies, with a sober face
 I took a strong cigar, but kept my place,
 The concert was announced for half-past ten,
 And at that hour I joined a crowd of men ;
 The ladies, arm to arm, sweet, white, we found,
 Like rows of sugared almonds, seated round.
 I leaned against the door—there was no chair.
 A stout, fierce gentleman got up with care
 (A cuirassier I set him down to be).
 Leaned on the other door-post, hard by me ;
 Whilst far off in the distance some poor girl
 Sang, with her love-torn ringlets out of curl,
 Some trashy stuff of love and love's distress.
 I could see nothing, and could hear still less ;
 Still, I applauded, for politeness' sake.
 Next a dress-coat of fashionable make
 Came forward and began—it clad a poet.
 That's the last mode in Paris. Did you know it ?
 Your host or hostess, after dinner chooses
 To serve you up some effort of the Muses ;
 Recited with *vim*, gestures and bye-play
 By some one borrowed from the great Français.

I blush to write it—poems, you must know,
 All make me sleepy : and it was so now.
 For as I listened to the distant drone
 Of the smooth lines, I felt my lids droop down,
 And a strange torpor I could not ignore
 Came creeping o'er me.

Heavens ! suppose I snore !

"Let me get out," I cried, "or else——"

With that

I cast my eyes around to find my hat.

The *console* where I laid it down, alas !
 Was now surrounded (not a mouse could pass)
 By triple rows of ladies gaily dressed,
 Who fanned and listened calmly, undistressed.
 No man through that fair crowd could work his way,
 Rank behind rank rose heads in bright array.
 Diamonds were there, and flowers, and, lower still,
 Such lovely shoulders ! Not the smallest thrill
 They raised in me ; my thoughts were of my hat.
 It lay beyond where all those ladies sat,
 Under a candelabrum, shining, bright,
 Smooth as when last I brushed it, full in sight ;

Whilst I, far off, with yearning glances tried
Whether I could not lure it to my side.

"Why may my hand not put thee on my head,
And quit this stifling room?" I fondly said.
"Respond, dear hat, to a magnetic throb,
Come, little darling, cleave this female mob.
Fly over head; creep under. Come, oh, come!
Escape! We'll find no poetry at home."

And all the while did that dull poem creep
Drearily on; till, sick at last with sleep,
My eyes fixed straight before me with a stare,
I groaned within me:

"Come, my hat—fresh air
My darling, let us both get out together,
Here all is hot and close; outside the weather
Is simply perfect, and the pavement's dry.
Come, come, my hat—one effort! Do but try.
Sweet thoughts the silence and soft moon will stir
Beneath thy shelter."

Here a voice cried, "Sir,
Have you done staring at my daughter yet?
By Jove! sir."

My astonished glance here met
The angry red face of my cuirassier.
I did not quail before his look severe,
But said, politely, "Pardon, sir, but I
Do not so much as know her."

"What, sir! Why,
My daughter's yonder, sir, beside that table.
Pink ribbons, sir. Don't tell me you're unable
To understand."

"But, sir——"

"I don't suppose
You mean to tell me——"

"Really——"

"Who but knows
Your way of dealing with young ladies, sir?
I'll have no trifling, if you please, with her."
"Trifling?"

"Yes, sir. You know you've jilted five.
Every one knows it—every man alive!"
"Allow me——"

"No, sir. Every father knows
Your reputation, damaging to those
Who——"

"Sir, indeed——"

"How dare you in this place
Stare half an hour in my daughter's face?"

"*Sapristi, monsieur!* I protest—I swear—
I never looked at her."

"Indeed! what were
You looking at, then?"

"Sir, I'll tell you *that*—
My hat, sir."

"*Morbleu!* looking at your hat!"
"Yes, sir, it *was* my hat."

My colour rose:
He angered me, this man who would suppose
I thought of nothing but his girl.

Meantime
The black coat maundered on in dreary rhyme:
Papa and I, getting more angry ever,
Exchanged fierce glances, speaking both together,
While no one round us knew what we were at.
"It was my daughter, sir!"

"No, sir—my hat."
"Speak lower, gentlemen," said some one near.
"You'll give account for this, sir. Do you hear?"
"Of course, sir."

"Then before the world's astir
You'll get my card, sir."

"I'll be ready, sir."

A pretty quarrel! Don't you think it so?
A moment after, all exclaimed, "Bravo!"
Black coat had finished. All the audience made
A general move toward ice and lemonade.
The coast was clear: my way was open now;
My hat was mine. I made my foe a bow,
And hastened fast as lover could have moved,
Through trailing trains, toward the dear thing I loved.
I tried to reach it.

"Here's the hat, I think,
You are in search of."

Shapely, soft and pink,
A lovely arm, a perfect arm, held out
My precious hat. Impelled by sudden doubt,
I raised my eyes. Pink ribbons trimmed her dress.
"Here, monsieur, take it. 'Twas not hard to guess
What made you look this way. You longed to go,
You were so sleepy, nodding—see!—just so.

Ah! how I wished to help you, if I could!
 I might have passed it possibly. I would
 Have tried by ladies' chain, from hand to hand,
 To send it to you, but, you understand,
 I felt a little timid—don't you see—
 For fear they might suppose——Ah! pardon me,
 I am too prone to talk. I'm keeping you.
 Take it. Good-night."

Sweet angel, pure and true!
 My looks to their real cause *she* could refer,
 And never thought one glance was meant for her.
 Oh, simple trust, pure from debasing wiles!
 I took my hat from her fair hand with smiles,
 And hurrying back, sought out my whilom foe,
 Exclaiming: "Hear me, sir. Before I go
 Let me explain. You, sir, were in the right;
 'Twas not my hat attracted me to-night.
 Forgive me, pardon me, I entreat, dear sir,
 I love your daughter, and I gazed at her."
 "You, sir?"

He turned his big round eyes on me,
 Then held his hand out.

"Well, well, we will see."
 Next day we talked. That's how it came about.
 And the result you see—my secret's out.
 It was last Tuesday, as I said, and even
 Add, she's an angel, and my home is—heaven.
 Her father, mild in spite of mien severe,
 Holds a high office—is no cuirassier.
 Besides—a boon few bridegrooms can command—
 He is a widower, so—you understand.

Now all this happiness, beyond a doubt,
 By this silk hat I hold was brought about—
 Or by its brother. Poor old English tile!
 Many have sneered at thy ungainly style;
 Many, with ridicule and gibe—why not?—
 Have dubbed thee "stove-pipe," called thee "chimney-
 pot."

They, as æsthetes, are not far wrong, maybe;
 But I, for all that thou hast done for me,
 Raise thee, in spite of nonsense sung or said,
 With deep respect, and place thee on my head.

(By permission of the Translatress.)

THE HALF-HUNDRED.

BY JAMES BRUTON.

Up the stairs, up the stairs,
Up the stairs onward,
Joe took, all out of breath,
 Coals, "Ha'f a hundred."
Up he went, still as death,
Lest they had wondered
That I, with a cellar large,
 Had 'em in by the hundred.

"Forward! the light evade —
Let them not know," I said —
"Glide up still as death,
 With the half-hundred."
Let them be gentle laid,
No sound as by earthquake made,
When the ground's sundered.
You here, if one should spy,
Wondering the reason why,
I, with the shame should die!
So crawl up as still as death,
 With the half-hundred!

A cat on the right of him!
Cat on the left of him!
Cat in the front of him! —
What if he blundered?
Slipt his foot! clean he fell!
Came then a horrid yell! —
Joe looked as pale as death
As down they came, pell-mell,
 All the half-hundred!

Out popt the "Party" there,
Wondering what meant that *hair* —
Noise on the landing-stair,
 All stood and wondered!
Dust! — clouds of coal and coke!
O! such a dreadful smoke!
Made them all nearly choke,
As from the second-floor
 Rolled the half-hundred.

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

Voices at right of him !
 Voices at left of him !
 Voices behind him,
 Questioned and thundered !
 Shrank I into my shell,
 Ah ! how my grandeur fell !
 To think that I, thought a swell,
 Was found to have 'em in
 By th' half-hundred.

How does one's glory fade,
 When there an end is made
 At what the world wondered !
 Ne'er from my mind will fade
 That shocking *faut pas* that Joe made
 With "*The half-hundred !*"



KATIE'S ANSWER.

BY MISS C. H. THAYER.

OCH ! me Katie's a rogue, it is thrue,
 But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,
 An' her dimples so swate,
 An' her ankles so nate—
 Shure, she dazed an' she bothered me too.
 Till one mornin' we wint fur a ride,
 Whin demure as a bride, by me side,
 Like a darlint she sat,
 Wid the wickedest hat
 Neath a purty girl's chin iver tied.
 An' me heart, arrah, thin, how it bate,
 Fur me Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,
 Wid cheeks like the roses
 An' all the red posies
 Ye 'ud see in her gardin so nate.
 But I saf jist as mute as the dead,
 Till she said with a toss uv her head :
 "If I'd known that to-day
 Ye'd have nothin' to say
 I'd have gone wid me cousin instade."

Thin I fild mesilf grow very bowld,
 For I knew she'd not scold if I towld
 Uv the love at me heart
 That 'ud niver depart
 Though I lived to be wrinkled an' owld.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so,
 I'd lit go uv this baste, an' I'd throw
 Both me arms roun' yer waist,
 An' be stalin' a taste
 Uv thim lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illigant red,
 As she said, without raisin' her head,
 An' her eyes lockin' down
 'Neath their lashes so brown:
 "'Ud yer like me to dhrive, Mister Ted?"



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

A FRIEND of mine was married to a scold;
 To me he came, and all his troubles told,
 Said he: "She's like a woman raving mad."
 Alas! my friend, said I, that's very bad!
 "No, not so bad," said he; "for, with her true
 I had both house and land, and money too."

That was well, said I;
 "No, not so well," said he;
 "For I and her own brother
 Went to law with one another;
 I was cast, the suit was lost,
 And every penny went to pay the cost."
 That was bad, said I;
 "No, not so bad," said he;
 "For we agreed that he the house should keep,
 And give to me fourscore of Yorkshire sheep;
 All fat, and fair, and fine, they were to be."
 Well, then, said I, sure that was well for thee?

"No, not so well," said he;
 "For, when the sheep I got,
 They every one died of the rot."
 That was bad, said I;
 "No, not so bad," said he;

"For I had thought to scrape the fat
 And keep it in an oaken vat;
 Then into tallow melt for winter store."
 Well, then, said I, that's better than before?
 "Twas not so well," said he;
 "For having got a clumsy fellow
 To scrape the fat and melt the tallow,
 Into the melting fat the fire catches,
 And, like brimstone matches,
 Burnt my house to ashes."
 That *was* bad! said I;
 "No! not so bad," said he; "for, what is best,
 My scolding wife was gone among the rest."



PROLOGUE TO BARBAROSSA.

BY MR. GARRICK,

In the Character of a Country Boy.

MEASTER! measter!
 Is not my measter here among you, pray?
 Nay, speak—my measter wrote this fine new play—
 The actor-folks are making such a clatter!
 They want the pro-log—I know nought o' the matter:
 He must be there among you—look about—
 A weazen pale-fac'd mon—do find him out.
 Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to sheame;
 Call Mister—Hold—I must not tell his neame.
 Ia! what a crowd is here! what noise and pother!
 Fine lads and lasses; one o' top o' t' other.
 [*Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.*
 I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
 I ne'er saw church so full in all my days!—
 Your servant, sirs—What do you laugh for, eh?
 You donna take me sure for one o' the play?
 You should not flout an honest country lad—
 You think me fool; and I think you half mad:
 You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
 And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you. [*Laughing.*
 I donna like your London tricks, not I;
 And, since you've raised my blood, I'll tell you why:

And, if you wull, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not--would I were whoame again!

First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation.
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal,
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't?—he eat a great sea-toad.
It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me;
He call'd it *belly-patch*, and *cap-a-pee*!
La! how I star'd!—I thought, who knows but I,
For want of monsters, may be made a pie?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country fare again.

I left toad-eater; then I serv'd a lord:
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their word.
While 'mong the great this geaming work the trade is,
They mind no more poor servants—than their ladies.

A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
She turn'd the world top-down, as one may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!

Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits
There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender—what of that?
There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece;
But should you find that all our swans are geese,
Efeck, I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.



EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a fine Gentleman,

BY GARRICK.

[*Enter—speaking without.*

PSHAW! hang your epilogue, and hold your tongue—
 Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong?
 Had you ten epilogues, you should not speak 'em,
 Tho' he had writ them all in *linguam Grecum*.
 I'll do't, by all the gods! (you must excuse me)
 Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuse me!

[*To the audience.*

Behold a gentleman;—and that's enough!
 Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff!
 I come to tell you (let it not surprise you)
 That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you.
 How could you suffer that same country-booby,
 That pro-log speaking savage, that great looby,
 To talk his nonsense!—give me leave to say,
 'Twas low! damn'd low!—but save the fellow's play:
 Let the poor devil eat; allow him that,
 And give a meal to *measter, mon, and cat*.
 But why attack the fashions? senseless rogue!
 We have no joys but what result from vogue:
 The mode should all control!—nay, ev'ry passion,
 Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion,
 I hate as much as he a turtle-feast,
 But, till the present turtle-rage is ceas'd,
 I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast. }
 I have no ears; yet op'ras I adore!
 Always prepar'd to die—to sleep—no more!
 The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
 He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good Queen Bess!
 Poor gaming too was maul'd among the rest,
 That precious cordial to a high-life breast!
 When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
 An English gentleman should never think—
 The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on—
 What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton.
 In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
 Which always ends in politics or madness:
 I therefore now propose, by your command,
 That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;

Send o'er your Shakespeares to the sons of France,
 Let *them* grow grave—let *us* begin to dance!
 Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
 Reserve alone, to bless these golden times,
 A Farce or two—and Woodward's pantomimes. }



THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY.

A LEGEND OF JARVIS'S JETTY.

'Twas in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier.
 I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, "What make you here?
 The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but
 joy;"

Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"
 He frowned, that little vulgar Boy—he deemed I meant to
 scoff—

And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off;"
 He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose—
 He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose.

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking Nine,"
 I said,

"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.
 Run home and get your supper, else your Ma' will scold—
 Oh! fie!

It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,

His bosom throb'd with agony—he cried like anything!

I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—
 "Ah!

I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma!—

My father, he is on the seas—my mother's dead and gone!
 And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
 I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
 Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread with—let alone a tar

If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
 By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar
 Boy;)

"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
 To jump, as Mister Levi did, from off the Monument!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly said,
 "You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:
 If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,
 Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!"

Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;
 My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
 There's roast potatoes at the fire—enough for me and you—
 Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy,"
 I bade him wipe his dirty shoes—that little vulgar Boy—
 And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
 "Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
 She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar boys."
 She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubb'd the delf,
 Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—
 I changed a shilling—(which in the town people call a "Bob")—

It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
 And I said "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"—

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—
 I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
 I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—
 I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not see
 The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I'm at tea;
 —I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh, dear!
 I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be seen!—
 Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and lined with green;
 My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy—
 My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
 "Oh, Mrs. Jones! what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty
 go?—
 —That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night,
 —He's stolen my things and run away!!"—Says she, "And
 sarve you right!!"

* * * * *

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,
 All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
 To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;
 But, when the Crier cried, "O, Yes!" the people cried "O,
 No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
 There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down.
 I told my tale—he seemed to think I'd not been treated well,
 And call'd me "Poor old buffer!"—what that means I cannot
 tell.

That sailor-man he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
 A son of—something—'twas a name I never heard before,
 A little "gallows-looking chap"—dear me; what could he
 mean?
 With a "carpet-swab" and "muckingtogs," and a hat turned
 up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him
 "sheer,"
 —It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer—
 And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,
 —It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so
 loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
 He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim away
 In Captain Large's *Royal George*, about an hour before,
 And they were now, as he supposed, "*somewheres* about the
 Nore."

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—
 And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, we calls him Veeping
 Bill!"

He said "he'd done me wery brown," and nicely "*stow'd the
 swag*,"
 —That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;
 He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back?"

I answered, "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm come about."
 He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
 And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd "done me brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
 But he rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Withair then, and I described "the swag,"
 My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;
 He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ;

But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy?

MORAL.

Remember then, that when a boy I've heard my Grandma' tell,
 "BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO
 FULL WELL!"

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed abode,

Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be blow'd!"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out
 To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!

And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring the bell,
 Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!



A. VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N.B. This is rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found), which they Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay than stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my

orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shoood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarve.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons, but really to eat Salt vittles play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull among the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed:

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latterday Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Sun the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him som free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertainly am marrid."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordinly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big & in an exceedin large room was his wives and children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Prose rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starin at him.

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any great extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," said he, turning as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretooul wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seeing I shoold git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the foll rin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere, & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats calls him Par, and he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensive. They allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um they set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minnit's peace. His wives fite amung theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when two of 'em get into a row he has 'em turned loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes they abooz hissself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible sear upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broomsticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with biln hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, prevsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake and steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a circootius rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevvy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remained singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a lurge krowd of Mormons, which they surrounded me & statid that they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall, sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin' round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" they showtid.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my show?" sez I, gittin putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a prowld & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizness, subject only to the Ko:stitushun of the Unيتد States!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femails, puttin thare arms rownd me in lovin stile. "Becum l of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev parsd, "stay, & I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you wont," sez I. "Awa, you skander-lus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "He bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome He still be troo 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane! [N.B. Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil critters.

"He see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infurnul noncents. I girded up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in any spot on the Globe.

A DOMESTIC DOLORES.*

BY COTSFORD DICK.

DON'T we know our domestic Dolores,
Is she not always with us, poor dear,
With her patient and pitiful stories,
Of a candidly, cashless career?

* From "The Ways of the World" (Vers de Société), published by G. Redways.

When, in quest of some mild occupation,
 Our aid and advice she convenes,
 Then she's somewhat a trying relation,
 The lady of limited means.

She would offer her maisonette "charming,"
 In homelike refinement to share,
 At a figure not very alarming,
 With a youthful and newly-wed pair ;
 Take out to dance, dinner, or supper,
 Some Baltimore belle in her teens,
 Who should move in the circle called "Upper,"
 With the lady of limited means.

Sub rosa she'll tragic in bonnets,
 In bric-à-brac, cigarettes, cats,
 Or supply with acrostic or sonnets
 The "weeklies"—or decorate flats.
 She will e'en undertake "interviewing,"
 But *gare* how your secrets she gleans,
 Or the elegant pen you'll be ruing
 Of the lady of limited means.

Oh, head that oft aches with contriving
 However both ends are to meet !
 Oh, hands that are weary of striving,
 To keep life's poor livery neat !
 With the cares of this world overladen,
 To you all our sympathy leans,—
 Here's luck, be she matron or maiden,
 To the lady of limited means !

(By permission of the Author.)



VAT YOU PLEASE.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

SOME years ago, when civil faction raged like a fury through the fields of Gaul, and children, in the general distraction, were taught to curse as soon as they could squall ; when common-sense in common folks was dead, and murder show'd a love of nationality, and France, determined not to have a head, decapitated all the higher class, to put folks more on an equality ;

when coronets were not worth half-a-crown, and liberty, in *bonnet-rouge*, might pass for Mother Red-cap up at Camdun Town; full many a Frenchman then too' wing, bidding *sans* *maigre* an abrupt farewell, and hither came, pell-mell, *sans* *cash*, *sans* clothes, almost *sans* everything!—Two *messieurs* (the about this time came over, half-starved but *ajour-gut* (the weasels e'er were thinner), trudged up from down, their slender store exhausted on the way, extremely puzzled how to get a dinner, from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve; our Frenchmen wander'd on their expedition; great was their need, and sorely did they grieve. Stomach and pocket in the same condition! At length by mutual consent they parted, and different ways on the same errand started. This happened on a day most dear to epicures, when general use sanctions the roasting of the sav'ry goose. To'ards night one Frenchman, at a tavern near, stopp'd, and beheld the delicious *meat*; while greedily he snuff'd the luscious gale in, that from the kitchen window was exhaling. He instant set to work his busy brain, and snuff'd and long'd, and long'd and snuff'd again. Necessity's the mother of invention (a proverb I've heard many a time); so now one moment saw his plan complete, and our sly Frenchman at a table seated. The ready waiter at his elbow stands—“Sir, will you favour me with your commands? We've roast and boil'd, sir; choose you those or these?” “Sare! you are very good, sare! *Vat you please*.”

Quick at the word, upon the table stalks the wish'd-for bird. No time in talking did he waste, but pounced pell-mell upon it; drum-stick and merry-thought he pick'd in haste, exulting in the merry thought that won it. Pie follows goose, and after pie comes cheese—“Stilton or Cheshire, sir?”—“Ah! *vat you please*.”—And now our Frenchman, having ta'en his fill, prepares to go, when—“Sir, your little bill.” “Ah, vat you're *Bill*! Vell, Mr. Bill, good day! *Bon jour*, good Villiam!”—“No, sir, stay; my name is Tom, sir—you've this bill to pay.” “Pay, pay, *ma foi*! I call for noting, sare—*pardonnez moi*! You bring me vat you call your goose, your cheese, you ask-a-me to eat; I tell you, *Vat you please*!” Down came the master, each explain'd the case, the one with cursing, t'other with grimace! But Boniface, who dearly loved a jest (although sometimes he dearly paid for it), and finding nothing could be done (you know, that when a man has got no money, to make him pay some would be rather funny), of a bad bargain made the best, acknowledged much was to be said for it; took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face, and, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe, laugh'd heartily, and let him go.

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued, away he trotted in a

merry mood; when, turning round the corner of a street, who but his countryman he chanced to meet! To him, with many a shrug and many a grin, he told him how he'd taken *Jean Bull* in! Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops, makes his congee, and seeks the shop of shops. Entering, he seats himself, just at his ease, "What will you take, sir?"—"Vat you please."—The waiter turned as pale as Paris plaster, and, upstairs running, thus addressed his master: "These vile *mounseers* come over sure in pairs; Sir, there's another '*vat you please*' downstairs." This made the landlord rather crusty; too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat musty—once to be *done*, his anger didn't touch, but when a *second* time they tried the treason, it made him *crusty*, sir, and with good reason; you would be *crusty* were you *done* so much. There is a kind of instrument which greatly helps a serious argument, and which, when properly applied, occasions some most unpleasant tickling sensations! 'Twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip; 'twill strike you presently—a stout horsewhip. This instrument our *Maitre l'Hôte* most carefully concealed beneath his coat; and seeking instantly the Frenchman's station, addressed him with the usual salutation.—Our Frenchman, bowing to his threadbare knees, determined while the iron's hot to strike it, pat with his lesson answers—"Vat you please!" But scarcely had he let the sentence slip, than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip! "Sare, sare! ah, *misericorde, parbleu!* oh, dear, monsieur, vat make you use me so? Vat you call dis?" "Oh, don't you know? that's what I please," says Bonny, "how d'ye like it? Your friend, though I paid dearly for his funning, deserved the goose he gained, sir, for his cunning; but you, monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting, are goose enough, and only wanted *basting*."

MICHAELMAS DAY;

Or, How Tammas Pattle very nearly Cooked his Goose.

BY F. ANSTEY.

"BEWTY," I 'ears ya carl her? aye, ya niver spoöke truthfuller wurräd!
 Rammack t' coountry side ovver, an' ya weänt see naw foiner burräd!

Passon, he axed ma to sell her—but a' towld him, "Beänt o' naw use,—
She's as mooch of a Chris'en as moäst," I sez, "if she's nobbut a guse!"

Coom then! Naäy, but she wunna—she's gotten a wull of her oan!

Loök at the heye of her,—pink an' greëy, loike fire in a hopal stoän.

Howsiver she seems sa hinnercent-loike, she's a-follerin' arl I saäy;

An' I boärt 'er at Kettleby Feär, I did, two yäer coom Cann'le-mas Daäy.

Araminta her näm is—but I carls her "Minty" fur shoärt;
She weänt naw moor nor a goslin', o' coorse, what toime she wur boärt.

But a' knawed she'd turn oot a rare 'un, to jedge by her weëight an' feäl,

An' I reckoned to fat her by Michaelmas Eve, ef I boozled her oop wi meäl.

Mayhappen ya'll 'ardly beleäve ma—but she unnerstood from the fust

What was hexpected of her—I thowt that burrd 'ud ha bust!
Cram her, a' did! but she swuckered it doon wi niver a weästed drop—

Fur she tuk that hinterest in it as she'd ruther ha' choäked nor stop!

An' she'd foller wheeriver a' went—till I hedn't naw peäce fur t' foäk,

"'Ere be Tammas along of his sweetart!" wur hallus the village joäk:

But I'd saäy—" 'Tes ma Michaelmas denner *I'm* squirin' aboot, owd chap!"

An' Minty she'd stan up a' tiptoe an' fluther her neck, an' flap!

Did I 'appen to gaw of a hevenin' to loök at ma hinion patch,
Minty 'ud coom in along o' meä, an' rarstle aboot, an' scrätsch,
A' cockin' her heye at the bed o' saäge, wi a kiuk, sa mooch as to saäy:

"Wull the saäge an' th' hinions be ready for meä, by toime I be ready fur theëy?"

Or she'd snifter at arl the windfalls as ligged i' th' horchard
 graäs;
 I knawed what she wur erfter, a' did—she wur pickin' 'em oot
 fur the saäss!
 Till I'd roob ma 'ands fur to see her a' ploddlin' across the
 roärd,
 "Thee'll mak a denner, ma pratty," I'd saäy to her, "fit fur a
 loärd!"

Maäin an' boolky she wur as Michaelmas week coom nigh:
 "Her 'll niver not bulge naw bigger," I thowt, "an' she art
 fur to die!"
 I knaw'd she'd be doitin' somewheer on the pasture under t'
 mooör,
 Sa I fetched t' chopper an' fettled 'im oop, and I went fur to
 do her!

Then I chillupped to Araminty, an' oop she rins wi' a clack;
 "Seeä what I've gotten to show 'ee," I sez (wi' the chopper
 behind ma back),
 But I looked so straänge an' callow, she knawed I wur
 meanin' 'er ill,
 An' she kep a-sidlin' an' hedgin' awaäy, an' a-gaäpin' wi
 hopen bill!

Then I maäde a grab at 'er sooden, but she skirtled off to a
 feäld,
 Wheer Squire had been diggin' fur fireclay, eh! but she
 yellocked an' bcäled.
 Cloppity-joggle I chaäsed her, sa well as I cud, bein' laäme,
 An' flippity-flopper she kep on ahead an' a-squawked out,
 "Shaäme!"

I wur haäf asheämed o' mysen', I wur, afoor I coom to the
 hend;
 "Ya owd ongreätful guzzard," I thowt, "to gaw killin' ya
 hoänly friend!"
 But ma friend wur a Michaelmas denner as I hedn't naw 'art
 to refuse.
 An' it maäde me secä what a gowk I'd becän to ha' gotten sa
 thick with a guse!

Sa I danged her well as I slummocked on, as 'ard as ma legs
 'ud stoomp:
 "Waäit till I gets tha, ma laädy!" I sez—when arl on a
 sooden Boomp!

An' I wur a-sprawlin' an' floppin' in wan of the owd Squire's pits,
 Wheer—but fur t' claäy at the bottom an' that—I mout ha' bin brokken to bits!

An' I roared fur 'elp—fur I cudn't git oot, an' th' watter wur oop to ma chin,
 But nobbobody 'eerd ma a-beälin', nor thowt on the 'ole I wur in!
 An' a knawed as they'd niver foind nawthin' but boans—if they'd iver the goomption to dredge,
 Then I groäned, fur I 'eerd Araminty a-tooklin oop at the edge!

“Wunnerful funny, beänt it?” I sez, (I wur feälin' fit fur to choäk,
 To be catched loike a bee in a bottle—an' see her enjyin' the joäk!)
 “Hevn't ye naw moor manners,” I sez, “ya grät fat himperdent thing?”
 Fur I'd bred her oop from a goslin', I had,—an' theer wur the sting!

Well, she left ma aloän at laäst, an' I hedn't a mossel o' hoäpe,
 When—by coom Harry th' hedger, an' a-hoicked ma oop wi' a roäpe;
 “Shudn't ha' heerd 'ee, Tammas,” he sez, “or knawed as owt wur t' matter,
 Ef it hedn't ha bin fur yon guse o' thine—but she coom an' raäised sech a clatter,

As drawed ma hon in spite o' mysen, till I moinded the hopen shaäft.”
 Ay, Minty wur saävin' ma life oop theer—when I wur a-thinkin' she laäft!
 Then I rooshed fur to catch her to coodle, and gie her a grätful kiss . . .
 Eh! but I raight down bloobered—fur she scatted awaäy wi' a hiss!

“Weänt niver 'urt 'ee ageän,” sez I, “if thee'll hoänly forgit what's past!”
 She wur maäin an' stiff fur a spell, but—I maäde her coom round at last!

An' I had ma Michaelmas denner the saäme, an' kivers fur two
 was laäid,
 Theer was no wan but me an' Minty—an' a 'arty good denner
 we maäid!
 What did we make our meäl on? Well, happen thee'll think
 ma a laäss --
 But I'll tell 'ee; I dined wi' Minty on th' stooffin' an' happple
 saäss!

(By permission of the Author.)



CHOOSING A WIFE BY CHEESE.

THERE lived in York, an age ago,
 A man whose name was Pimlico.
 He loved three sisters passing well,
 But which the best he could not tell.
 These sisters three, divinely fair,
 Show'd Pimlico their tend'rest care:
 For each was elegantly bred,
 And all were much inclined to wed;
 And all made Pimlico their choice,
 And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
 Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
 Like ass divided 'tween the hay,
 At last resolved to gain his ease,
 And choose his wife by eating cheese.
 He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
 And said that night with them he'd sup
 Desir'd that there might only be
 Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;
 He was resolv'd to crown his life,
 And by that means to fix his wife.
 The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;
 Each dress'd herself divinely neat;
 With faces full of peace and plenty,
 Blooming with roses under twenty;
 For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
 Were sweet as lilies of the valley,
 But singly, surely Buxom Bet
 Was like new hay and mignonette.
 But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
 For that, of truth, was said of Nancy;

And as for Sal, she was a Donna,
 As fair as those of old Cretona,
 Who to Apelles lent their faces,
 To make up Madame Helen's graces.
 To those the gay, divided Pim
 Came elegantly smart and trim;
 When ev'ry smiling maiden certain,
 Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
 Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring
 To show her saving, ate the paring;
 And Bet. to show her generous mind,
 Cut, and then threw away the rind;
 While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
 Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.
 This done, young Pimlico replied—
 "Sally I now declare my bride;
 With Nan I can't my welfare put,
 For she has prov'd a careless slut;
 And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
 Would give my fortune to the wind;
 Sally the happy medium chose,
 And I with Sally will repose:
 She's prudent, cleanly; and the man
 Who fixes on a nuptial plan
 Can never err, if he will choose
 A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose."



YAWCOB STRAUSS.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
 Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
 Der queerest schap, der createst regue,
 As efer you dit see.

He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
 In all barts of der house;
 But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumb's,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;
 He skills mine glass of lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.

He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse:
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
 To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
 Mine gracious, dot vas drue!

I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
 He kicks oup sooch a touse:
 But never mind; der poys vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions, sooch as dese:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse.
 How gon I all dose diags eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I could haf rest,
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy:

But ven he vas asleep in ped,
 So guiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."



IN A NUTSHELL.

BY THE ELDER CHARLES MATHEWS.

THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jeffery, Jemmy, and John.
Jeffery was hanged, Jemmy was drowned,
T'other was lost, and ne'er could be found,
So there was an end of the old woman's sons,
Jeffery, Jemmy, and John.



MOTH-EATEN.*

It is a stifling night. I sit
With windows open wide,
And the fragrance of the rose in-blown,
Also the muck outside.
There's plenty of room for the moths out there,
In the cool and pleasant gloom,
And yet these mad insectual beasts
Will swarm into my room.

As I sit by my duplex lamp,
And write, and write, and write,
They come and drown in the blue-black ink,
Or fry themselves in the light.
They pop, and drop, and flop, and hop
Like catherine-wheels at play,
And die in pain down the back of my neck
In a most repulsive way.

There's a brown moth on the ceiling, he
Makes slow and bumping rounds,
And stops and sucks the whitewash off—
He must have eaten pounds.

* From *Punch*.

He's only waiting for his chance
To take me unaware,
And then the brute will drop and make
His death-bed in my hair.

I've thrown so many things at him,
And thrown them all so hard ;—
There goes the sofa-cushion ! That
Missed him by half-a-yard.
My hot tears rain, my young heart breaks,
To see him dodging thus ;
It is not right for him to be
So coy and devious.

Why do they do it ? Why—oh *why* ?
The dews of night are damp ;
But the place to dry oneself is not
The chimney of a lamp.
The sultriness engenders thirst,
But to quench't in blue-black ink
Cannot be satisfactorily
Regarded as a drink.

They are so very many, and—
I am so very few,
They are so hard to hit, and so
Elusive to pursue,
That in the garden I will wait
Until the dawning light,
Until the moths all go by day
Where I wish they'd go by night.

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“MRS. GOODWOMAN'S DILEMMA ;” OR, AN
EPISODE IN SEASIDE APARTMENTS.

BY JOHN J. PLEDGE, F.R.G.S.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- LANDLADY. *Stout, comely, middle-aged ; attired in ordinary indoor stuff dress. Active and affable in manner.*
- JANE. *Small maid-of-all-work ; appropriately, but not too cleanly, got up !*
- 1ST LODGER. } *First time, easy travelling suit. Second time,*
2ND ,, } *adapted to indoor use.*

ACT I.

[SCENE.—*Sitting-room in seaside lodging-house.*
Landlady discovered.]

LANDLADY. Well, the rooms are ready for him, *whenever* he comes. It was very good of the last gentleman to recommend me, but there, I'm not surprised ; for he was a *gentleman*,—paid well, never grumbled, and never asked about any ends of cold joints, etc., and forgot to take away several little bits of things with him. I wonder what sort *he* is, who's coming ! By-the-bye, talking of him reminds me of the letters I had from him a day or two ago. Yes ! two separate letters. I suppose he forgot he'd sent one when he wrote the other. I wonder when he'll come. Surely that isn't the 'bus ! [*Looks out of window.*] Yes, it is—it's stopped here, too, and a gentleman's coming up the garden path. I'd better receive him here ; it'll look better. [*Calling.*] Jane ! Jane ! Gentleman at the door ; show him into this room.

[*Enter GENTLEMAN shown in by JANE.*]

JANE. Missus is in here, Sir, awaiting for ye. Come in, Sir.

LANDLADY. [*Aside.*] Bless that girl, she spoils all my little plans ! [*Exit Jane.*]

FIRST LODGER. Mrs. Goodwoman, I suppose ?

LANDLADY. Yes, Sir ; that's my name.

FIRST LODGER. I have been recommended to your apartments by an old lodger, a Mr. Kindly of London. You had my letter, of course, and can accommodate me! What are your terms?

LANDLADY. At present, Sir, very moderate; two guineas a week. This includes use of this sitting-room—one bed-room—cooking, hot water and attendance, and the usual table linen, etc.

FIRST LODGER. Very well; I'll take them for a month. Have you another bedroom for a friend, if I should require it?

LANDLADY. Yes, Sir, I could manage that. It would be another ten shillings a week, including everything.

FIRST LODGER. Any other lodgers in the house? No ladies, or children, I hope!

LANDLADY. Not just at present, Sir—but then you need not be afraid, if there were; *my* ladies are always so quiet; you'd hardly know they were in the house.

FIRST LODGER. Indeed! I'm delighted to hear that; for I may as well confess, Mrs.—a—Goodlooking—I—a—mean, Goodwoman—that I am a real bachelor, and never feel quite at ease in the presence of females.

LANDLADY. I am sorry to hear you——

FIRST LODGER. [*Interrupting.*] Oh, if my friend comes, we shall take our meals separately, so please arrange accordingly. He may arrive this morning; if he should come before I return, tell him it's all right, everything's arranged; he's nothing to do but leave his luggage here and come and find me on the beach. I'm going out now! [*Prepares to go*]

LANDLADY. Yes, Sir. But what about dinner?

FIRST LODGER. Ah, I had forgotten that. Let me have a nice steak, two vegetables, a sweet and cheese—and the same for my friend, if he should happen to come in time for you to prepare for him.

LANDLADY. Would you like to see the upstairs room, Sir?

FIRST LODGER. [*Impatient to get away.*] Not now! not now! You can take my things up when I've gone. I shall be back at one o'clock. Let me see; what's your address?

LANDLADY. Sea-view Lodge, Marine Walk! Everybody knows me, Sir!

FIRST LODGER. Yes! I remember, your name is Goodwoman! I cannot forget such an enviable name as that. I am going now! [*Exit.*]

LANDLADY. Well, he seems very agreeable and nice; I hope his friend, if he comes, won't be worse than him. Jane had better take these things upstairs. [*Calling.*] Jane! Jane!

[Enter Jane.]

JANE. Yes 'm.

LANDLADY. These things belong to the new gentleman ; take them to the first-floor front.

JANE. Lah, mum, I *am* glad you've got another gentleman ; ain't *you*, mum ? Things have been awful dull lately, haven't they ? [Aside.] I wonder if he's the right sort, like the last gentleman. He gave me a two-shilling bit when he went away. [Gathers up lodger's things and goes out with them.]

LANDLADY. That girl is a chatterbox ; but she speaks the truth, too. Things *have* been dull the last few months, since my last lodger left. But never mind, that's over now. I hope the gentleman's friend will soon come, though, for that'll—hark ! There's a knock at the door ! [Calling.] Jane ! Jane ! Go to the door ! Somebody else for the rooms, perhaps ! It's always like that. They say it never rains but it pours.

JANE. This way, Sir ! Missus ! here's another one for the rooms.

LANDLADY. Oh, that girl's tongue !

[Enter GENTLEMAN.]

SECOND LODGER. [Reading from envelope.] You are Mrs. Goodwoman, I suppose ?

LANDLADY. Yes, Sir ! that's my name ; but——

SECOND LODGER. But it didn't used to be, you mean ! certainly not !

LANDLADY. No, Sir, I was going to tell you——

SECOND LODGER. It was Miss So-and-so. I dare say it was ; but never mind that now. I have been recommended to your lodgings ; I wrote a day or two ago saying I wished to come for a month ; and as you did not reply, I take it for granted you can accommodate me.

LANDLADY. Yes, Sir, I received a letter ; but——

SECOND LODGER. All right. The terms, I understand, are two guineas a week, to include cooking, attendance, and so forth. That'll do. [Pauses.] By-the-bye, if a friend of mine should wish to spend a week or two with me can you let him have a bedroom for a few shillings a week ?

LANDLADY. [Moving to a distance and eyeing him from top to toe.] (Aside. This is very extraordinary. He seems a complete twin brother to the last, and yet there can be no connection between them. Anyhow, whoever he is I can't take him, and I must tell him so. Two sets can't occupy the same rooms together, that's clear !) I must tell you, Sir, at once, that the rooms are——

SECOND LODGER. [Interrupting.] You mean the other room

is not very large! Well, never mind! He can put up with a small room for once. [*Pauses for a moment.*] My friend may be in time for a one o'clock dinner; so you had better lay for both of us.

LANDLADY. [*Getting excited.*] But, Sir, there must be some mistake—

SECOND LODGER. Yes! a steak will do—I'd almost forgotten to speak about that—*two* steaks; vegetables, a sweet and cheese. I'm going out for a stroll now; you can send these things up to my room. [*Going.*] If my friend should arrive soon, tell him I'm on the beach; he can come and find me. [*Exit.*]

LANDLADY. [*Getting desperate.*] (*Aside.* He won't understand. But perhaps he's deaf; or something of the kind. He *must* listen, however.) [*Goes and shouts.*] The rooms are taken, Sir. The gentleman who took them had just gone when you came in.

SECOND LODGER. [*Starting back.*] I'm not deaf, my good woman! What did you say? My friend is already here!—that's good news.

LANDLADY. [*Aside.*] His friend!—yes! that may be possible. How foolish of me not to think of that before!—it may be all right then, after all.

SECOND LODGER. We shall both be back at one o'clock, or thereabouts, Mrs.—a—; so please prepare for us! Good-day for the present. [*Exit.*]

LANDLADY. [*Sits down, speaks slowly.*] I feel quite bewildered! I hardly know if I'm on my head or my heels. I'm afraid I've let to two separate sets, now. P'raps not! [*Pauses; then gets up.*] Anyhow, I must have dinner ready for one set; but *which* I don't know. Jane! Jane! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

[SCENE.—*Parlour as before. Dinner-table laid for two. Bell on table. Enter First Lodger.*]

FIRST LODGER. [*Rings. Enter Landlady.*] Send in dinner please, Mrs. Goodwoman. I thought perhaps my friend would have been here. You have seen nothing of him, I suppose? I have not. [*Scats himself at table.*]

LANDLADY. [*Aside.*] Now what can I say? I don't know whether the other gentleman was his friend or not. [*Aloud.*] Well, Sir, I thought you'd have brought him in with you, p'raps.

FIRST LODGER. What do you mean? Has he been here, then?

LANDLADY. I can't tell you exactly, Sir.

FIRST LODGER. Can't tell me whether a gentleman has called and inquired for me!

LANDLADY. (Oh, dear me, how worried I feel. But I must answer him.) There has been a gentleman here, it is true—whether he was your friend or not I don't know. He'll be back at one o'clock, he said!

FIRST LODGER. [*Rising from table.*] And you've let my rooms to him, when he may be a perfect stranger to me. Well, really, you have placed both of us in a very awkward position. [*Pauses.*] Do you actually mean that he is coming, and that you have accepted him! This is—

LANDLADY. I couldn't help it, Sir! He said it was all right; and so I thought it must be! [*Looks out of window. Aside.*] Good gracious! Here comes the other gentleman! Oh, dear, dear! I must get rid of this one for a few minutes. Then I could explain matters to No. 2, p'r'aps. [*Aloud.*] You'll have dinner, won't you, Sir?

FIRST LODGER. [*Rescating himself and trying to become calmer.*] Yes; you can bring it in.

LANDLADY. But you'd like to wash your hands first, wouldn't you? Shall I show you upstairs, Sir?

FIRST LODGER. P'r'aps I'd better. [*Rises.*] No! I can find the room, I dare say. First-floor front, isn't it? [*Exit.*]

LANDLADY. Thank goodness, he's gone for a minute or two. If he'd only stay till I could make the other one understand he can't have the rooms. But hark! No. 1 is calling. Yes, Sir! [*Exit.*]

As LANDLADY goes out No. 2 LODGER enters.

SECOND LODGER. Well, I've not seen him. P'r'aps my good landlady has something to communicate. [*Is about to ring when LANDLADY enters.*] Oh, Mrs.—a—Goodwoman, my friend is not in to dinner yet, I suppose? I'll wait a little longer for him, and then let me have my steak, please.

LANDLADY. [*Aside.*] I begin to feel so bad. It'll never do for the two to meet; for they are evidently not friends. If they were they would have found each other on the beach before now. [*Aloud.*] Yes, Sir! I'll bring dinner in a few minutes. But—a, wouldn't you like to see your bedroom; and perhaps wash your hands?

SECOND LODGER. Wash my hands! Yes, it would be a good plan, my good woman.

LANDLADY. [*Aside.*] My good woman! I'm not *his* good woman, and he'll think so when he comes to meet No. 1.

SECOND LODGER. Let me see! which room is it?

LANDLADY. Second-floor front, Sir! shall I show you?

SECOND LODGER. Oh, no! don't trouble; I can find it myself, I dare say! *[Exit.]*

LANDLADY. *[Excitedly,]* I've got rid of him; but what have I done? They'll meet on the stairs—and then. *[Goes and listens.]* No! he's up at last, and has shut the door. That's a little relief; thank goodness! *[Sinks into a chair.]* Now, what's to be done next? If I could but keep them apart a little longer, and let one have his dinner before the other—it's useless, I'm afraid, even to try. But here comes No. 1. *[Starts up.]* Oh, my heart! *[Pauses for a moment.]* Yes! I'll bring dinner up for him and try and prevent No. 2 from—

Enter No. 1.

FIRST LODGER. My friend not in yet, Mrs.—a—a? Well, I'll wait a minute or two longer.

LANDLADY. *[Aside.]* He says he'll wait. *[Puts her hand to her head.]* Oh, dear! it's my head this time as well as my heart. I really never felt like this before. Can nothing more be done? No—for here comes No. 2. *[Utters an hysterical Oh! and sinks into a chair.]*

FIRST LODGER. *[Turning suddenly to her.]* Mrs.—a—you are not well? *[To himself.]* Now this is very awkward—and so nervous as I am about females, generally, and especially when they are— *[Calling.]* Mary! Jane! Come here; quick! *[Fans LANDLADY with his pocket-handkerchief.]*

[Enter JANE.]

JANE. Law, Missus! what is it? You *do* look bad! I'll run for some win-e-ger! *[Exit.]*

[No. 1 still fans her.]

FIRST LODGER. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I shouldn't like anybody to see me in this dilemma. It's most uncomfortable.

[Enter JANE with smelling-bottle, vinegar, etc., and goes to her mistress. While No. 1 is still fanning, No. 2 enters.]

SECOND LODGER. I beg ten thousand pardons! I've come into the wrong room! I hope, Sir, your wife is not—But no! *[No. 1 turns and recognises his friend.]*

FIRST LODGER. Popler! it cannot be you!

SECOND LODGER. Shrubman! it cannot be you! What an unexpected meeting! My dear friend; I'm delighted—*[LANDLADY opens her eyes, and with a struggle regains her composure.]*

LANDLADY. [*Very slowly.*] Did—you—say—friend?

SECOND LODGER. Yes, Mrs. Goodwoman, my *dear* friend!

LANDLADY. Then I have not done very wrong, after all?

FIRST LODGER. You have done quite right.

SECOND LODGER. And are a good woman.

FIRST LODGER. I understand now! You feared you had, in your confusion, let your apartments to two sets of lodgers, strangers?

SECOND LODGER. Poor thing! and did not know how to keep us apart! I can see it all now!

FIRST LODGER. And this was the cause of your illness, just now, of course!

JANE. Law, Missus, you poor dear thing, how you *did* suffer then, I know!

LANDLADY. Oh, gentlemen, what will you think of me?

BOTH LODGERS. We quite understand.

SECOND LODGER. But tell me, Popler, why you came down here for a holiday? I was advised to do so by my esteemed friend Mr. Kindly, our worthy landlady's recent lodger.

FIRST LODGER. And let me inform you, my dear fellow, I also came here at the recommendation of that said gentleman. [*Both laugh.*] This being so, there is little doubt that, in his anxiety to fill up these snug apartments, he has probably advised a score of his friends to spend their holidays here.

SECOND LODGER. Yes! and before the week is over half a dozen more poor, weary mortals, like ourselves, may be seeking to deprive us of——

FIRST LODGER. Mrs. Goodwoman's seaside apartments.

LANDLADY. [*Rising.*] But they will seek in vain to do so; and while you are here, gentlemen, the landlady of Sea-view Lodge will do her best to make you comfortable.

SECOND LODGER. If this is so, I am sure we shall both——

FIRST LODGER. Have occasion to thank not only our dear old friend, Mr. Kindly, but also——

SECOND LODGER. Our worthy landlady, for one of the happiest holidays we shall ever have spent.

(CURTAIN.)

(*By permission of the Author.*)



THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
 Professes openly with Death to wrestle;
 Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
 Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are;
 But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a brother;
 So—many a suff'ring patient said—
 Tho' the Apothecary fights with Death,
 Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
 No man could better gild a pill,
 Or make a bill,
 Or mix a draught or bleed, or blister;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head,
 Or chatter scandal by your bed,
 Or give a clyster.
 Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*:
 Yet, still he thought the list not long enough;
 And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
 This balanced things:—for if he hurled
 A few score mortals from the world,
 He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
 In short, in reputation he was *solus*:
 All the old women call'd him “a fine man!”
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade—
 Which oftentimes will genius fetter—
 Read works of fancy, it is said,
 And cultivated the *belles-lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd ?

Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ?
Of poetry though patron god,

Apollo patronises Physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass

Of writing the directions on his labels

In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,

Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse ! and where's the treason ?

'Tis simply honest dealing,—not a crime ;—

When patients swallow physic without reason,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,

Some three miles from the town—it might be four—

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article

In pharmacy that's called cathartical,

And on the label of the stuff he wrote this verse,

Which one would think was clear enough, and terse :

" When taken,

To be well shaken."

Next morning early, Bolus rose,

And to the patient's house he goes

Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had :

It was, indeed, a very sorry hack ;

But that's of course ;

For what's expected from a horse,

With an Apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,—

Between a single and a double rap.—

Knocks of this kind

Are given by Gentlemen who teach to dance ;

By Fiddlers, and by Opera-singers ;

One loud, and then a little one behind,

As if the knocker fell by chance

Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,

Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster ;

John's countenance as rueful looked and grim
 As if the Apothecary had physicked him,—
 And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said;

John shook his head.

"Indeed! hum! ha!—that's very odd;

He took the draught?" John gave a nod.

"Well, how? what then? speak out, you dunce!"

"Why then," says John, "we shook him once."

"Shook him! how?" Bolus stammer'd out.

"We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do."

"No, sir,—and so we gave him two."

"Two shakes! 'od's curse!

'Twould make the patient worse."

"It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master died."



PLEASE TO RING THE BELL.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

CENTRIC in London noise and London folly,
 Proud Covent Garden blooms in smoky glory:
 For cabmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, holly,
 Cabbages and comedians famed in story.

On this gay spot, (upon a sober plan,)
 Dwelt a right regular and staid young man;—
 Much did he early hours and quiet love,
 And was entitled Mr. Isaac Shove. . . .

He had apartments up two pairs of stairs;
 On the first floor lodged Doctor Crow;—
 The landlord was a torturer of hairs,
 And made a grand display of wigs below,
 From the beau's Brutus to the parson's frizzle;—
 Over the doorway was his name; 'twas Twizzle. .

Now Isaac Shove living above this Doctor Crow,—
 And knowing Barber Twizzle lived below,—

Thought it might be as well,
 Hearing so many knocks—single and double—
 To try at his own cost a street-door bell,
 And save confusion in the house, and trouble;
 Whereby his (Isaac's) visitors might know,
 Without long waiting in the dirt and drizzle,
 To ring for him at once,
 And not to knock for Crow nor Twizzle.

Besides, he now began to feel
 The want of it was rather ungentleel;—
 For he had often thought it a disgrace
 To hear, while sitting in his room above,
 Twizzle's shrill maid on the first landing-place
 Screaming, "A man below wants Mr. Shove!"

The bell was bought; the wire was made to steal
 Round the dark staircase like a tortured eel,
 Twisting and twining;—
 The jemmy handle Twizzle's door-post graced;
 And just beneath a brazen plate was placed,
 Lacquered and shining;
 Graven whereon, in characters full clear
 And legible, did "Mr. Shove" appear;
 And, furthermore, which you might read right well,
 Was,—“Please to ring the bell.” . . .

Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity,
 Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity;
 But there are swilling wights in London Town,
 Term'd Jolly Dogs—Choice Spirits—*alias* Swine;
 Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
 Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus out-run,
 Dosing, with headaches, till the afternoon,
 Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
 By borrowing too largely of the moon.
 One of this kidney—Toby Tossport hight—
 Was coming from the Bedford late at night;
 And being *Bacchi Plenus*, full of wine,
 Although he had a tolerable notion,
 Of aiming at progressive motion,
 'Twasn't direct—'twas serpentine
 He worked with sinuosities along,
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew worming thro' a cork;
 Not straight, like corkscrew's proxy—stiff Don Prong, a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate.
When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"

And being civil beyond measure,
"Ring it!" says Toby—"very well;
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk, that almost jerk'd it down.
He waited full two minutes—no one came;
He waited full two minutes more; and then
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame!
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright;
Who, quick as lightning popping up his head,
Sat on his head's *Antipodes*, in bed,
Pale as a parsnip, bolt upright.

At length he wisely to himself doth say—
Calming his fears—
"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung, and run away!"
When peal the second rattled in his ears!

Shove jumped into the middle of the floor;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,
He groped downstairs, and open'd the street door;
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby fearfully askant—
And saw he was a strapper—stout and tall;
He puts this question—"Pray, sir, what d've want?"
Says Toby—"I want nothing, sir, at all."

"Want nothing, sir! you've pulled my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire!"
Quoth Toby—gravely making him a bow—
"I pull'd it, sir, at your desire."

"At mine?"—"Yes, yours!—I hope I've done it well?
High time for bed, Sir; I was hastening to it;
But if you write up—'Please to ring the bell,'
Common politeness makes me stop and do it." . . .



LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

BY GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face.
Some are good and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best left alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next!—and the next!
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
Week pass'd after week, till by weekly succession
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well,—there's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise:—"a slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kick'd out the doctor:—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't *always* succeed;
So, calling his host, he said, Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?

"Look, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first *took me in*:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so curs'd hot, that I'm sure I caught cold!"

Quoth the landlord, "Till now, I ne'er had a dispute
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot ;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven ;
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven!" says Will;—says the host, "Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds!" cried Will, in a
taking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms: cried the host, with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year."
"Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel," Will said:
"But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread."



A REMARKABLE LITERARY DISCOVERY.*

Francis Bacon, the Author of "Box and Cox."

BY AN ADVANCED BACONIAN.

BEING an advanced Baconian, perhaps I had better explain at the outset why I do not communicate my discovery—perhaps the most extraordinary of the century—to *Baconiana*, the organ of the Bacon Society. The fact is that I used to be a member of that society, but I had to leave it because my views were too advanced. The other members thought I was mad, but I was really only carrying the opinions held by all of them to their logical conclusions. Some of my colleagues had gone pretty far, but there was a limit where their speculations and theories stopped. Now I had gone into the business (to use an American expression) "with my head down," and was not to be deterred by ridicule or contumely from pushing my inquiries still further. It is well known that Baconians now maintain that not only the works attributed to Shakespeare, but all the principal books—religious, scientific, and dramatic—of the time of Elizabeth and James I. were either written by Bacon or produced under his supervision by a secret society for the advancement of learning, of which he was the head.

* From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Some account of this brotherhood recently appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in a review of an article by a prominent Baconian (Mrs. Pott), in which it was proved that the secret society exists at the present day, and is still concerned with matters connected with the printing and publishing of books and newspapers.

I must frankly admit that had it not been for Mrs. Pott's article, mentioned above, perhaps my discovery would never have been made. But on reading of the continued existence of Bacon's secret society at the present day, it occurred to me that if this were so, might not Bacon have bequeathed to the brotherhood certain works, perhaps unsuited for immediate publication, with the injunction that they should be produced from time to time in the future? Why should the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. have the monopoly of his writings, when he had machinery ready to hand for their publication in after ages? The more I pondered over this idea, the more it pleased me. I turned to my bookshelves, considering which among the literary masterpieces of the present century could be attributed to Bacon. Glancing over my unique collection of the modern drama, my eye fell upon a slender volume in amber morocco, elaborately tooled by Zachnsdorf—the *editio princeps* of "Box and Cox." No sooner had I read the title than I saw—— But no, I must keep my trump card to the last. At present I will only say that from a perusal of the title alone I was convinced that I had discovered what I sought, and that in spite of all superficial evidence to the contrary, "Box and Cox" is a posthumous work of Francis Bacon.

I was at first inclined to consider the two principal characters of the play as typical of Jachin and Boaz, the pillars of Solomon's temple. For further information about these pillars, apply to any Freemason. I am not one myself, but I am sure that Jachin and Boaz are somehow mixed up with the secrets of Freemasonry, because any slighting or jocular remark on the subject is strongly resented by serious masons. Any group of two is commonly held by symbolists to mean Jachin and Boaz, just as 1 typifies the Deity or the All (with a big A), 3 the Trinity, &c., &c. Why, I know a symbolist who can run you off a symbol for every number up to eight-and-twenty without taking breath; but this is a digression. On further reflection I came to the conclusion that *Box* represents Bacon himself. He is a *printer*, and with Mrs. Pott's article fresh in my mind, I could not help being struck by the fact that out of all the possible trades, that of printing, so much identified with the Brotherhood, should have been chosen for Box. The names

"Box" and "Bacon" both begin with the same letter, but I set no store by that. It may be the result of accident, and I am not the man to take advantage of that sort of evidence. Again, of what does Box's breakfast consist? Of fish, or eggs, or sausages, or kidneys? No. It was a rasher of *bacon*. *Cox* is a hatter: a hatter is a hat-man, a *chapeau*-man; naturally abbreviated into Chapman. "Cox" and "Chapman" begin with the same letter. *Cox's* breakfast (with, as in the case of *Box's*, the whole gamut of foods to choose from) is nothing else but a *chop*—no doubt a modern version of the older "chap," which we have in "Bath chap." I conclude, then, that *Cox* is the poet Chapman, and I ask any unprejudiced person if he thinks that the facts on which my argument is based can possibly be mere coincidences.

In those mysterious sonnets addressed by Shakespeare (or, as I should say, by Bacon) to the dark lady, mention is made of a poet, the author's rival in love; and many of the best critics believe this poet to be Chapman. This lady was married, and the sonnet beginning—

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* enough, and *Will* in overplus—

is commonly taken as a proof of Shakespeare's authorship, because of the puns on the name "Will." But what a flood of light does my discovery throw on this hitherto obscure point! For *Box* and *Cox* had both desired to marry the same lady, who has, at the time of the action of the play, become a widow. Her late husband's name is given as William Wiggins.

What more likely, then, than that the above-quoted sonnet was addressed by Bacon to the lady during her husband's lifetime, and that the poet's dissatisfaction with her marriage is shown by his contemptuous references to this unnecessary, redundant Mr. Wiggins—this "*Will in overplus*"?

Mrs. Bouncer I would suggest, with some diffidence, as representing Queen Elizabeth. The freedom with which she is treated in the play is possibly a reason why it was not produced during the author's lifetime. I can only conjecture—with regard to the hidden meaning of the plot—that just as *Mrs. Bouncer* lets the same room to two persons at once, each of whom believes himself the sole tenant, so Queen Elizabeth, with her well-known capacity for double-dealing, conferred some favour upon Bacon and Chapman, leading each to suppose that he was the only one so honoured. The discovery is made, the men find that they are rivals, and, after a period of anger with each other and with their royal patroness, good sense and

tact prevail, and they decide to "remain where they are." Substitute "landlady" for "royal patroness" and you have the skeleton of the plot of "Box and Cox." The singular scene at the end of the play, when *Box* tells *Cox* that he must be his long-lost brother because *Cox* has *not* a strawberry mark on his left arm, no doubt refers to Chapman's reception into the Baconian brotherhood, and darkly hints at the mysterious means by which men being of that society were enabled to recognize each other.

But in case there are still any sceptics left among my readers, let me now produce what I have called my trump card. What will the incredulous say when I show them that Bacon has actually *signed his name* to this remarkable work? When I looked at the back of my "editio princeps," I saw the name of the play printed thus:—

B	O	X
A	N	D
C	O	X

Read the columns from top to bottom instead of from left to right, and you will see the reason for my exultation: BACON OXDX.

I am not at present in a position to make a definite statement as to the four superfluous letters, but they are most probably a cypher message to the initiated, or else (taking all nine letters together) they complete a "chronogram"; an artifice very popular in Bacon's time. Take out the letters which have a numerical value—CXDX—add them together, and you get 620, which may stand for 1620, just as '94 stands for 1894. 1620 is the date of the "Novum Organum," and perhaps of "Box and Cox" also. This is, of course, a mere hypothesis. I am not selfish, and having sketched the broad outlines of my discovery, I am content to leave the elucidation of minor points to the combined critical acumen of the present day and of posterity.

(By permission of the Publishers.)



STANZAS TO AN INTOXICATED FLY.

BY H. S. LEIGH.

It's a singular fact whenever I order
 My goblet of Guinness or bumper of Bass,
 Out of ten or a dozen that sport round the border,
 Some fly turns a somersault into my glass.

Oh ! it's not that I grudge him the liquor he's tasted
 (Supposing him partial to ale or to stout),
 But consider the time irretrievably wasted
 In trying to fish the small wanderer out.

Ah ! believe me, fond fly, 'tis excessively sinful,
 This habit which knocks even bluebottles up ;
 Just remember what Cassio, on getting a skinful,
 Observ'd about " ev'ry inordinate cup " !
 Reflect on that proverb, diminutive being,
 Which tells us " enough is as good as a feast " ;
 And, mark me, there's nothing more painful than seeing
 An insect behaving so much like a beast.

Nay, in vain would you seek to escape while I'm talking,
 And shake from your pinions the fast-clinging drops
 It is only too clear, from your efforts at walking,
 That after your malt you intend to take hops.
 Pray, where is your home ? And oh ! how shall you get there ?
 And what will your wife and your family think ?
 Pray, how shall you venture to show the whole set there
 That Paterfamilias is given to drink ?

Oh, think of the moment when, Conscience returning,
 Shall put the brief pleasures of Bacchus to flight ;
 When the tongue shall be parch'd, and the brow shall be
 burning,
 And most of to-morrow shall taste of to-night !
 For the toast shall be dry, and the tea shall be bitter,
 And all through your breakfast this thought shall intrude :
 That a little pale brandy and Seltzer is fitter
 For such an occasion than animal food.

I have known, silly fly, the delight beyond measure—
 The blissful sensation, prolong'd and intense—
 The rapturous, wild, and ineffable pleasure
 Of drinking at somebody else's expense.
 But I own—and it's not without pride that I own it—
 Whenever some friend, in his generous way,
 Bids me drink without paying, I simply postpone it,
 And pay for the liquor the whole of next day.

(By permission of Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS.)

THE BILIOUS BEADLE, .

BY ARTHUR SHIRLEY.

'Twas in the grimy winter time, an evening cold and damp,
And four-and-twenty work'us boys, all of one ill-fed stamp,
Were blowing on blue finger-tips, bent double with the cramp ;

And when the skilly poured out fell into each urchin's pan,
They swallowed it at such a pace as only boyhood can.
But the Beadle sat remote from all, a bilious-looking man.

His hat was off, red vest apart, to catch the evening breeze—
He thought that that might cool his brow ; it only made him
sneeze.

So pressed his side with his hand, and tried to seem as if at
ease.

Heave after heave his waistcoat gave, to him was peace denied ;
It tortured him to see *them* eat, *he* couldn't though he tried !
Good fare had made him much too fat, and rather goggle-eyed.

At length he started to his feet, some hurried steps he took,
Now up the ward, now down the ward, with wild dyspeptic look,
And lo ! he saw a work'us boy, who read a penny book—

“ You beastly brat ! What is't you're at ? I warrant 'tis no
good !

What's this ? ‘ The Life of Turpin Bold ! ’ or ‘ Death of Robin
Hood ’ ? ”

“ It's *Hessays on the Crumpet*, sir, as a harticle of food ! ”

He started from that boy as tho' in's ear he'd blown a trumpet,
His hand he pressed upon his chest, then with his fist did
thump it,

And down he sat beside the brat and talked about the crumpet.

How now and then that muffin men of whom tradition tells,
By pastry trade fortunes had made, and come out awful swells,
While their old patróns suffered worse than Irving in “ The
Bells ! ”

“ And well I know,” said he, “ forsooth, for plenty have I
bought,

The sufferings of foolish folk who eat more than they ought.
With pepsine pills and liver pads is their consumption fraught.

"Oh! oh! my boy, my pauper boy! Take my advice, 'tis best
shun

All such tempting tasty things, tho' nice beyond all question,
Unless you wish like me to feel the pangs of indigestion!

"One, who had ever made me long—a muffin man and old—
I watched into a public-house, he called for whisky cold,
And for one moment left his stock within green baize enrolled.

"I crept up to them, thinking what an appetite I'd got,
I gloated o'er them lying there elastic and all hot;
I thought of butter laid on thick, and then I priggled the lot!

"I took them home, I toasted them p'r'aps upwards of a score,
And never had so fine a feast on luscious fare before,
'And now,' I said, 'I'll go to bed, and dream of eating more.'

"All night I lay uneasily, and rolled from side to side,
At first without one wink of sleep, no matter how I tried;
And then I dreamt I was a 'bus, and gurgled, 'Full inside!'

"I was a 'bus by nightmares drawn on to some giddy crest,
Now launched like lightning through the air, now stopped, and
now compressed;
I felt a million muffin men were seated on my chest!

"I heard their bells—their horrid bells—in sound as loud as
trumpets,
Oh, curses on ye, 'spongy tribe! Ye cruffins and ye mumpets!
I must be mad!—I meant to say ye muffins and ye crumpets!

"Then came a chill like Wenham ice; then hot as hottest
steam;
I could not move a single limb! I could not even scream!
You pauper brat, remember that—all this was but a dream!"

The boy gazed on his troubled brow, from which big drops
were oozing,
And for the moment all respect for his dread function losing,
Made this remark, "Well, blow me tight, our Beadle's been
a-boozing!"

That very week, before the beak, they brought that beadle
burly;
He pleaded guilty in a tone dyspeptically surly,—
And he lives still at Pentouville, with hair not long or curly!

(By permission of the Author.)

HOW SAM HODGE WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

BY WILLIAM JEFFREY PROWSE.

Just a simple little story I've a fancy for inditing;
It shows the funny quarters in which chivalry may lodge,
A story about Africa, and Englishmen, and fighting,
And an unromantic hero by the name of Samuel Hodge.

"Samuel Hodge!" The words in question never previously
filled a

Conspicuous place in Fiction or the chronicles of Fame;
And the Blood and Culture critics, or the Rosa and Matilda
School of Novelists would shudder at the mention of his
name.

It was up the Gambia River—and of *that* unpleasant station
It is chiefly in connection with the fever that we hear!—
That my hero with the vulgar and prosaic appellation
Was a private—mind, a private!—and a sturdy pioneer.

It's a dreary kind of region, where the river mists arising,
Roll slowly out to seaward, dropping poison in their track,
And accordingly few gentlemen will find the fact surprising
That a rather small proportion of our garrison comes back!

It is filthy, it is foetid, it is sordid, it is squalid;
If you tried it for a season you would very soon repent;
But the British trader likes it, and he finds a reason solid
For the liking, in his profit at the rate of cent. per cent.

And to guard the British traders, gallant men and merry
younkers

In their coats of blue and scarlet, still are stationed at the
post,

Whilst the migratory natives, who are known as "Tillie-
bunkas,"

Grub up and down for ground-nuts and chaffer on the coast.

Furthermore, to help the trader in his laudable vocation,
We have heaps of little treaties with a host of little kings,
And, at times, the coloured catiffs in their wild inebriation,
Gather round us, little hornets, with uncomfortable stings.

Then of course we have to *smoke* them: and we do it with such vigour

That the sooty rascals tremble, and a new allegiance swear;
And—it's horrible to think of!—but we often shoot a nigger
Like that execrable tyrant, the atrocious Mr. Eyre!

To my tale:—The King of Barra had been getting rather
“sarsy,”

In fact, for such an insect, he was coming it too strong,
So we sent a small detachment—it was led by Colonel D'Arcy—
To drive him from his capital of Tábabécolong!

Now on due investigation, when his land they had invaded,
They learnt from information which was brought them by
the guides

That the worthy King of Barra had completely *barracaded*
The spacious mud-construction where his majesty resides.

“At it, boys!” said Colonel D'Arcy, and himself was first to
enter,

And his fellows tried to follow with the customary cheers;
Through the town he dashed impatient, but had scarcely
reached the centre.

Ere he found the task before him was a task for Pioneers.

For so strongly and so stoutly all the gates were palisaded,

The supports could never enter if he did not clear a way;—

But our Samuel Hodge perceiving how the foe might be
“persuaded”

Had certain special talents which he hastened to display.

Whilst the bullets, then, were flying, and the bayonets were
glancing,

Whilst the whole affair in fury rather heightened than
relaxed,

Then with axe in hand, and silently, our Pioneer advancing

SMOTE THE GATE; AND BADE IT OPEN; AND IT DID—AS IT
WAS AXED!

L'Envoy.

Just a word of explanation, it may save us from a quarrel,

I have really no intention—'twould be shameful if I had—

Of preaching you a blatant, democratic kind of moral;

For the “swell you know,” the D'Arcy, fought as bravely as
the “cad!”

Yet I own that sometimes thinking how a courteous decoration
May be won by shabby service or disreputable dodge,
I regard with more than pleasure—with a sense of consolation,
The Victoria Cross "for Valour" on the breast of Samuel
Hodge!



ORIGIN OF SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE'S POETRY,
IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,"

(THE following verses, some of which were afterwards used by Sir B. Backbite, were found among Richard Brinsley Sheridan's papers. They were evidently written by him with the intention of ridiculing women of fashion; and the four concluding lines are interesting in 1897 as illustrating the truth of the saying, "There's many a true word spoken in jest!" "The School for Scandal" was produced 1777.)

"Then, behind, all my hair is done up in a plat,
And so, like a cornet's, tucked under my hat.
Then I mount on my palfrey as gay as a lark,
And, followed by John, take the dust in High Park.

In the way I am met by some smart macaroni,
Who rides by my side on a little bay pony—
No sturdy Hibernian, with shoulders so wide,
But as taper and slim as the ponies they ride:
Their legs are as slim, and their shoulders no wider,
Dear sweet little creatures, both pony and rider!

But sometimes, when hotter, I order my chaise,
And manage, myself, my two little greys,
Sure never were seen two such sweet little ponies!
Other horses are clowns, and these macaronies;
And to give them this title, I'm sure isn't wrong,
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.

In Kensington Gardens to stroll up and down,
You know was the fashion before you left town:—
The thing's well enough, when allowance is made
For the size of the trees and the depth of the shade,

But the spread of their leaves such a shelter affords
 To those noisy, impertinent creatures call'd birds,
 Whose ridiculous chirruping ruins the scene,
 Brings the country before me, and gives me the spleen.

Yet, tho' 'tis too rural—to come near the mark—
 We all herd in *one* walk, and that nearest the Park,
 There with ease we may see, as we pass by the wicket,
 The chimneys of Knightsbridge, and footmen at cricket.

I must tho', in justice, declare that the grass,
 Which worn by our feet, is diminished apace,
 In a little time more will be brown and as flat
 As the sand at Vauxhall, or a Ranelagh mat.

Improving thus fast, perhaps, by degrees,
 We may see rolls and butter spread under the trees,
 With a small pretty band near each seat of the walk,
 To play little tunes and enliven our talk."

TO A FAIR MUSICIAN.

BY G. R. SIMS.

O LADY next door, could your glance on me fall,
 There are times when my lot you would pity,
 And shut the piano that stands by the wall,
 And spare me your favourite ditty.

That music hath charms I'm the last to deny,
 But music from eight to eleven
 Is apt the weak nerves of a poet to try,
 And to hasten his journey to heaven.

In vain in my study on work I've in hand
 I endeavour to fix my attention—
 That moment you sit yourself down to your "grand,"
 And I use a nice word I won't mention.

O lady, I know you are gentle and fair,
 And I grant that you play very nicely;
 But, if you are anxious my reason to spare,
 Don't start, ma'am, at eight *so precisely*.

I wait for that moment, each nerve on the strain—
 I tremble with wild agitation;
 A thousand sharp needles seem pricking my brain,
 And I'm bathed in a cold perspiration.

For I know you'll commence on the last stroke of eight,
 To perform all the morceaux that *you* know
 From "Dorothy," "Doris," and "Faust up to Date,"
 From Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Gounod.

O lady next door, could your glance but once fall
 On the eye in which madness is lurking,
 You would move your piano away from the wall,
 And you'd play when the Bard wasn't working.

(By permission of the Author.)

A REASONABLE EXCUSE.

THE motto for the week on a little girl's Sunday School card was: "Get thee behind me, Satan." There were gooseberries in the garden, but she was forbidden to pluck them. Pluck them she did. "Why didn't you," asked the mother, "when you were tempted to touch them, say, '*Get thee behind me, Satan?*'" "I did!" she said earnestly, "and he got behind me, and *pushed* me into the gooseberry bush."

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

SOME years ago I pitched my tent and unfurled my banner to the breeze, in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had heard that Berlin Hites was ockepied by a extensive seck called Free Lovers, who beleaved in affinertys & sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsomever. They was likewise spirit rappers, and high presher reformers on ginerall principles. If I can improve these 'ere misgided people by showin

them my onparalleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methunk, I shall not hav lived in vain! But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregate around the door. A ornreer set I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare, and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts for the purpuss (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their boozums. Their pockets were filled with tracks and pamplits, and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfectly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short, and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice:

"Ah, can it be?"

"Which?" sed I.

"Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed:

"And so I hav found you at larst—at larst, O, at larst!"

"Yes," I anserd, "you hav found me at larst, and you would hav found me at fust, if you had cum sooner."

She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclaimed:

"Air you a man?"

Sez I, "I think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage pade, & she will probly giv you the desired informashun."

"Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madame, I istest!"

The exsentric female then clutched me frantically by the arm and hollerd:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scäcely," I sed, endeaverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin, man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world,"

sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd, "I think it is a good deal too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene commenst for to holler "shame!" "beast," etsettery, etsettery.

I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I addrest them as follers: "You pussylanernius critters, go way from me and take this ritchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institutions. I am marrid & my orfsprings resemble me if I am a showman! I think your Affinity bizness is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajusly wicked. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftless way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestifrous idees! You wiimin folks, go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlous gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful like other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum weskuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile." I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.



THE WAKE OF TIM O'HARA.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

To the Wake of O'Hara
 Came companie ;—
 All St. Patrick's Alley
 Was there to see,
 With the friends and kinsmen
 Of the family.

On the old deal table Tim lay, in white,
 And at his pillow the burning light,
 While pale as himself, with the tear on her cheek,
 The mother received us, —too full to speak.
 But she heap'd the fire, and, with never a word,
 Set the black bottle upon the board,
 While the company gathered, one and all,
 Men and women, big and small,—
 Not one in the alley but felt a call
 To the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

II.

At the face of O'Hara,
 All white with sleep,
 Not one of the women
 But took a peep
 And the wives new wedded
 Began to weep.
 The mothers clustered around about,
 And praised the linen and laying out,
 For white as snow was his winding-sheet,
 And all looked peaceful, and clean, and sweet.
 The old wives, praising the blessed dead,
 Clustered thick round the old press-bed,
 Where O'Hara's widow, tattered and torn,
 Held to her bosom the babe new born,
 And stared all round her, with eyes forlorn,
 At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

III.

For the heart of O'Hara
 Was true as gold,
 And the life of O'Hara
 Was bright and bold,
 And his smile was precious
 To young and old.
 Gay as a guinea, wet or dry,
 With a smiling mouth and a twinkling eye!
 Had ever an answer for chaff or fun,
 Would fight like a lion with any one!
 Not a neighbour of any trade
 But knew some joke that the boy had made!
 Not a neighbour, dull or bright,
 But minded something, frolic or fight,
 And whispered it round the fire that night,
 At the Wake of Tim O'Hara!

IV.

"To God be glory
In death and life!
He's taken O'Hara
From trouble and strife,"
Said one-eyed Biddy,
The apple-wife.

"God bless old Ireland!" said Mistress Hart,
Mother to Mike of the donkey-cart:
"God bless old Ireland till all be done!
She never made wake for a better son!"
And all joined chorus, and each one said
Something kind of the boy that was dead.
The bottle went round from lip to lip,
And the weeping widow, for fellowship,
Took the glass of old Biddy, and had a sip,
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

V.

Then we drank to O'Hara
With drams to the brim,
While the face of O'Hara
Looked on so grim,
In the corpse-light shining
Yellow and dim!

The drink went round again and again;
The talk grew louder at every drain;
Louder the tongues of the women grew;
The tongues of the boys were loosing too!
But the widow her weary eyelids closed,
And, soothed by the drop of drink, she dozed;
The mother brightened and laughed to hear
Of O'Hara's fight with the grenadier,
And the hearts of us all took better cheer
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

VI.

Tho' the face of O'Hara
Looked on so wan,
In the chimney corner
The row began;
Lame Tony was in it
The oyster-man.

For a dirty low thief from the north came near
And whistled "Boyne Water" in his ear,

And Tony, with never a word of grace,
 Hit out his fist in the blackguard's face.
 Then all the women screamed out for fright;
 The men that were drunkest began to fight;
 Over, the chairs and tables they threw;
 The corpse-light tumbled, the trouble grew;
 The new-born joined in the hullabaloo,
 At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

VII.

"Be still! Be silent!
 Ye do a sin!
 Shame be his portion
 Who dares begin!"—
 'Twas Father O'Connor
 Just entered in;

And all looked shamed, and the row was done
 Sorry and sheepish looked every one;
 But the priest just smiled quite easy and free—
 "Would you wake the poor boy from his sleep?"
 said he.

And he said a prayer with shining face,
 Till a kind of a brightness filled the place;
 The women lit up the dim corpse-light;
 The men were quieter at the sight;—
 And the peace of the Lord fell on all that night
 At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

(By permission of the Author.)



THE NAGGLETONS ON THE DERBY.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

After Breakfast on the Derby Day. Rain pouring. A few Carriages are seen passing, either closed, or covered with umbrellas. MR. NAGGLETON rings the bell.

Mrs. Naggleton. What do you want now?

Mr. N. (shortly). I want the bell answered.

Mrs. N. Sarah is upstairs.

Mr. N. I don't want Sarah.

Mrs. N. The cook will think it is to tell Sarah to take away.

Mr. N. I don't care about the cook's thoughts.

[*Rings again.*]

Mrs. N. Are you not well?

Mr. N. (angrily). Bless my heart and soul, can't I ring a bell in my own house?

Mrs. N. You have shown that you can, I think.

Mr. N. Yes, but not that I can get it answered.

[*Rings again furiously, and the Cook comes in with her eyes very wide open.*]

Cook. Did you ring, M'm?

Mrs. N. I! O dear no!

Mr. N. Let somebody get me a cab—a close cab—directly.

[*Exit Cook without reply.*]

Mrs. N. You are very fond of preaching about consideration for servants.

Mr. N. I'm not fond of it, but I have to do it more often than I like.

Mrs. N. If you practised what you preach, you would not send a girl from her work into the wet on such a morning.

Mr. N. You can send 'em fast enough, rain, hail, or shine, when you want to go to some ridiculous concert. Let the boy go that cleans the boots, and does them so villainously.

Mrs. N. If you chose to keep a proper domestic, he would do them better, I dare say.

Mr. N. I keep the domestics I *think* proper, and if you kept them in better order and check things would be pleasanter.

Mrs. N. (smiling). Don't be angry with me, Henry, because it happens to rain on the Derby Day, and you are obliged to give up your holiday. I cannot command the weather, you know.

Mr. N. No, nor your tongue neither, or you wouldn't aggravate a man with his head full of business.

Mrs. N. Oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon. It is something so new to hear you talk about business that you must make an allowance.

Mr. N. (looking as if he should like to make her one, not too large, and dissolve the partnership). Certainly, I don't talk business to you, for an obvious reason. Why the devil don't that cab come?

[*Looks at the bell-handle.*]

Mrs. N. Don't, Henry, don't. I will go for it myself.

[*Rises.*]

Mr. N. Are you out of your senses? There he goes. By Jove, she's only just got him off! That's downright insolence on the part of that woman, and you ought to send her away.

Mrs. N. Perhaps the poor child hadn't done his breakfast.

Mr. N. Of course, take anybody's part but your husband's

Mrs. N. I am a wife, Henry, but not a slave, and when my husband is in the wrong I shall take the liberty of telling him so. Your temper is growing upon you, and unless you control it, you will become a nuisance to yourself and to all about you. If it rains and you are disappointed of the pleasure of throwing sticks at little dolls——

Mr. N. Little dolls be—hanged, and great dolls too. You know I had as much intention of going to Epsom as you have of being amiable. I can't say anything stronger.

Mrs. N. Or weaker, dear. But you always *do* go, and you always say that you are not going.

Mr. N. I went last year, and I have been once before, since the year we were married. I tell you I want to get into the City, because I expect important letters, and I may have to see two or three men before they go off to the races. That infernal boy! I believe he is standing to watch the carriages go by.

Mrs. N. Boys will be boys. You were a boy yourself once. And you are very like one now, in your irritation at being kept in town—don't tell me nonsense about it. All men think they are dreadfully wronged if they cannot go and make fools of themselves at Epsom.

Mr. N. Some people are fools ready-made, and need not go to Epsom to be manufactured. (*Looks savagely out of the window.*) I'll teach that boy manners!

Mrs. N. Well, dear, one does hear strange things, but if there is one branch of education that I should have advised you to decline attempting, it is that. Calling a wife a fool over her own breakfast cups and saucers is——

Mr. N. I didn't. It's untrue.

Mrs. N. And mending it by calling her something worse—but there is the poor boy in the cab—how wet he looks!

Mr. N. Yes, and nicely he has wetted the cushions for me, which is a thing that don't occur to you, of course.

Mrs. N. Oh, I wish it had been a fine day, and you had been able to go with your friends. It may be foolish and expensive amusement, and the company may not be fit for the father of children, but it is better than such a display of evil temper, rudeness, and cruelty.

Mr. N. (*going*). I'm a demon, no doubt—so don't wait dinner for me. In fact, I'd better say I'll get a chop in the City.

Mrs. N. No, Henry, do not utter a deliberate falsehood. I will not wait dinner, that is enough.

Mr. N. Sweet creature—sweet temper—sweet tongue!

[*Exit, and is heard to quarrel in the hall with his Inverness cape, wrong gloves, unbrushed hat, and umbrella that won't open, and moreover to launch a passing reproach at the boy for dawdling, and to repeat his direction to the cabman angrily, because that deaf fiend had the insolence to answer, "Sir?" to the first. Then MR. NAGGLETON disappears until a little past*

ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT,

when he re-enters the room. MRS. NAGGLETON is reading ZIMMERMAN "On Solitude," and does not look up at his entrance.

Mr. N. (*with some natural and some acquired cheerfulness*). Well, my dear, and how are you by this time?

Mrs. N. This time? Just midnight. Oh, I am very well. (*Closes her book.*)

Mr. N. Nay, only just eleven.

Mrs. N. I presume you do not wish to sit up?

Mr. N. Well, just ten minutes, and let me have a glass of something or other, and I'll tell you a bit of fun.

Mrs. N. I am not in a state of mind for what you consider fun. [*Rings.*]

Mr. N. Come, don't bear malice. I know I went out a little fluffy, for I had had a bad night, and something to bother me, but I didn't mean to be unkind.

Enter SARAH.

Mrs. N. Your master wishes you to bring him the tray, a tumbler, hot and cold water, a tea-spoon, and the spirits. I suppose that the kitchen fire is out. In that case you must re-light it.

Mr. N. Never mind. Cold water will do.

Mrs. N. (*sternly*). Hot and cold water. [*Exit SARAH.*]

Mr. N. Oh, don't have the fire lighted.

Mrs. N. I was abused this morning for not keeping my servants to their work. I will give no cause for a repetition of the reproach.

Mr. N. Reproach! Lord, Maria, how you bottle up a hasty word. Ar'n't we husband and wife? Forget and forgive—we've no time for quarrels in this world. I always do. Here's something for you. [*Tosses nine bright sovereigns into her lap.*]

Mrs. N. (*taking them up and placing them at some distance from her on the table*). Is that on account of the house-money?

Mr. N. No, no, that's a hextra, as the child says. That's all

for yourself, to make ducks and drakes with, if you like to be orni-orni-thological.

[*Mrs. N. looks at him fixedly for a moment, and sighs deeply.*

Enter SARAH, with tray, and exit.

Mrs. N. Pray be careful with the glass jug. You had better let me mix it. Please don't spill it over the cloth! Ah! Take care of the tumbler.

Mr. N. That's the way to make a fellow nervous, M'm. But no such luck. There—(*completes the brew*)—as nice as pie, and twice as wholesome. Your health. May I mix a little for you?

Mrs. N. For me! (*sarcastically.*)

Mr. N. Do you good. But as you like. You might say thank you for nine sufferings, though. My winnings, Mrs. Naggleton, and here's long life to *Macaroni*, and to *Mr. Punch* for prophesying that *Mac.* would win.

Mrs. N. I beg to decline money which, as I infer, you have won by gambling, if indeed you won it at all, and it is not a sort of hush-money added to losses of which I know nothing.

Mr. N. Hush-money be blowed! I won it fairly and lawfully in a sweepstakes of nine, by drawing *Macaroni*, Mr. Naylor's horse, who, I inform you, M'm, is the Winner of the Derby, and, as I said, here's luck to him! It was a beautiful sight to see him win, and quite repaid me for a disagreeable journey. He won by only a head, and if *Lord Clifden* hadn't slipped, or changed legs at the last, you wouldn't have had those sovereigns.

Mrs. N. I repeat that I decline taking gambling-money. Do you wish to sit up longer?

Mr. N. Of course I do. I haven't done my groggums. Bet you nine to one you take the money.

Mrs. N. Pray leave your race-course slang outside the door. It is an affectation that is perfectly ridiculous in a man who does not know one horse from another.

Mr. N. Maria, you're an antiphotetic—no, you are not—you are an antipathetic woman. If you had a good genial nature you'd give me a kiss, or a box on the ear, which is all the same, and say, "I'm glad you've enjoyed yourself, my old dear, and thank you for thinking of me." That's the way to oil the wheels of domestic life, and make 'em work pleasantly. What good whisky this is. (*Sings, objectionably.*)

"The man that hath good whisky
And giveth his neighbour none,
He shan't have any of *my* whiskey
When *his* whiskey is done,
When *his* whiskey is done."

You'd join chorus if you were half-jolly. (*Sings.*)

"When his whiskey is done."

[*Slaps his knees, which is the American accompaniment to this delightful lyric.*]

Mrs. N. Pray, Henry, have some regard for our reputation, and don't let the neighbours think we keep a public-house.

Mr. N. (*insanely*). Ha! ha! I should like to keep a public-house very well, and I'd hang out the sign of the Good Woman, and it should be you; for you *are* a good woman at bottom, in spite of your little tempers. Your health!

Mrs. N. And so you meant to go to the Derby all the time. Of course you did. And why all that mean deceit and pretence of business, and annoyance?

Mr. N. Swear I didn't mean to go. But I got my work done, and some fellows came in and offered me a seat, and as —

Mrs. N. I desire to hear no more.

Mr. N. Yes, do, my dear, for it's as good as a play. In came old Snotchley, and Piggy Farmer——

Mrs. N. Henry! will you tell me, at midnight, in my own house, that Mr. Snotchley has been to the Derby with you?

Mr. N. Hasn't he? That's all. And came out as I never saw him before, as jolly as a sand-boy, only he was a trifle wetter. There's one of his sovereigns in that heap, M'm, the lightest, I dare say, if one's lighter than the others, but he paid it and lost it, and never made a wry face.

Mrs. N. You are deceiving me again, Henry.

Mr. N. Am I, by Jove? Put on your bonnet, it don't rain, and come round to his house and see. He's in no humour for bed, and we'll finish the evening there.

Mrs. N. You must be mad.

Mr. N. Not a bit. Put on your bonnet. Or if you don't, I'll just take up this money which you scorn, and I'll go down to the Club and take nine chances for the Oaks.

Mrs. N. (*snatching at the money with a good bit of womanly eagerness and a natural laugh*). I'm blessed if you shall. (*Secures the sovereigns in a little pocket.*) There, now, go to bed. You shan't make any more, I declare you shan't. Go upstairs. I'll see to the things being put away. Walk straight now—the servant will see you—(*rings*)—Henry! Don't!

[*What that last exclamation referred to shall never be divulged in this world, but MR. NAGGLETON accepts the truce, and goes upstairs singing "The man that hath good whisky."*]

(*By permission of MESSRS. BRADBURY & EVANS.*)

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

It chanced one day, so I've been told
(The story is not very old),
As Will and Tom, two servants able,
Were waiting at their master's table,
Tom brought a fine fat turkey in,
The sumptuous dinner to begin :
Then Will appeared—superbly cooked,
A tongue upon the platter smoked ;
When, O ! sad fate ! he struck the door,
And tumbled flat upon the floor ;
The servants stared, the guests looked down,
When quick uprising with a frown,
The master cried, " Sirra ! I say
Begone, nor wait a single day,
You stupid cur ! you've spoiled the feast,
How can another tongue be dressed ? "
While thus the master stormed and roared,
Will, who with wit was somewhat stored
(For he by no means was a fool—
Some Latin, too, he'd learned at school),
Said (thinking he might change disgrace
For laughter, and thus save his place),
" O ! call me not a stupid cur,
'Twas but a *lapsus lingue*, sir."
" A *lapsus lingue* ? " one guest cries,
" A pun ! " another straight replies.
The joke was caught—the laugh went round,
Nor could a serious face be found.
The master, when the uproar ceased,
Finding his guests were all well pleased,
Forgave the servant's slippery feet,
And quick revoked his former threat.
Now Tom had all this time stood still,
And heard the applause bestowed on Will ;
Delighted he had seen the fun
Of what his comrade late had done,
And thought, should he but do the same,
An equal share of praise he'd claim,
As soon as told the meat to fetch in,
Bolted like lightning to the kitchen,

And seizing there a leg of lamb
(I am not certain, perhaps 'twas ham,
No matter which), without delay
Off to the parlour marched away,
And stumbling as he turned him round,
Twirled joint and dish upon the ground.
For this my lord was ill-prepared ;
Again the astonished servants stared.
Tom grinned—but seeing no one stir,
“ Another *lapsus linguæ*, sir ! ”
Loud he exclaimed. No laugh was raised,
No “ clever fellow’s ” wit was praised.
Confounded, yet not knowing why
His wit could not one laugh supply,
And fearing lest he had mistook
The words, again thus loudly spoke
(Thinking again it might be tried) :
“ ’Twas but a *lapse linguis*,” cried.
My lord, who long had quiet sat,
Now clearly saw what he was at.
In wrath this warning now he gave—
“ When next thou triest, unlettered knave,
To give as thine another’s wit,
Mind well thou knowest what’s meant by it ;
Nor let a *lapsus linguæ* slip
From out thy pert assuming lip,
Till well thou knowest thy stolen song,
Nor think a leg of lamb a tongue,”
He said—and quickly from the floor
Straight kicked him through the unlucky door.

MORAL.

Let each pert coxcomb learn from this,
True wit will never come amiss !
But should a borrowed phrase appear,
Derision’s always in the rear.



SIR PERTINAX MACSYCOPHANT ON THE ART OF BOWING.

BY CHARLES MACKLIN.

IN one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar. Why you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune; and how do you think I raised it?

By booing (*bows ridiculously low*)—by booing. Sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

By—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature.

I'll give a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

Sit ye down then, sit you down here. And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts that your grandfather was a mon whose penurious income of captain's half pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic and a short system of worldly counsel; the principal ingredients of which were a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

Now, sir, with these materials, I set out a raw-boned strip-ling fra the North, to try my fortune with them here in the South, and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house here, in the city of London.

Weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply: I cast about my thoughts morning, noon and night, and marked every mon and every mode of prosperity; at last, I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition: and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit beauty is, generally, a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity. I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a

consumptive, toothless, phthisicy, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity; in short, ainything, ainything that had the siller—the siller, for that, sir, was the north star of my affections.

Noo where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller? I ganged till the kirk, till the ana-baptist, the independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings: till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love feasts of the methodists; and there, sir, at last, I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha! ha! ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite—ha, ha, ha!

Weel, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly, morning and evening. And as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! guid traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week; married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month; touched the siller; and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again; (*rises*) and this, sir, was the first boo, that is, the first effectual boo, I ever made to the vanity of human nature.

My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school, by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my vary next step was into Parliament; the which I entered with as ardent and determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I boomed, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of his confidence; and then, sir, I wriggled and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them. Ha! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the political bonuses; till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one-half of the golden calves I had been so long a-booming to: and was nae that booming to some purpose?

DOW'S FLAT.—1856.

BY ERET HARTE.

Dow's Flat. That's its name,
 And I reckon that you
 Are a stranger? The same?
 Well, I thought it was true,
 For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place at first
 view.

It was called after Dow, —
 Which the same was an ass,—
 And as to the how
 That the thing came to pass,—
 Just tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here in
 the grass :

You see this yer Dow
 He'd the worst kind of luck ;
 He slipped up somehow
 On each thing thet he struck.
 Why, ef he'd ha' straddled thet fence-rail, the derned thing 'ed
 get up and buck.

He mined on the bar
 Till he couldn't pay rates ;
 He was smashed by a car
 When he tunnelled with Bates ;
 And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five kids
 from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough ;
 But the boys they stood by,
 And they brought him the stuff
 For a house on the sly ;
 And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on when
 no one was nigh.

But this yer luck o' Dow's
 Was so powerful mean
 That the spring near his house
 Dried right upon the green ;
 And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to be
 seen.

Then the bar petered out,
 And the boys wouldn't stay;
 And the chills got about,
 And his wife fell away;
 But Dow, in his well, kept a-peggin' in his usual ridicilous
 way.

One day,—it was June,
 And a year ago, jest,—
 This Dow kem at noon
 To his work, like the rest,
 With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a Derringer hid in
 his breast.

He goes to the well,
 And he stands on the brink,
 And stops for a spell,
 Just to listen and think;
 For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir), you see, kinder
 made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
 In the gulch were at play,
 And a gownd that was Sal's
 Kinder flapped on the bay;
 Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've heerd
 the folks say.

And,—that's a pert hoss
 Thet you've got, ain't it now?
 What might be her cost?
 Eh? O!—Well, then, Dow,—
 Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that day,
 anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
 Sorter caved in the side,
 And he looked and turned sick,
 Then he trembled and cried.
 For you see the dern cuss hed struck—"Water?"—beg your
 parding, young man, there you lied.

It was *gold*, in the quartz,
 And it ran all alike;
 And I reckon five oughts
 Was the worth of that strike;
 And that house with the coopilow's his'n—which the same isn't
 bad for a Pike,

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;
 And the thing of it is
 That he kinder got that
 Through sheer contrairiness;
 For 'twas *water* the derved cuss was seekin', and his luck made
 him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way
 To the left of yon tree;
 But—a—look h'yur, say!
 Won't you come up to tea?
 No? Well, then, the next time you're passin'; and ask after
 Dow,—and thet's *me*.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE;

Or, Plain Language from Truthful James.

BY BRET HARTE.

WHICH I wish to remark,—
 And my language is plain,—
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
 Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
 And I shall not deny
 In regard to the same
 What that name might imply,
 But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
 As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
 And quite soft was the skies;
 Which it might be inferred
 That Ah Sin was likewise;
 Yet he played it that day upon William
 And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand :
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand ;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me ;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, " Can this be ?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour,"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game he " did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

SAINT MONDAY.

A Day at Hampton Court.

BY ARTHUR LOCKER.

"SINCE week after week we have toiled in the City,
Next Monday at ten, if the morning is fair,
Let us meet at the Waterloo Station, dear Kitty,
And worship Saint Monday in fresh country air."

Monday's sky was a picture—I counted upon it
In the ocean of blue a few islands of white;
King Sun, I am sure, thought of Kitty's new bonnet,
And warned all the rain-clouds to keep out of sight.

I dressed in my best, and went down to the Garden—
That famed Covent Garden, where nuns long ago,
Lest their feelings, for lack of real lovers, should harden,
Made roses, and pansies, and lilies, their beaux.

The nuns have departed, but flowers still abound there,
And fruits of all climates, the choicest and best:
A basket of strawberries for Kitty I found there;
I pulled a blush-rose to be pinned at her breast.

How sweetly she smiled as I entered the station!
How softly she chid me because I was late!
I glanced round the platform with some exultation,
For I saw not a girl to compare to my Kate.

We did not make love in the train, for our carriage
Was full, and my Kitty is shy of display;
So we sat like a pair after ten years of marriage,
Inhaling the breath of the newly-mown hay.

Arrived at the Palace, we looked at the pictures
Of warriors who frown, and of ladies who charm.
How patiently Kate heard my critical strictures!
How happy I felt as she leant on my arm!

We praised the Court beauties of Lely and Kneller;
"But yon carved oaken frame, which hangs low on the wall,
Contains, dearest Kate," so I ventured to tell her,
"By far the most beautiful portrait of all,"

"'Tis only a mirror," she answered. "No, really,
 Dear Kitty, a picture has come into view—
 Such a pretty young lady! Can she be by Lely?
 My darling, I vow 'tis exactly like you!"

Kate coloured, then laughed, then began to chastise me
 With her parasol-tip, as if I was to blame:
 I glanced round, and as no one was near to surprise me,
 I kissed her in front of that old oaken frame.

Our sight-seeing done, we were tempted to linger
 Beneath an old yew, on the smooth-shaven lawn:
 Kate dealt out our fruit, till each dear little finger
 Was rosily tipped, like Aurora's at dawn.

Then I read in our guide-book of Wolsey and Harry,
 Of Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr,
 And, methought, had bluff Hal had the rare luck to marry
 My Kitty, he couldn't have ventured so far.

We finished our day with a row on the water,
 I pressed Kate to steer, and in each little hand
 Put a tiller-rope—then, as I carefully taught her,
 She timidly gave me the word of command.

Then I grew sentimental, and said, "If this river,
 Instead of the Thames, were the dark stream of Fate,
 Contented I'd row on for ever and ever
 With just such a dear little coxswain as Kate."

We were loth to return, but the sun was descending,
 And Kitty's mamma would be wanting her tea;
 "Pleasures never seem sweeter than just as they're ending."
 The same thought occurred both to Kitty and me.

And how kind was the guard, who contrived to discover—
 I think the good soul had a love of his own—
 That I stood towards Kate in the light of a lover,
 And gave us a box, by ourselves, all alone.

Of all folks that evening, he did us the best turn—
 Perhaps he was Cupid, in charge of the train—
 If so, for our next trip we'll choose the South-Western,
 And worship Saint Monday at Hampton again,

“MEDIO DE FONTE LEPORUM SURGIT AMARI
ALIQUID.”—LUCRETIVS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

WE walk'd about at Hampton Court,
Alone in sunny weather,
And talk'd—half earnest and half sport,
Link'd arm-in-arm together.

I press'd her hand upon the steps,
Its warmest light the sky lent.
She sought the shade : I sought her lips :
We kiss'd : and then were silent.

Clare thought, no doubt, of many things
Besides the kiss I stole there ;—
The sun, and sunny founts in rings,
The bliss of soul with soul there.

The bonnet, fresh from France, she wore,
My praise of how she wore it,
The arms above the carven door,
The orange-trees before it ;—

But I could only think, as, mute
I watch'd her happy smile there,
With rising pain, of this tight boot,
That pinch'd me all the while there.



WOODEN LEGS.

BY W. B. RANDS.

Two children sat in the twilight,
Murmuring soft and low :
Said one, “ I’ll be a sailor lad,
With my boat ahoy ! yo ho !
For sailors are most lov’d of all,
In every happy home ;
And tears of grief or gladness fall
Just as they go or come.”

But the other child said sadly,
 "Ah! do not go to sea,
 Or in the dreary winter night
 What will become of me?
 For if the wind began to blow,
 Or thunder shook the sky,
 Whilst you were in the boat, yo ho!
 What could I do but cry?"

Then he said, "I'll be a soldier,
 With a delightful gun,
 And I'll come home with a wooden leg,
 As heroes oft have done."
 She screams at that, and prays and begs,
 While tears, half anger, start,
 "Don't talk about your wooden legs,
 Unless you'd break my heart!"

He answer'd rather proudly,
 "If so, what *can* I be,
 If I must not have a wooden leg,
 And must not go to sea?
 How could the Queen sleep sound at night,
 Safe from the scum and dregs,
 If English boys refused to fight,
 For fear of wooden legs?"

She hung her head repenting
 And trying to be good,
 But her little hand stroked tenderly
 The leg of flesh and blood!
 And with her rosy mouth she kiss'd
 The knickerbocker'd knee,
 And sigh'd, "Perhaps, if you wish it,
 "You'd *better* go to sea!"

Then he flung his arms around her,
 And laughingly he spoke,
 "But I've seen many honest tars
 With legs of British oak!
 Oh, darling, when I am a man,
 With beard of shining black,
 I'll be a *hero* if I can,
 You must not hold me back."

She kiss'd him as she answered,
 "I'll try what I can do;
 And Wellington had *both* his legs,
 And Cœur-de-Lion too!

And Garibaldi," here she sigh'd,
 For he was lame, "but there,
 He was a hero; none beside
 Like *him* could do and dare."

So the children talk'd in the twilight,
 Of many a setting sun,
 And she'd stroke his chin, and clap her hands,
 That the beard had not begun;
 For though she meant to be brave and good,
 When he play'd a hero's part,
 Yet often the thought of a leg of wood
 Lay heavy on her heart!



HAPPY THOUGHTS.—HUNTING.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

So, this is the horse from Brett's stables in the village, which they talked about last night. I shouldn't have had it, if Mr. Parsons, who always rides it with the Harriers, "hadn't come rather a nasty cropper" at Deepford Mill, and won't be able to go out again for a fortnight. The groom thinks I'm in luck. Hope so. It was off this horse that poor Parsons "came a nasty cropper." Miss Pelling, on the door-step, says, "What a pretty creature!" and observes that she always heard chestnuts are so fiery. I return, "Indeed!" carelessly, as if I possessed Mr. Rarey's secret. The whole-uncle (from a window) suggests that "perhaps you'd rather have a *roast* chestnut." People laugh. Groom laughs. At me.

Milburd wants to know if I'm going to be all day. Fridoline's horse is restive; the other two are restive. I wish they weren't. Mine wants to be restive: if he goes on suddenly, I go off.

Happy Thought.—If I *do* come a nasty cropper like Parsons, I hope I shall do it alone, or before strangers only.

Happy Thought.—The mane.

I like being comfortable before I start. Stop one minute. One hole higher up on the right. "Aren't those girths rather loose?" The groom sees it for the first time. He begins tightening them. Horse doesn't like it. "Woo! poor fellow! good old man, I mean good old woman, then." Horse puts

back its ears and tries to make himself into a sort of arch. I don't know what happens when a horse puts back its ears.

Happy Thought.—Ask Milburd.

He answers "Kicks." Ah! I know what happens if he kicks. That would be the time for the nasty cropper. This expression will hang about my memory. "All right now?" Quite. Still wrong about the stirrups: one dangling, the other lifting my knee up; but won't say anything more, or Fridoline may think me a nuisance.

Two reins. Groom says, "She goes easy on the snaffle. Pulls a little at first; but you needn't hold her." I shall though. Trotting, I am told, is her "great pace." The reins are confused. One ought to be white, the other black, to distinguish them. Forget which fingers you put them in. Mustn't let the groom see this.

Happy Thought.—Take 'em up carelessly, anyhow. Watch Byng.

We are walking. My horse very quiet. Footman runs after me. Idiot, to come up abruptly; enough to frighten any horse. If you're not on your guard, you come off so easily. "Here's a whip." "Oh, thank you." Right hand for whip, and left for reins, like Byng? Or, left hand for whip and right for reins, like Milburd? Or, both in one hand, like Fridoline? Walking gently. As we go along Milburd points out nice little fences, which "your beast would hop over."—Yes, by herself.

Happy Thought.—Like riding. Fresh air exhilarating. Shall buy a horse. *N.B.*—Shall buy a horse which will walk as fast as other horses; not jog. Irritating to jog. If I check him, he jerks his head, and hops. Fridoline calls him "showy." Wonder if, to a spectator, I'm showy! Passing by a village grocer's.

Happy Thought.—See myself in the window. Not bad; but hardly "showy." Gaiters effective.

Happy Thought.—If I stay long here, buy a saddle and stirrups my own length. My weight, when he jogs, is too much on one stirrup.

Fridoline asks, "Isn't this delightful?" I say, "Charming." Milburd talks of riding as a science. He says, "The great thing in leaping is to keep your equilibrium."

Happy Thought.—The pummel.

"Shall we trot on?" If we don't push along, Byng says, we shall never reach Pounder's Barrow, where the Harriers meet. As it is, we shall probably be too late.

Happy Thought.—Plenty of time. Needn't go too fast. Tire the horses.

My left gaiter has come undone. The spring is weak. I

can't get at it. My horse never will go the same pace as the others. The groom said his great pace was trotting. He is trotting, and it is a great pace; not so much for speed, as for height. He trots as if all his joints were loose. His tail appears to be a little loose in the socket, and keeps whisking round and round, judging from the sound. I go up and down, and from side to side.

Happy Thought.—Are people ever sea-sick from riding?

No scientific riding here! Can't get my equilibrium. Ought to have had a string for my hat. Cram it on. I think, from the horse's habit of looking back sideways, that he's seen the loose gaiter, and it has frightened him. He breaks into a gallop. It feels as if he was always stumping on one leg. He changes his leg, which unsettles me. He changes his legs every minute. Wish I could change mine for a pair of strong ones in comfortable boots and breeches. Thank Heaven, I didn't have spurs! Hope I shan't drop my whip. This gaiter will bring me off, sooner or later, I know it will.

End of the lane. The three in front. I wish they'd stop. Mine would stop then. We trot again—suddenly. Painful.

Happy Thought.—"Let's look at the view."

Byng cries, "Hang the view!—here's a beautiful bit of turf for a canter." We break (my horse and I) into a canter. He breaks into the canter sooner than I do, as I've not quite finished my trot. I wish it was a military saddle, with bags before and behind. A soldier can't come off. If the gaiter goes at the other spring, I shall lose it altogether. Horse pulls; wants to pass them all. Hat getting loose; gaiter flapping.

Happy Thought.—Squash my hat down anyhow, tight.

The fresh air catches my nose. I feel as if I'd a violent cold. There's no comfort in riding at other people's pace. I wish they'd stop. It's very unkind of them. They might as well. I should stop for them. What a beast this is for pulling! I can't make him feel.

Happy Thought.—If I ride again, have a short coat made, without tails.

Everything about me seems to be flapping in the wind; like a scarecrow.

Happy Thought.—End of canter. Thank heavens! he (or she) stops when the others stop.

Fridoline looks round, and laughs. She is in high spirits. In an attempt to wave my whip to her with my right hand, I nearly come that nasty cropper on the left side. Righted myself by the mane quietly. What would a horse be without a mane?

Happy Thought.—The hard road. Walk. Fasten my gaiter. Tear it at the top by trying the spring excitedly.

Before talking to her I settle my hat and tie; also manage my pocket-handkerchief. Feel that I've got a red nose, and don't look as "showy" as I did. On the common we fall in with the Harriers, and men on horseback, in green coats.

Byng knows several people, and introduces them to Miss Fridoline. He doesn't introduce me to anyone. We pass through a gate, into a ploughed field. The dogs are scenting, or something. I see a rabbit. If I recollect rightly, one ought to cry out "Holloa!" or "Gone away!" or "Yoicks!" If I do, we shall be all galloping about, and hunting.

Happy Thought.—Better not say anything about it. It's the dogs' business.

The dogs find something. Everyone begins cantering. Just as I am settling my hat, and putting my handkerchief into my pocket, my horse breaks into a canter. Spring of gaiter out again. It is a long field, and I see we are all getting towards a hedge. The dogs disappear. Green coat men disappear over the hedge. I suddenly think of poor Parsons and the nasty cropper.

Happy Thought.—Stop my horse: violently.

Our heads meet. Hat nearly off. Everybody jumps the hedge. Perhaps my horse won't do it. If I only had spurs, I might take him at it. Some one gets a fall. He's on his own horse. If he falls, I shall. He didn't hurt himself.

Happy Thought.—You *can* fall and not hurt yourself. I thought you always broke your neck, or a leg.

Happy Thought.—Any gap?

None. Old gentleman, on a heavy grey, says, "No good going after them. I know the country." Take his advice. If I lose the sport, blame him.

Happy Thought.—Hares double: therefore (logically) the hare will come back.

Happy Thought.—Stop in the field.

Try to fasten gaiter: tear it more. Trot round quietly. I'm getting well into my seat now. Shouldn't mind taking him at the hedge. Too late, as they'll be back directly. They come back: the hare first. I see him and cut at him with my whip. Old gentleman very angry. I try to laugh it off. With the dogs I ride through the gate. Capital fun. The hare is caught in a ditch by the roadside. Old gentleman still angry. I am told afterwards that he's one of the old school of sportsmen, who, I suppose, don't cut at hares with a whip.

Happy Thought.—I am in at the death. Say "Tally ho!" to myself.

Happy Thought.—Ask for the brush. If I get it, present it to Fridoline.

Milburd laughs, and says he supposes I want a hair-brush.

After looking about for another hare for half an hour, my blood is not so much up as it was. We are "Away" again. The hare makes for the hill. We are galloping. I wish I'd had my stirrups put right before I started. A shirt button has broken, and I feel my collar rucking up; my tie working round, I cram my hat on again. There's something hard projecting out of the saddle that hurts my knees. Woa! He *does* pull. I think we've leapt something; a ditch. If so, I can ride better than I thought. What pleasure can a horse have in following the hounds at this pace? Woa, woa! My stirrup-straps are flying; my gaiters on both sides have come undone; my breeches pinch my knees, my hat wants cramming on again. In doing this I drop a rein. I clutch at it. I feel I'm pulling the martingale. Stop for a minute; I am so tired. No one will stop.

Happy Thought (at full gallop).—"You Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, how little do you think upon" the dangers of this infernal hunting.

Up a hill at a rush. Down a hill. Wind rushing at me. It makes me gasp like going into a cold bath. Think my shirt-collar has come undone on one side.

Happy Thought (which flashes across me).—*Mazeppa.* "Again he urges on his wild career!" *Mazeppa* was tied on, though: I'm not.

I shall lose these gaiters, I know I shall. Down a hill. Up a hill slowly. The horse is walking, apparently, right out of his saddle. Will he miss me?

Happy Thought.—I shall come off over his tail. Try it. I do. Hooray!

(By permission of the Author.)



"MANNERS MAKYTH MAN."

WHEN I was young I used to hear
That "manners makyth man";
Now travel far, and travel near,
Find manners if you can.

We're all in such a hurry now,
For business or for place,
Not one has time to make a bow,
Or greet a friendly face.

But now, alas! we hold most dear
Our comfort and our ease.
To snatch, to push, to rush, to jeer,
Was thought beneath the ban;
For man still said, what man should hear,
That "manners makyth man."

We're catching trains and sending grains,
And fussing all day long.
We teach our little School Board lambs
That they can do no wrong.
I saw one knock an old man down,
As playfully it ran;
And no one thought it right to frown
That "manners makyth man."

The Differential Calculus
Is interesting, no doubt;
But what is to become of us
Who lived so long without?
I'd rather be a pleasant fool
Than crush into the van;
I learnt in my old simple school
That "manners makyth man."

When I was young we used to greet
The rich as well as poor,
Rejoicing young and old to meet
Around the old church door;
But now—we toss our heads and sneer,
Push in—as best we can;
For no one cares one jot to hear
That "manners makyth man."

When I was young, with loving smiles,
We heard the aged talk;
Now "Buffers," "Duffers," and "Old Files,"
Are pushed out of the walk.
They're useful when they pay a debt,
And help us when they can.
O! youths and maidens, why forget
That "manners makyth man."

O! for the ancient "gentillesse"
 Of days long, long ago;
 O! for the old-world courtliness,
 So sweet to high and low;
 O! for the grand old reverence
 That honours all it can;
 Displaying, in the truest sense,
 That "manners makyth man."

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

THERE is a law in Kentucky popularly known as the "Jim Crow Coach Law." By this Act coloured citizens and plain, or white, citizens must not occupy the same compartment in any coach on any line of railway within the State. In April, 1896, a white man, being a sheriff, had to escort three coloured convicts to a penitentiary. The sheriff and his charges boarded a train, and were seated in the "Jim Crow" compartment. In that compartment were a dozen Afro-Americans, blameless before the law. They objected to the presence of a white man in their compartment.

"The Sep'rate Coach Act say no white man shall ride in any co'partmen' reserved for cullud citizens," said a black preacher.

"Ain't no queshtion 'bout dat," assented a yellow book-agent.

The conductor was called, and a committee of three expounded the law, and insisted upon the rights thereby secured to coloured citizens. The sheriff argued from the executive exigencies of the occasion.

"I ain't a-goin' to leave them prisoners out o' my sight," he said.

But the conductor, the supreme authority upon a train *in transitu*, decided that the sheriff must get out of the "Jim Crow" compartment; but he might take his three prisoners with him, if he chose, which he did choose. In the smoker, a white folks' compartment, the appearance of the three negro criminals aroused angry feelings.

"Here, captain," shouted a tobacco-cropper, "we can't have no niggers in this compartment."

The sheriff rose to make an explanation.

"Gentlemen, I've got to take these here coloured convicts to

Eddyville. Now, if I can't go in the Jim Crow because I'm white, and the prisoners can't stay in heer, bein' niggers, I want you, gentlemen, to tell me how in thunder I'm to deliver my prisoners 'co'din' to my instructions?"

"Git out and walk," was the unanimous verdict, expressed vociferously, and without a second's hesitation.

Meanwhile the train had gone a matter of ten miles from its starting point. Nevertheless, the sheriff and his prisoners had to get off at a small wayside station, where the pried combination waited some hours before a freight train came along and hospitably received them into its caboose.—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

THE world's a stage, and men have seven ages—
So Shakespeare writes (king of dramatic sages!).
But he forgot to tell you in his plan
That woman plays her part as well as man.

First, how the infant heart with triumph swells,
When the red coral shakes its silver bells!
She, like young statesmen, when the rattle rings,
Leaps at the sound, and struts in leading-strings.

Next, little miss, in pinafore so prim,
With nurse so noisy, and mamma so trim;
Eager to tell you all she has learned to utter,
Lisps, as she grasps the allotted bread-and-butter:
Type of her sex, who, though no longer young,
Holds everything with ease except her tongue!
A schoolgirl, then, she curls her hair in papers,
And mimics father's gout and mother's vapours,
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows.
"Betty," she cries, "it comes into my head,
Old maids grow cross because their cats are dead:
My governess has been in such a fuss
About the death of her old tabby puss!
She wears black stockings! Ha! ha! what a pother
'Cause one old cat's in mourning for another!"
The child of nature, free from pride and pomp,
And sure to please, though nothing but a romp.

Next, riper miss, who, nature more disclosing,
Now finds some tracts of art are interposing
And with blue laughing eyes behind the fan,
First acts her part with that great actor—man.

Behold her now—an ogling, vain coquette,
Catching male gudgeons in her silver net;
All things reversed—the neck cropped close and bare,
Scarce feels the incumbrance of a single hair,
Whilst the thick forehead tresses, frizzled full,
Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull.

Then comes that sober character—the wife,
With all the dear distracting cares of life;
A thousand cards a thousand joys extend,
For what may not upon a card depend?
Now she'll snatch half a glance at opera, ball,
A meteor traced by none, though seen by all;
Till spousy finds, while anxious to immure her,
A patent coffin only can secure her.

At last the dowager in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles, she folly trounces,
And moralizing, thus the age denounces:
“How bold and forward each young flirt appears!
Courtship, in my time, lasted seven long years;
Now seven little months suffice, of course,
For courting, marrying, scolding, and divorce;
What with their trussed-up shapes and pantaloons,
Dress occupies the whole of honeymoons.
They say we have no souls; but what more odd is,
Nor man nor woman now have any bodies!
When I was young, my heart was always tender,
And would to every spouse I had surrender;
Their wishes to refuse I never durst,
And my fourth died as happy as my first!”

Truce to such splenetic and rash designs,
And let us mingle candour with our lines.
In all the stages of domestic life—
As child or sister, parent, friend, or wife—
Woman, the source of every fond employ,
Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
What is your boast, male rulers of the land?
How cold and cheerless all you can command!

Vain your ambition, vain your wealth and power,
 Unless kind woman share the raptured hour ;
 Unless, 'midst all the glare of pageant art,
 She adds her smile, and triumphs in your heart !



THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

I'm a broken-hearted Deutscher,
 Vot's villed mit grief und shame.
 I dells you vot der drouple ish :
I doosn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh ?
 Ven you der schtory hear,
 You vill not vonder den so mooch,
 It vas so schtrange und queer.

Mine moder had dwo leedle twins ;
 Dey vas me und mine broder ;
 Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
 No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys was "Yawcob,"
 Und "Hans" der oder's name :
 But den it made no tifferent,
 Ve both got called der same.

Tell ; von off us got tead—
 Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so !
 But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
 Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I am in drouples :
 I gan't kit droo mine hed,
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing,
Or Yawcob vot is tead !

BALLAD OF THE BUCKET AND THE SPADE.

BY J. M. BULLOCH.

THERE are niggers on the sands,
Punch and Judys, German bands,
 There are beauties on the giddy sea-parade ;
But there's none, it seems to me,
Half so happy by the sea,
 As the maiden with the bucket and the spade.

She can build such lovely forts,
With their battlements and ports.
 Though you never hear a roaring cannonade ;
And an engineer might flout
At the moats round each redoubt,
 But they're marvels for a bucket and a spade.

She makes harbours, piers, and docks,
And canals with tiny locks—
 Where a ship could never venture, I'm afraid ;
And embankments, streets and towers,
Will engross the maid for hours,
 For she glories in her bucket and her spade.

What she raises up by day
In the night is swept away,
 Yet the busy builder never is dismayed ;
On the morrow, as before,
You will find her on the shore,
 Quite happy with her bucket and her spade.

She may weary of her hoop
And the noisy nigger troupe,
 Her pleasure in her picture-books may fade ;
But she's happy all day long
As she hums the little song
 Of the ballad of the bucket and the spade.

(By permission of the Author.)

MODERN LOGIC ; OR, THE CHESTNUT HORSE.

AN Eton stripling, training for the law,
 A dunce at syntax, but a dab at law,
 One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
 His cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf,
 With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
 To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
 Arrived, and pass'd the usual "How-d'ye-do's,"
 Inquiries of old friends, and college news.
 "Well, Tom—the road, what saw you worth discerning,
 And how goes study, boy—what is't your learning?"
 "O, logic, sir—but not the worn-out rules
 Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
 'Tis wit and wranglers' logic—thus, d'ye see,
 I'll prove to you, as clear as A, B, C,
 That an eel-pie's a pigeon; to deny it,
 Were to swear black's white."—"Indeed!"—"Let's try it.
 An eel-pie is a pie of fish."—"Well—agreed."
 "A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie."—"Proceed."
 "A Jack-pie must be a John-pie—Thus, 'tis done,
 For every John-pie is pi-ge-on!"
 "Bravo!" Sir Peter cries, "Logic for ever!
 It beats my grandmother—and she was clever.
 But zounds, my boy—it surely would be hard
 That wit and learning should have no reward!
 To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
 And then I'll give you!"—"What?"—"My chestnut horse."
 "A horse!" cries Tom, "blood, pedigree, and paces,
 O, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"
 He went to bed and wept for downright sorrow
 To think the night must pass before the morrow;
 Dream'd of his boots, caps, spurs, and leather breeches;
 Of leaping five-barr'd gates, and crossing ditches;
 Left his warm bed an hour before the lark,
 Dragg'd his old uncle fasting through the park.
 Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross,
 To find out something like a chestnut horse;
 But no such animal the meadows cropp'd.
 At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopp'd,
 Took a bough—shook it—and down fell
 A fine horse-chestnut in its prickly shell.

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

"There, Tom—take that."—"Well, sir, and what beside?"

"Why, since you're booted—saddle it and ride!"

"Ride what? A chestnut!"—"Ay, come get across.

I tell you, Tom, the chestnut is a horse,

And all the horse you'll get—for I can show,

As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—

Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules

Of Locke and Bacon, addle-headed fools,

All logic but the wranglers' I disown,

And stick to one sound argument—*your own*.

Since you have proved to me, I don't deny

That a pie-John is the same as a John-pie!

What follows, then, but as a thing of course,

That a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse?"

LOVE IN A BALLOON.

BY THEYRE SMITH.

"SOME time ago I was staying with Sir George P——, P—— House, P——shire. Great numbers of people were there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting—everything, in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to whom the epithet 'stunning' applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus.

"Ah! she was a stunner; you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife,

“‘Don’t be a fool!’ she said. ‘Now drop it, do! and put me a fresh worm on.’

“‘O Fanny!’ I exclaimed, ‘don’t talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say——’

“‘I tell you what it is now,’ she replied, angrily, ‘if you don’t drop it I’ll pitch you out of the boat.’

“Gentlemen, I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honour, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. ‘Jenkyns!’ said I to myself, ‘Revenge! revenge!’ I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Pulled to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbour, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. ‘Jenkyns!’ said I, ‘Revenge!’ The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon; and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

“‘Am I to lose my air expedition?’ she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car. ‘Someone understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom! you understand it, don’t you?’

“‘Perfectly!’

“‘Come along, then!’ she cried, ‘be quick; before papa comes back.’

“The company in general endeavoured to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said:

“‘How jolly!’

“We were higher than the highest trees and she smiled, and

said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

"‘I understand the going-up part,’ I answered; ‘to come down is not so easy,’ and whistled.

"‘What do you mean?’ she cried.

"‘Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard,’ I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"‘Don’t be foolish, Tom,’ she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"‘Foolish!’ I said. ‘Oh dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air, I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know,’ and over went another sandbag.

"‘Why, you’re mad, surely.’

"‘Only with love, my dear,’ I answered, smiling pleasantly; ‘only with love for you. O Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife.’

"‘I gave you an answer the other day,’ she replied; ‘one which I should have thought you would have remembered,’ she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"‘I remember it perfectly,’ I answered; ‘but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sandbags; I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sandbag—so, lady fair, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkins.’

"‘I won’t!’ she said; ‘I never will; and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus.’

"‘You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not, when you knocked me out of the boat? However, it’s no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?’

"‘Never!’ she answered; ‘I’ll go to Ursa Major first, though I’ve got a big enough bear, in all conscience.’

"She looked so pretty, that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkins was to his country); but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I’ve begun a thing I like to carry it through, so I threw over another sandbag, and whistled the *Dead March in Saul*.

"‘Come, Mr. Jenkins—come, Tom, let us descend now, and I’ll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.’

"I continued the execution of the *Dead March*.

"‘But if you do not begin the descent now, I’ll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.’

"I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said :

" 'Will you promise to give me your hand ?' "

" 'I've answered you already,' was the reply.

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the *Dead March* resounded through the car.

" 'I thought you were a gentleman,' said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath ; 'I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken ; why, a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness ?' "

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said :

" 'I command you to begin the descent this instant !' "

"The *Dead March*, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said :

" 'We are getting rather high ; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us we are trespassing. Will you promise me your hand ?' "

She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said :

" 'Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day ! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you.' "

" 'Not a wife ?' said I.

" 'I can't, I can't !' she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all ; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said :

" 'Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there.' "

"I took up the fifth bag.

" 'Come,' said I, 'my wife in life or my companion in death ! which is it to be ?' and I patted the sandbag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"Come, Fanny, give me your promise !' "

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

"I could hear her sobs. I'm the most soft-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying: 'Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the Chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command.' I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"'You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.'

"'With all your heart?' I asked, quickly.

"'With all my heart,' she answered, with the same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

"Gentlemen, will you believe it? When we reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart."

THE GREENGROCER'S REBUKE.*

WE gave a little dinner; and I own,

Led by a wish with style to stamp the *fête*,

Palmed off, as though a butler of our own,

A skilled Greengrocer we had in "to wait."—

I thought he seemed to sway beneath the fish—

And stagger with a half familiar smile;

* From *Punch*.

When, lo ! he fell, remarking blandly, "Thish
 All comes of tryin' to do the thing in shtyle !"
 I thundered, "Leave the room !" He saw my fix,

And but retorted, "'Ere, you ain't a Duke !
 I'm not a-goin' without my three-and-six !"

Thus came on me that Greengrocer's Rebuke !

That banquet was our last. No more we "dined,"
 In, now and then, perchance a friend might drop ;
 It is our boast that he will ever find

At least the welcome of a homely chop.
 Some day, perhaps, when I have made my pile,
 And can from ostentatious show refrain,
 Without the Greengrocer to purchase "style,"

I possibly once more may entertain !
 And so,—I know not how it came about,
 But if by chance, it is a happy fluke
 That I at length without the slightest doubt
 Have lived to bless that Greengrocer's Rebuke !

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THE EIFFEL BONNET.

BY G. R. SIMS.

THAT awful Eiffel bonnet,
 It blotted out the scene
 And all the people on it
 Just like a giant screen :
 It was the sort of bonnet
 You couldn't see between.

The wearer of that bonnet
 Between two friends she sat,
 And swayed (and hence this sonnet)
 Now this way and now that,
 And bent her head and bonnet
 With either side to chat.

To left she moved her bonnet,
 I bent my head to right

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

The stage to look upon it ;
 But e'er I had a sight,
 Back came that Eiffel bonnet
 And blotted out the light.

O awful Eiffel bonnet
 That towers to the sky !
 If ladies still will don it
 'Twill happen by-and-by,
 "Down with that Eiffel bonnet !"
 Poor playgoers will cry.

To see a swaying bonnet
 We don't go to the play,
 'Tis not to gaze upon it
 Our ten-and-six we pay ;
 So d—— the Eiffel bonnet
 That damns the matinée !

(By permission of the Author.)

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty ;
 Dey had biano-blayin',
 I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
 Her name vas Madilda Yane.
 She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,
 Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
 Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
 Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 I vent dere you'll pe pound ;
 I valtzet mit Madilda Yane,
 Und vent shpinnen' round und round.
 De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
 She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
 Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
 Shè make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
 I dells you it cost him dear;
 Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
 Of foost-rate lager beer.
 Und vhenefor dey knocks de shpicket in
 De Deutschers gifes a cheer;
 I dinks dat so vine a barty
 Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
 Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
 Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
 Did make demselves to house;
 Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,
 De Bratwurst und Braten vine,
 Und vash der Abendessen down
 Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
 Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
 I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,
 Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs;
 Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
 Und she shlog me on de kop,
 Und de gompany vighted mit dapple-lecks
 Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
 Where ish dot barty now?
 Where ish de lofely golden cloud
 Dot float on de moundain's prow?
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
 De shtar of de shpirit's light?
 All gonèd afay mit de lager beer—
 Afay in de Ewigkeit.

ANYTHING YOU LIKE; OR, NOT PARTICULAR.

MR. HARRY FURNISS, having been asked by the Liberal and Radical Association to become the chairman of one of their wards, sent the following reply:—"Dear Sir,—I have just received your flattering communication asking me to become

the chairman of No. 2 Ward of the Liberal and Radical Association. It is the first time my name has ever been associated with party politics, and I am puzzled to know myself whether I am a Radical, a Tory, a Liberal, or a Liberal Unionist! I read *The Times* every morning and the *Star* and *Pall Mall Gazette* every evening. I read the sporting papers for their politics and the political papers for their literary and artistic notes. I work sixteen hours a day myself, and would agree to any law prohibiting others in my profession from working more than three hours. I am strongly opposed to Home Rule, as the disappearance of the Irish members (who are invaluable to me in my profession) from St. Stephen's would be a serious loss to me. I agree to paying members of Parliament, but would propose that they should be fined for non-attendance, and for the privilege of speaking too long, too often, or not often enough. These fines, in the majority of cases, would come to three times the amount of the member's income. I am not in favour of capital punishment, and would do away with all Judges and trials by jury, leaving the Press to fight out the criminal cases between themselves. I believe in free education, free libraries, and a free breakfast-table, and would propose that free bookstalls and free restaurants should be compulsory on all railways. I am strongly opposed to vivisection, and hold that the life of a rabbit is quite as valuable as that of a professor; at the same time I would not countenance any law making it a punishable offence to boil a lobster alive. I am a believer in hypnotism, thought-reading, and theosophy. (I have been a bit of an amateur conjurer myself.) Right of public meeting? Certainly. This should be a free country—every one do as he likes. Football in Hyde Park, and fairs in Trafalgar Square. Equal freedom for all processions—if Booth can stop the traffic, why not Sanger's menagerie? As to local option, by all means let all public-houses be closed. (I never enter one.) And all clubs too, so long as my own are not interfered with. I am not at present a member of any political club, but if you wish me to become one I will put up for the Reform, either as a fervent Gladstonian or a red-hot Unionist; I don't mind which, as neither have the slightest chance of getting in now. If, after considering these qualifications, you are of opinion that I would be the right man in the right place, I shall be most happy and willing to become your chairman.—Yours faithfully, HARRY FURNISS.

(By permission of the Author.)

LITTLE MAMMA.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

WHY is it the children don't love me
 As they do Mamma?
 That they put her ever above me—
 "Little Mamma"?
 I'm sure I do all that I can do.
 What more can a rather big man do,
 Who can't be Mamma—
 Little Mamma?

Any game that the tyrants suggest,
 "Logomachy"—which I detest,—
 Doll-babies, hop-scotch, or base-ball,
 I'm always on hand at the call.
 When Noah and the others embark,
 I'm the elephant saved in the ark.
 I creep, and I climb, and I crawl—
 By turn am the animals all.
 For the show on the stair
 I'm always the bear,
 The chimpanzee, or the kangaroo.
 It is never, "Mamma,—
Little Mamma,—
 Won't *you*!"

My umbrella's the pony if any—
 None ride on Mamma's parasol;
 I'm supposed to have always the penny
 For bon-bons, and beggars, and all.
 My room is the one where they clatter—
 Am I reading, or writing, what matter!
 My knee is the one for a trot,
 My foot is the stirrup for Dot.
 If his fractions get into a snarl
 Who straightens the tangles for Karl?
 Who bounds Massachusetts and Maine,
 And tries to "bound" flimsy old Spain?
 Why,
 It is *I*,
 Papa,—
 Not Little Mamma!

That the youngsters are ingrates don't say.
 I think they love me—in a way—
 As one does the old clock on the stair,—
 Any curious, cumbrous affair
 That my face has "prickles"—
 My moustache tickles.
 If storming their camp I seize a pert shaver,
 And take as a right what was asked as a favour,
 It is, "O, Papa,
 How horrid you are—
 You taste exactly like a cigar!"

But though the rebels protest and pout,
 And make a pretence of driving me out,
 I hold, after all, the main redoubt,—
 Not by force of arms nor the force of will,
 But the power of love, which is mightier still.
 And very deep in their hearts, I know,
 Under the saucy and petulant "Oh,"
 The doubtful "Yes," or the naughty "No,"
 They love Papa.

And down in the heart that no one sees,
 Where I hold my feasts and my jubilees,
 I know that I would not abate one jot
 Of the love that is held by my little Dot
 Or my great big boy for their Little Mamma,
 Though out in the cold is crowded Papa.
 I would not abate in the tiniest whit,
 And I am not jealous the least little bit;
 For I'll tell you a secret: Come, my dears,
 And I'll whisper it—right-into-your-ears—
 I too love Mamma!
 "Little Mamma!"

CLERICAL WIT.

A PARSON, who a missionary had been,
 And hardships and privations oft had seen,
 While wandering far on lone and desert strands,
 A weary traveller in benighted lands,
 Would often picture to his little flock
 The terrors of the gibbet and the block;

How martyrs suffer'd in the ancient times,
 And what men suffer now in other climes;
 And though his words were eloquent and deep,
 His hearers oft indulg'd themselves in sleep.
 He mark'd with sorrow each unconscious nod,
 Within the portals of the house of God,
 And once this new expedient thought he'd take
 In his discourse, to keep the rogues awake.
 Said he, "While travelling in a distant state,
 I witness'd scenes which I will here relate.
 'Twas in a deep, uncultivated wild,
 Where noontide glory scarcely ever smiled;
 Where wolves in hours of midnight darkness howl'd—
 Where bears frequented, and where panthers prowld,
 And, on my word, *mosquitoes* there were found,
 Many of which, I think, would weigh a *pound*!
 More fierce and ravenous than the hungry shark—
 They oft were known to climb the trees and *bark*!"
 The audience seem'd taken by surprise—
 All started up and rubb'd their wondering eyes.
 At such a tale they were all much amazed,
 Each drooping lid was in an instant raised,
 And we must say, in keeping heads erect,
 It had its destined and desired effect.
 But tales like this credulity appall'd;
 Next day, the deacons on the pastor call'd,
 And begged to know how he could ever tell
 The foolish falsehoods from his lips that fell.
 "Why, sir," said one, "think what a monstrous weight!
 Were they as large as you were pleased to state?
 You said they'd weigh a pound! It can't be true.
 We'll not believe it, though 'tis told by you!"
 "Ah, but it is!" the parson quick replied;
 "In what I stated you may well confide;
Many, I said, sir—and the story's good—
 Indeed I think that *many* of them would!"
 The deacon saw at once that he was caught,
 Yet deem'd himself relieved, on second thought.
 "But then the *barking*—think of that, good man!
 Such monstrous lies! Explain it, if you can!"
 "Why, that, my friend, I can explain with ease—
They climb'd the bark, sir, when they climb'd the trees!"



TO A TIMID LEECH.

BY H. S. LEIGH.

NAY, start not from the lanquet where the red wine foams for thee,

Though somewhat thick to perforate this *epidermis* be ;
'Tis madness, when the bowl invites, to linger at the brink ;
So haste thee, haste thee, timid one. Drink, pretty creature,
drink !

I tell thee, if these azure veins could boast the regal wine
Of Tudors or Plantagenets, the draught should still be thine.
Though round the goblet's beaded brim plebeian bubbles
wink,
'Twill cheer and not inebriate. Drink, pretty creature, drink !

Perchance, reluctant being, I have placed thee wrong side up,
And the lips that I am chiding have been farthest from the
cup.

I have waited long and vainly, and I cannot, cannot think
Thou wouldst spurn the oft-repeated call: Drink, pretty
creature, drink !

While I watch'd thy patient struggles, and imagined thou wert
coy,
'Twas thy tail, and not thy features, that refused the proffered
joy.

I will but turn thee tenderly—nay, never, never shrink—
Now, once again the banquet calls: Drink, pretty creature,
drink !

(By permission of Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS.)



A LECTURE ON PATENT MEDICINES.

BY DR. PUFF STUFF.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—My name is Puff Stuff, the physician to that great and mighty Han Kann, Emperor of all the Chinas; I was converted to Christianity during the embassy of the late Lord Macartney, and left that there country, and came to this here, which may be reckoned the greatest blessing that ever happened to Europe, for I've brought with me the following unparalleled, inestimable, and

never-to-be-matched medicines: the first is called the great Parry Mandyron Rapskianum, from Whandy Whang Whang—one drop of which, poured into any of your gums, if you should have the misfortune to lose your teeth, will cause a new set to sprout out, like mushrooms from a hot-bed; and if any lady should happen to be troubled with that unpleasant and redundant exuberance called a beard, it will remove it in three applications, and with greater ease than Packwood's razor strops.

I'm also very celebrated in the cure of eyes; the late Emperor of China had the misfortune to lose his eyes by a cataract. I very dexterously took out the eyes of his Majesty, and after anointing the sockets with a particular glutinous application, I placed in two eyes from the head of a living lion, which not only restored his Majesty's vision, but made him dreadful to all his enemies and beholders. I beg leave to say that I have eyes from different hamimals, and to suit all your different faces and professions. This here bottle which I holds in my 'and is called the great-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, which cures all the diseases incident to humanity. I don't like to talk of myself, ladies and gentlemen, because the man that talks of himself is a Hegotist; but this I will venture to say, that I am not only the greatest physician and philosopher of the age, but the greatest genius that ever illuminated mankind—but you know I don't like to talk of myself: you should only read one or two of my lists of cures, out of the many thousands I have by me; if you knew the benefits so many people have received from my grand-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity, none of you would be such fools as to be sick at all. I'll just read one or two. (*Reads several letters.*) "Sir, I was jammed to a jelly in a linseed-oil mill; cured with one bottle." "Sir, I was cut in half in a saw-pit; cured with one bottle." "Sir, I was boiled to death in a soap manufactory; cured with half a bottle." Now comes the most wonderful of all.

"Sir, venturing too near a powder-mill at Faversham, I was, by a sudden explosion, blown into a million of atoms; by this unpleasant accident I was rendered unfit for my business (a banker's clerk); but, hearing of your grand-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, I was persuaded to make essay thereof; the first bottle united my strayed particles; the second animated my shattered frame; the third effected a radical cure; the fourth sent me home to Lombardy Street, to count guineas, make out bills for acceptance, and recount the wonderful effects of your grand-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity."

THE OWL CRITIC.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop!
 The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop!
 The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
 The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
 The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
 Not one raised a head or even made a suggestion;
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
 Cried the youth with a frown,
 "How wrong the whole thing is,
 How preposterous each wing is,
 How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
 In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
 I make no apology,
 I've learned owl-eology.
 I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
 And cannot be blinded to any deflections
 Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
 To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
 Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
 Do take that bird down,
 Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
 And other night fowls,
 And I tell you
 What I know to be true
 An owl cannot roost
 With his limbs so unloosed.
 No owl in this world
 Ever had his claws curled,
 Ever had his legs slanted,
 Ever had his bill canted,
 Ever had his neck screwed
 Into that attitude.
 He can't *do* it, because
 'Tis against all bird laws,

Anatomy teaches,
 Ornithology preaches,
 An owl has a toe
 That *can't* turn out so !
 I've made the white owl my study for years,
 And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !
 Mister Brown, I'm amazed
 You should be so gone crazed
 As to put up a bird
 In that posture absurd !
 To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;
 The man who stuffed him don't half know his business !"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

" Examine those eyes,
 I'm filled with surprise
 Taxidermists should pass
 Off on you such poor glass ;
 So unnatural they seem
 They'd make Audubon scream,
 And John Burroughs laugh
 To encounter such chaff.
 Do take that bird down :
 Have him stuffed again, Brown !"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

" With some sawdust and bark
 I could stuff in the dark
 An owl better than that.
 I could make an old hat
 Look more like an owl
 Than that horrid fowl,
 Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather,
 In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
 The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
 Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
 (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic.
 And then fairly hooted, as if he should say :
 " Your learning's at fault this time, anyway ;
 Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
 I'm an owl ; you're another, Sir Critic, good-day !"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

SWEET FRIENDSHIP.

BY Q.

Do I know that lovely creature,
With the wealth of golden hair ?
Ah, you mean that little woman
Who just passed us on the stair !
She will soon contrive to meet you,
Upon that you may depend.
Do I know her ? Mary Wheatewe,
She's my very—dearest friend !

So you really think her pretty ?
She is looking well to-night ;
She has one of those complexions
That need artificial light.
Ah ! she understands exactly
How to make the colours blend.
You should see her in the morning,
As she sees her—dearest friend !

Yes, her hair is much admired,
So, at least, I have been told ;
But I chance to know exactly
What she paid for it in gold,
Tho' I wouldn't have it mentioned,
Lest it happen to offend ;
For, of course, I learn such secrets
As her very—dearest friend !

And her dress ! Good gracious ! simple ?
Why she dresses like a queen !
Such bewildering silks and laces
I have never, never seen.
Then the shocking sums of money
That she yearly must expend,
Are enough to make one shudder,
I declare it—as a friend !

They say that she is very wealthy,
And I hope it may be so,
But I've reason for suspecting
That it's all—an empty show.

Such great pride is ever certain
 To be humbled in the end ;
 And—Ah, Mary ! is it you, love ?
 Mr. Green, my—“ *dearest friend !* ”



MARY'S GHOST.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
 To sleep young William tried ;
 When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
 And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear ! O William dear !
 My rest eternal ceases ;
 Alas ! my everlasting peace
 Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
 Would end with my last minute ;
 But tho' I went to my long home,
 I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
 And made a snatch at me ;
 It's very hard them kind of men
 Won't let a body be !

You thought that I was buried deep,
 Quite decent-like and chary,
 But from her grave in Mary-bone,
 They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
 Is took to Dr. Vyse ;
 And both my legs are gone to walk
 The hospital at Guy's.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
 But fate gives us denial ;
 You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,
 In spirits and a phial.

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

As for my feet, the little feet
 You used to call so pretty,
 There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
 The t'other's in the city.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
 But Doctor Carpue can ;
 As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
 To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
 And save me such a ride ;
 I don't half like the outside place,
 They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone !
 My William, we must part !
 But I'll be yours in death, altho'
 Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
 And think that there I be ;
 They haven't left an atom there
 Of my anatomie.



THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

BY W. S. GILBERT.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
 From Deal to Ramsgate span,
 That I found alone on a piece of stone
 An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
 And weedy and long was he,
 And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
 In a singular minor key :

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said :

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bos'un tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn ;
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said 'Here !' to the muster roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel ;
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
 And the delicate question, 'Which
 Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
 And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
 And the cook he worshipped me;
 But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
 In the other chap's hold, you sec.

" 'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,
 'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,'—
 'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
 And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
 Were a foolish thing to do,
 For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
 While I can—and will—cook *you*!'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
 And the pepper in proportions true
 (Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
 And some sage and parsley too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
 Which his smiling features tell,
 'Twill soothing be if I let you see
 How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round, and round, and round,
 And he sniffed at the foaming broth;
 When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
 In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
 And—as I eating be
 The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
 For a wessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

"And I never grieve, and I never smile,
 And I never larf nor play,
 But I sit and croak, and a single joke
 I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig!"

(By permission of the Author.)

MRS. BROWN GOES TO AN EVENING PARTY.

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

"WE did ought to go, Brown, in my opinion," says I. "Oh, bother!" says he, "I ain't a-goin' to make a fool of myself at my time of life."

"Well," I says, "it's not makin' a fool of nobody for to be perlite," and with a printed note too as looked beautiful, a-requestin' of the pleasure of our company with quadrilles in the corner. He busts out a-laughin', a-sayin' as he should like for to see me a-quadrilling in a corner.

So I says, "There's no occasion for no rudeness, Mr. Brown, as have danced often in my time and with your betters, as was young Master Watts, where I lived first, as would often get me for to practise the Spanish dance with him in a round jacket and broad collar, with his hair long and white silk stockings and pumps through it's bein' Twelfth Night, as they drawed king and queen beautiful with a cake like the driven snow." Says Brown, "If you'll promise for to dance I'll go."

I says, "Go on with your rubbish." "Well," he says, "I mean it; for," he says, "there must be someone on hand for to dig you out of the rubbish, for you'll bring the place about your ears as sure as ever they lets you do it."

I says, "Mr. Brown, redicules ain't any argyments; but," I says, "dance or no dance, I goes to this party." He only says, "All right," and smokes away like a burnin' furnace.

The next mornin' I gets Miss Lester, as lives nearly opposite, and is a friendly gal, for to answer the note very genteel and say we expected the invitation, "For," she says, "you can say as Mr. Brown have a bad cold, or somethin' like that, when you goes in without him," as surprised me through her bein' of a serious turn.

I've got a lovely gownd as is a satin turk a deep crimson, as belonged to a lady as wore it when she dined at the Lord Mayor's with Queen Victoria first a-comin' to the throne. A noble gownd it is, as I cleaned from top to bottom with my own hands with a little sperrets and flannel. It fitted me like wax only a little tight in the arm-holes, as Miss Lester said didn't signify, as I needn't lift my arms up.

I got a very nice blue crape turban, with silver spangles, as sets the face off, and with my new hair, as was made for me in the City, I think as I had everything nice.

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

I wore a handsome scarf over my shoulders, as was a bright orange, and with white gloves and a fan, I do assure you any one might have been proud to have took me out.

When I was dressed, Brown I know'd would be full of his jabs, so I didn't go down to him, through not a-wishin' to be berry-smoked, as I told him over the bannisters. As to our Sarah, that gal couldn't take her eyes off me, a-sayin' as I looked for all the world like waxwork as she seed at the West-end where all the Royal families is in a Chamber of Horrors.

I was a pourin' wet night, but I would not have a cab though it only bein' three doôrs off, and Miss Lester a-pinnin' me up all round so as not to be splashed, with a large cloak throwed over me and a shawl over my head and Sarah holding the umbrella.

Whatever we pay pavin' rates for I can't make out, it's a downright disgraceful the way as they've left them flagstones in our street that loose, as I stepped on one, and up it goes with a flop and sends a large puddle as was under it all up my stockin's, and reg'lar deluged my overshoes.

Comin' up them steps to Mrs. Butler's door was dreadful, for my gownd hung down and come in contract with the wet stones and dabbled me dreadful.

I was forced for to send Sarah back for clean stockin's, and had to have my shoes dried in the kitchen afore I could go into the room where they was all a-sittin' round the walls a-takin' of tea. I certainly did take a cup for the look of the thing, as were only loo warm, and I should say half-a-crown the pound. There was thin bread-and-butter as I couldn't eat through the butter-bein' what I calls reg'lar cartgrease, and as to the tea-cake it was cold and broke to bits, with a sweet taste as made that rank butter taste worse than ever.

Mrs. Butler is a weazel-figgered woman, as wears no cap with grey hairs, and not much on it.

As to her daughter 'Liza Ann, she's a fright all over, with her hair in a crop, and a white frock as had been washed with a deal-too much blue-bag for me, and wasn't never made for her in my opinion.

As to old Butler, nobody seemed to mind him, as was a simple sort of party, as I see myself a-cribbin' of the cakes and tinkin' of the negus on the sly.

If he could drink it I couldn't, as had been made with cream tartar I could swear, and as to wine, why, it's my opinion as they forgot to put it in.

Well, there were a deal of music, as was no doubt very fine for them as understands it, and one young gent as had a lovely shirt-front, though only Scotch cambric, with his hair parted

in the middle and a flower in his coat, as they'd said he'd be ninnepence for alone. He certainly sung very nice, though in my opinion as his boots was torments to him, bein' patent leather stitched with yellor thread as you could see.

Law, the way as them gals went on over that young fellow was downright barefaced. At last 'Liza Butler got quite put out, and called Miss Shellins a spiteful thing to her face, as she was a-settin' down to play on the pianer when the music-stool gave way with her all of a crash, and knocked my negus out of my hand through my arms bein' that pinioned as I couldn't save it. I'm sure when Miss Shellins come to play it was nothin' partikler, and as to her song as her ma played the music to, it was reg'lar laughture and nothin' more. There was a hand at cards, as I didn't join in, through cribbage bein' all as I knows, but Mrs. Shellins she set down to whist, and didn't know no more than I do, and that aggravated a lady as were her pardner, as caused her for to tell her to her face as she didn't play no better at cards than she did on the pianer.

There was a pretty filliloo, I can tell you, as broke up the cards, as I wasn't sorry, for really I was beginnin' to feel the want of my supper, as half-past eight is my hour, and now a quarter to ten. Law bless you, I don't think as people as gives parties thinks about comfort, for I'm sure there weren't no comfort there.

I sat a-noddin' in a corner, feelin' ready for to drop, and my new hair kep' a-gettin' loose in single hairs across my face, a-makin' my nose itch that violent as I couldn't get my hand near for rest. Well, of a sudden I gave a sneeze that violent, and heard a bang.

I know'd it was my gownd give way, and so it did, and simultaneous like, at each arm-hole. I didn't take no notice, thro' a-knowin' as my scarf were pinn'd down, and I wasn't sorry as the gownd had give way as enabled me to breathe more free, and to get my 'ankercher up to my face.

Well, supper came at last, as was sandwiches, and cakes, and jelly, with wine and water. You might have knocked me down with a feather. Call that supper as wasn't more than toothfuls? There was cold roast beef, bread-and-cheese, and beer, on the sideboard, as Mrs. Butler said were for the gentlemen.

I'd a-give anythin' for a slice of that beef and a good pull at the beer, but, law bless you, I was reg'lar hemmed in, and didn't like for to ask for none, as I could not have eat it comfortable on my lap. As to them sandwiches, they wasn't human, tho' Mrs. Butler did keep a-sayin' as she cured her own 'ams, as she might have done others, but this one wasn't cured at all, and

looked that measly as wasn't fit to eat, and in my opinion cured from the cookshop at the corner.

I had the presence of mind to ask for a glass of beer, but the drink that Cape wine I can't.

I might have got on pretty well, p'r'aps, if it hadn't been a bit of somethin' in the sandwich got down the wrong way and made me cough that violent as I couldn't a-bear myself. I felt half-choked, and jumps up for hair to get my breath sits down again barely recoverin', when old Butler came rush across the room at the tongs, as was close to me, ketches 'em up, seizes hold of my turban, pulls it off, with my hair and throws it all in flames into the grate.

I thought I would have died with my bald head afore all the company, as I couldn't get my scarf over. If I hadn't been and set light to my turban through a-shovin' it agin' a candle over the mantelpiece.

No doubt I might have been burnt serious but for Butler; only I think he might as well have tried somethin' else, not as water was any good, for I'm sure that young gentlemen in the shirt-front deluged me with a jugful, as made me savage through the danger bein' over.

I was only too glad for to get home anyhow. Brown was a-bed when I got home, so I didn't say nothin' to him, but when I looked at my things all spoilt I says to myself, "No more parties for me;" but I didn't know the wust till the next day, when our Sarah told me as after I was gone they got a-dancin' and Brown's words came true, for if the ceiling didn't give way over their heads and under their feet, and the neighbours come in for to stop it, or they'd have had the roof down. So, you see, it was lucky as I did ketch Lightning; might have ended like a earthquake as swallows everything up as the sayin' is.



THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

I'd been away from her three years—about that—

And I returned to find my Mary true;

And though I'd question her, I did not doubt that

It was unnecessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney-corner we were sitting,

"Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"

"Frankly," says she, just pausing in her knitting,

"I *don't* think I've unfaithful been to you;
But for the three years past I'll tell you what
I've done: then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable,

Alone I mourned my miserable lot,
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,

Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershot;
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new,
I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you?

"The next—oh! let me see—was Frankie Phipps,

I met him at my uncle's Christmas-tide;
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,
He gave me his first kiss"—and here she sighed;

"We stayed six weeks at uncle's—how time flew!
I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you?

"Lord Cecil Fossmote, only twenty-one,

Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced!
We scoured the downs—we rode to hounds—such fun!
And often was his arm about my waist—
That was to lift me up or down. But who
Would count *that* as unfaithfulness. Do you?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!

We met—'twas at a picnic. Ah, such weather!
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings,

When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.

Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two!

I don't count *that* unfaithfulness to you.

"I've yet another ring from him. D'you see

The plain gold ring that is shining here?"

I took her hand. Oh, Mary! can it be

That you—? "Quoth she, "That I am Mrs. Vere.

I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you?"

"No," I replied, "for *I am married too.*"



THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

A TALE OF TUSKANY.

EDGAR DE MONTMORENCI PIFFPAFF was a gentle youth. Once he had been a boy, but with a perseverance worthy of a better cause he had insisted on growing older until he broke himself of the childish habit. He grew up until he grew down. The down was on his upper lip. Such are the ups and downs of life! His eye was blue. He had another eye, and that was also blue. His nose was not the nose of his choice, for it was a pug that had turned up quite by chance when he was a child.

Had he been anybody else he might have been heir presumptive to a dukedom. As it was, his father was a prosperous soap-boiler; that is, he boiled his soap until he died, well off for soap, sud-denly. Just as he had discovered how to manufacture mottled, his death a-curd.

His son, our hero, Edgar de Montmorenci, came into the property. The father, having made a for-tune, made his son an air; such are the delights of har-mony—or money even, without the har-.

Edgar loved. He loved a good many things. For instance, wealth, boiled leg of mutton and turnips, comic songs, Beachy Head and Margate, marrow bones, black eyes (natural, not manufactured), hot-house grapes, five per cent. stock, eel-pies, foreign scenery, and the Epsom Spring Meeting, with the local salts.

These were a few of the things he adored. Besides all these, he was enamoured of Clementina Chivvy Chase, eldest cousin of an Irish peer, a noble earl, who lived by his wits, and didn't thrive on them. He had a brother on his father's side who married a lady. Clementina was their daughter, and she was always looked upon as an elder sister by her younger brothers.

So much for her descent. What Edgar wanted was her assent. For, although removed by the possession of wealth from all chance of poverty, his love was so extravagant that he had been compelled to pop the question—whether he got much upon it is another question, which his uncle can satisfy a-loan.

He wrote to her, laying his hand at her feet, accompanied by his name and fortune. He added he would call for an answer the next day.

He did.

Approaching his beloved, he picked out a soft place on the hearthrug to kneel on. He begged of her to answer his note.

She blushed red as fire, but spoke not a word. She was very lovely, though not so young as she had been—not so young even as she had been five minutes before he called. Her face would have formed a study for the painter; it was generally done by her lady's-maid; but she kept a little colour on the corner of her pocket-handkerchief for the purpose of blushing. Her features consisted of a mouth, nose, chin, forehead, eyebrows (a pair), eyes (not a good match), and a handful or so of brown hair, curled and parted on one side.

This was she. But that was no adequate reason for her silence. Edgar pressed her—figuratively, of course—but she would not open her mouth. She only shook her head so vigorously that Edgar wondered her teeth didn't rattle; but they didn't—ha! ha!

He waited an hour and a half, and then gave it up. Failing to prevail on her to consent to favour him with a reply, he went away and immediately married his grandmother to show his contempt for the hollowness of the world. He learnt the reason of Clementina's silence too late!

I drew her likeness just now. I drew her nose, I drew her eyes, I drew her hair, but I didn't draw her teeth. No, the dentist had anticipated me!

She had, to be sure, a splendid set, best porcelain, india-rubber gums, double action, patent lever, jewelled in four holes.

But unluckily, when Edgar de Montmorenci called, they were upstairs in the left-hand top corner drawer. She used to call that "the dentist." Why? Because it was her tooth-drawer.

What could she do? When Edgar proposed, she could not answer. She was compelled to remain silent. She could not even gnash her teeth in despair. At least, not till after he had left, and then—but it was too late—she went upstairs and ground them—in the coffee-mill—but no matter!

So they weren't married, and lived very happily ever afterwards.



THE FARMER AND THE LAWYER.

BY HORACE SMITH.

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit,

Amid a thousand flippancies,
 And his occasional bad jokes
 In bullying, bantering, brow-beating,
 Ridiculing and maltreating
 Women, or other timid folks,
 In a late cause resolved to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
 Who by his uncouth look and gait
 Appeared expressly meant by Fate
 For being quizzed and played upon.
 So, having tipped the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down
 Until our wag should draw the cork,
 He smiled jocosely on the clown
 And went to work.

“Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?”

“Why, not, sir, as they do with you,

But on four legs instead of two.”

“Officer!” cried the legal elf,

Piqued at the laugh against himself,

“Do, pray, keep silence down below there.

Now look at me, clown, and attend :

Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?”

“Yees—very like—I often go there.”

“Our rustic’s waggish—quite laconic,”

The counsel cried, with grin sardonic :

“I wish I’d known this prodigy,

This genius of the clods, when I

On circuit was at York residing.

Now, farmer, do for once speak true ;

Mind, you’re on oath, so tell me, you

Who doubtless think yourself so clever,

Are there as many fools as ever

‘In the West Riding?’ ”

“Why, no, sir, no ; we’ve got our share,

But not so many as when *you* were there.”



THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

JOHN G. SAXE.

"Got any boys?" the marshal said,
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Husband, of course?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"What's that you say!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "Nein!"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering, 'Nein'?"

"Ich kann kein Englisch!" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.



OLD SAYINGS IN RHYME.

FAST bind and fast find, have two strings to your bow;
Contentment is better than riches, we know.

The devil finds work for hands idle to do;
A miss is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear ;
You can't make a silk purse from out a sow's ear.

A man by his company always is known ;
Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.

When the blind leads the blind both will fall in the ditch ;
It's better born lucky than being born rich.

Little pitchers have big ears ; burnt child dreads the fire ;
Though speaking the truth, no one credits a liar.

Speech may be silver, but silence is gold ;
There's never a fool like the fool who is old.

Actions speak louder than words ever do ;
You can't eat your cake and hold on to it, too

When the cat is away then the little mice play ;
When there is a will there is always a way.

One's deep in the mud as the other in mire ;
Don't jump from the frying-pan into the fire.

There's no use crying over milk that is spilt ;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke ;
The pitcher goes oft to the well till its broke.

By rogues falling out honest men get their due ;
Whoever it fits he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy ;
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half loaf is better than no bread at all ;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.



ALEX-AND-HER.

THERE was a chap who kept a store,
And, though there might be grander,
He sold his goods to all who came,
And his name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with cunning hand,
 He was a skilful brander;
 And since his sugar was half sand,
 They called him Alex-Sander.

He had his dear one, and she came,
 And lovingly he scanned her;
 He asked her would she change her name,
 Then ring did Alex-hand-her.

"Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lip
 "If I can be commander;"
 And so they framed a partnership,
 And called it Alex-and-her.

MR. BARKER'S PICTURE.

BY MAX ADELER.

"YOUR charge against Mr. Barker, the artist here," said the magistrate, "is assault and battery, I believe?" "Yes, sir." "And your name is——" "Potts! I am art critic of the *Weekly Spy*." "State your case." "I called at Mr. Barker's studio upon his invitation to see his great picture, just finished, of 'George Washington cutting down the Cherry-tree with his Hatchet.' Mr. Barker was expecting to sell it to Congress for fifty thousand dollars. He asked me what I thought of it, and after I had pointed out his mistake in making the handle of the hatchet twice as thick as the tree, and in turning the head of the hatchet around, so that George was cutting the tree down with the hammer end, I asked him why he foreshortened George's leg so as to make it look as if his left foot was upon the mountain on the other side of the river." "Did Mr. Barker take it kindly?" asked the justice. "Well, he looked a little glum—that's all. And then when I asked him why he put a guinea-pig up in the tree, and why he painted the guinea-pig with horns, he said that it was not a guinea-pig, but a cow; and that it was not in the tree, but in the background. Then I said that if I had been painting George Washington, I should not have given him the complexion of a salmon-brick, I should not have given him two thumbs on each hand, and I should have tried not to slue his right eye around so that he could see

around the back of his head to his left ear. And Barker said, 'Oh, wouldn't you?' sarcastic, your Honour. And I said, 'No, I wouldn't;' and I wouldn't have painted oak-leaves on a cherry-tree. and I wouldn't have left the spectator in doubt as to whether the figure off by the woods was a factory chimney, or a steamboat, or George Washington's father taking a smoke." "Which was it?" asked the magistrate. "I don't know. Nobody will ever know. So Barker asked me what I'd advise him to do. And I told him I thought his best chance was to abandon the Washington idea, and to fix the thing up somehow to represent 'The boy who stood on the burning deck.' I told him he might paint the grass red to represent the flames, and daub over the tree so's it would look like the mast, and pull George's foot to this side of the river so's it would rest somewhere on the burning deck, and maybe he might reconstruct the factory chimney or whatever it was, and make it the captain, while he could arrange the guinea-pig to do for the captain's dog." "Did he agree?" "He said the idea didn't strike him. So then I suggested that he might turn it into Columbus discovering America. Let George stand for Columbus, and the tree be turned into a native, and the hatchet made to answer for a flag, while the mountain in the background would answer for the rolling billows of the ocean. He said he'd be hanged if it should. So I mentioned that it might perhaps pass for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. Put George in black for the headsman, bend over the tree and put a frock on it for Mary, let the hatchet stand, and work in the guinea-pig and the factory chimney as mourners. Just as I had got the words out of my mouth, Barker knocked me clean through the picture. My head tore out Washington's near leg, and my right foot carried away about four miles of the river. We had it over and over on the floor for a while, and finally Barker whipped. I am going to take the law of him in the interests of justice and high art." So Barker was bound over, and Mr. Potts went down to the office of the *Spy* to write up his criticism.



LEND ME THE LOAN OF A GRIDIRON.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the say to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board at last, and the pumps was choak'd, and av coorse the weather gained an us, and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for, my darlint, the *Colleen dhas* went down like a lump o' lead afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket and the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed illigant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' say.

"Well, away we wint for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-looking eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the say and the sky! and though the say and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things whin you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, sure enough, throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first of all, and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. 'Oh, murther, murther, captain, darlint!' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

"'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sich a good wish, and throth, it's myself wishes the same.'

"'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen in heaven,

supposing it, was only a dissolute island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse uz a bit and a sap.'

"'Whisht, whisht, Paddy!' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddent,' says he.

"'Throe for you, captain, darlint,' says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—'throe for you, captain, jewel—I owe no man any spite'—and throth, that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl. Well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshthal. But it was only the more cruel upon uz, for we wor beginnin' to feel terrible hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'Thundher and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land,' says I. So he ups with his bring-un-near (that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir) and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"'Hurra!' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away, my boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog-bank, captain, darlint,' says I.

"'Oh no,' says he; 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I; 'maybe it id be in Roosia or Proosia, or the German Occant,' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he—for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—'that's France,' says he.

"'Tare an houns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain, dear?' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth, I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same;' and throth, the likes of it I never seen before nor since.

"'Well, with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, 'Captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why, then,' says he, 'thunder and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

“‘Bekase I’m stárvín’ with the hunger,’ says I.

“‘And sure, bad luck to you,’ says he, ‘you couldn’t ate a gridiron,’ says he, ‘barrin’ you wor a ‘pelican o’ the wildher-ness,’ says he.

“‘Ate a gridiron!’ says I; ‘och, in throth, I’m not such a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-steak,’ says I.

“‘Arrah! but where’s the beef-steak?’ says he.

“‘Sure, couldn’t we cut a slice aff the pork?’ says I.

“‘By the powers, I never thought o’ that,’ says the captain. ‘You’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says he, laughin’.

“‘Oh, there’s many a thrue word said in joke,’ says I.

“‘Thrue for you, Paddy,’ says he.

“‘Well, thin,’ says I, ‘if you put me ashore there beyant’ (for we were nearin’ the land all the time), ‘and sure I can ask thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I.

“‘Oh, by jabbers, the butther’s comin’ out o’ the stirabout in airnest now,’ says he; ‘you gommoch,’ says he, ‘sure I towld you before that’s France—and sure they’re all furriners there,’ says the captain.

“‘Well,’ says I, ‘and how do you know but I’m as good a furriner myself as any o’ thim?’

“‘What do you mane?’ says he.

“‘I mane,’ says I, ‘what I told you, that I’m as good a furriner myself as any o’ thim.’

“‘Make me sinsible,’ says he.

“‘Bedad, maybe that’s more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,’ says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I’d pay him off for his bit o’ consait about the German Occant.

“‘Lave aff your humbuggin’,’ says he, ‘I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all at all.’

“‘*Parly voo frongsay?*’ says I.

“‘Oh, your humble sarvant,’ says he. ‘Why, you’re a scholar, Paddy.’

“‘Throth, you may say that,’ says I.

“‘Why, you’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says the captain, jéerin’ like.

“‘You’re not the first that said that,’ says I, ‘whether you joke or no.’

“‘Oh, but I’m in airnest,’ says the captain—‘and do you tell me, Paddy,’ says he, ‘that you spake Frinch?’

“‘*Parly voo frongsay?*’ says I.

“‘By the powers, that bangs Banagher. I never met the likes o’ you, Paddy,’ says he. ‘Pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore.’

"So with that, it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek; and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white strand, an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got; and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was aft'er bein' cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowl'd and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rd's a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timptin' like.

"By the powd'ers o' war, I'm all right," says I; "there's a house there"—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childer, ating their dinner round a table quite convenient. And so I wint up to the dure, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By jabbers, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds), 'Indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tattered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So thin they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes; we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plazed to lind us the loan of a gridiron,'" says I, making a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all—and so says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—"maybe I'm undher a mistake," says

I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furriners?' says I—'*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plaze?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like and onaisy—and so says I, making a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plaze, sir,' says I, '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer,' says he mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the ould chap begun to munseer me, but not a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and a dhrop of dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mille failte*.'

"Well, the word *cead mille failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last: and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand—'*Parley—voo—frongsay*, munseer?'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad seran to you.'

"Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"'Phoo!' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison?' says I—'*Parley voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his ould noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you were in my counthry, it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse of the crows on you, you owld sinner,' says I.

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought as I was turnin' away I see him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you

one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Chrishthian at all at all? are you a furriner,' says I, 'that all the world calls s-p'lite? 'Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language? *Parley voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'We, munsee,' says he.

"'Then, thundher and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"'Well, sir, never a bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that. 'The curse o' the hungry on you, you ould negardly villain,' says I, 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my foot to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I; and with that I lift them there, sir, kem away—and i throth it's often since that *I thought that it was remarkable.*"

HOW HE SAVED HIS BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Fleary was hard at work in his potato garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"'God's bud! Terry man, what would you be after doing there wid them praties, and Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, my bochel! sure the praties will wait."

"'Och! no," says Terry, "I must dig on this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin' beyond there at his ow house."

"'Bother take the stashin'!" says Mick; "sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there before the kitchen fire when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it at home wid the praties."

"'Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it? Sure the priest can spare it; an' it would be a good rare thrate to Judy and the gorsoons at home, to say nothin' iv meself, who hasn't

tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away saying, "I won't take it—why would I, an' it not mine, but the priest's? An' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," replied he, "an' it's nothing but the Ould Boy himself that's temptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, anyway," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty; and why wouldn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer? An' sure it won't be a sin afther I confesses it!"

Well, into his great-coat pocket he thrust it; and he had scarcely done so when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kil't and ruin'd, horse and foot! Now, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandry at all at all? By gannies! I must thry an' make the best of it, anyhow," says he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out:—

"Och! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness' sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit: only, sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of never havin' done the like afore, sir, niver!"

"Come," said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why then, your Riverence, I will tell id; but, sir, I'm ashamed like!"

"Oh, never mind! tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your Riverence, I went out one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' ingaged, I was shiown into the kitchen to wait. Well, sir, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hangin' in the chimbley-corner. I looked at id, your Riverence, and my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sir, but I suppose the devil tempted me, for I put it into my pocket; but if you plaize, sir, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no, certainly not; give it back to the owner."

"Why, then, your Riverence, sir, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take it."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he?" said the priest; "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your Riverence, kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately, plaize God; but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaize, sir."

Terence received absolution, and went home, rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

THE BISHOP AND THE CATERPILLAR.*

BY MARY E. MANNERS.

THE Bishop sat in the Schoolmaster's chair :
 The Rector, and Curates two were there,
 The Doctor, the Squire,
 The heads of the choir,
 And the Gentry around of high degree,
 A highly distinguished company ;
 For the Bishop was greatly beloved in his See !

 And there below,
 A goodly show,
 Their faces with soap and with pleasure aglow,
 Sat the dear little school-children, row upon row ;
 For the Bishop had said ('twas the death-blow to schism),
 He would hear these dear children their Catechism.

 And then to complete
 The pleasure so sweet
 Of these nice little children so pretty and neat,
 He'd invited them to a magnificent treat !
 And filled were the minds of these dear little ones
 With visions of cakes, and of " gay Sally Lunn's,"
 Of oceans of tea, and unlimited buns
 (The large ones called " Bath," not the plain penny ones).

 I think I have read,
 Or at least heard it said :
 " Boys are always in mischief, unless they're in bed."

 I put it to you,
 I don't say it's true,
 But if you should ask for my own private view,
 I should answer at once, without further ado,
 " I don't think a boy can be trusted to keep
 From mischief in bed—unless he's asleep !"

But the Schoolmaster's eye hath a magic spell,
 And the boys were behaving remarkably well—
 For boys ; and the girls—but 'tis needless to say
 Their conduct was perfect in every way ;
 For I'm sure 'tis well known in all ranks of society,
 That girls *always* behave with the utmost propriety.

* From the *Boys' Own Paper*, by permission.

Now the Bishop arises, and waves his hand ;
 And the children prepared for his questions stand ;
 With admiring eyes his form they scan ;
 He was a remarkably fine-looking man !
 His apron was silk of the blackest dye,
 His lawn the finest money could buy ;
 His sleeves and his ruffles than snow were whiter,
 He'd his best shovel-hat, and his second-best mitre.
 With benignant glance he gazed around—
 You might have heard the slightest sound !—
 With dignified mien and solemn look
 He slowly opened his ponderous book,
 And proceeded at once the knowledge to try
 Of those nice little children standing by.

Each child knew its name,
 And who gave it the same,
 And all the rest of the questions profound
 Which his Lordship was pleased to the school to propound.
 Nor less did secular knowledge abound,
 For the Bishop, to his great pleasure, found
 That they knew the date when our Queen was crowned,
 And the number of pence which make up a pound ;
 And the oceans and seas which our island bound ;
 That the earth is nearly, but not quite, round ;
 Their orthography, also, was equally sound,
 And the Bishop, at last, completely astound-.

Ed, cried,
 In a tone of pride,
 “ You bright little dears, no question can trouble you,
 You've spelled knife with a *k*, and wrong with a *w*.

“ And now that my pleasing task's at an end,
 I trust you will make of me a friend :
 You've answered my questions, and 'tis but fair
 That I in replying should take a share ;
 So if there is aught you would like to know,
 Pray ask me about it before I go.
 I'm sure it would give me the greatest pleasure
 To add to your knowledge, for learning's a treasure
 Which you never can lose, and which no one can steal ;
 It grows by imparting, so do not feel

Afraid or shy,
 But boldly try,
 Which is the cleverer, you or I ! ”
 Thus amusement with learning judiciously blending,

His Lordship made of his speech an ending,
And a murmur went round of "How condescending!"

But one bright little boy didn't care a jot
If his Lordship were condescending or not ;

For, with scarce a pause
For the sounds of applause,
He raised his head,
And abruptly said :

"How many legs has a Caterpillar got?"

Now the Bishop was a learned man,
Bishops always were since the race began,
But his knowledge in that particular line
Was less than yours, and no greater than mine ;
And, except that he knew the creature could crawl,
He knew nothing about its legs at all—
Whether the number were great or small,
One hundred, or five, or sixty, or six,—
So he felt in a "pretty consid'able fix!"
But, resolving his ignorance to hide,
In measured tones he thus replied :

"The Caterpillar, my dear little boy,
Is an emblem of life and a vision of joy!
It bursts from its shell on a bright green leaf,
It knows no care, and it feels no grief."
Then he turned to the Rector and whispered low,
"Mr. Rector, how many? You surely must know."
But the Rector gravely shook his head,
He hadn't the faintest idea, he said.
So the Bishop turned to the class again,
And in tones paternal took up the strain :
"The Caterpillar, dear children, see,
On its bright green leaf from care lives free,
And it eats, and eats, and grows bigger and bigger,
(Perhaps the Curates can state the figure?)"
But the Curates couldn't ; the Bishop went on,
Though he felt that another chance was gone—

"So it eats, and eats, and it grows and grows,
(Just ask the Schoolmaster if he knows)."
But the Schoolmaster said that that-kind of knowledge
Was not the sort he had learned at college—

"And when it has eaten enough, then soon
It spins for itself a soft cocoon,

And then it becomes a chrysalis—
 I wonder which child can spell me this.
 'Tis rather a difficult word to spell—
 (Just ask the Schoolmistress if she can tell)."
 But the Schoolmistress said, as she shook her grey curls,
 "She considered such things were not proper for girls."

The word was spelled, and spelled quite right,
 Those nice little boys were so awfully bright!
 And the Bishop began to get into a fright,
 His face grew red—it was formerly white—
 And the hair on his head stood nearly upright;
 He was almost inclined to take refuge in flight,
 But he thought that would be too shocking a sight;
 He was at his wit's end—nearly—not quite,
 For the Pupil-teachers caught his eye.
 He thought they might know—at least he would try—
 Then he anxiously waited for their reply;
 But the Pupil-teachers enjoyed the fun,
 And they wouldn't have told if they could have done.

So he said to the Beadle, "Go down in the street,
 And stop all the people you chance to meet,

I don't care who,

Anyone will do;

The old woman selling lollipops,
 The little boys playing with marbles and tops,
 Or respectable people who deal at the shops;
 The crossing-sweeper, the organ-grinder,
 Or the fortune-teller, if you can find her.

Ask any or all,

Short or tall,

Great or small, it matters not—

How many legs has a Caterpillar got?"
 The Beadle bowed, and was off like a shot
 From a pop-gun fired, or that classical arrow
 Which flew from the bow of the wicked cock-sparrow.

Now the Bishop again put on a smile.
 And the children, who had been waiting meanwhile,
 In their innocent hearts imagined that these

Remarks applied

(They were spoken aside)

To the weighty affairs of the diocese.

"The Caterpillar is doomed to sleep
 For months—a slumber long and deep.

Brown and dead
 It looks, 'tis said,
 It never even requires to be fed ;
 And, except that sometimes it waggles its head,
 Your utmost efforts would surely fail
 To distinguish the creature's head from its tail

" But one morning in spring,
 When the birds loudly sing,
 And the earth is gay with blossoming ;
 When the violets blue
 Are wet with dew,
 And the sky wears the sweetest cerulean hue !

" When on all is seen
 The brightest sheen —
 When the daisies are white, and the grass is green ;
 Then the chrysalis breaks,
 The insect awakes,—
 To the realms of air its way it takes ;
 It did not die,
 It soars on high,
 A bright and a beauteous butterfly !"
 Here he paused and wiped a tear from his eye ;
 The Beadle was quietly standing by,
 And perceiving the lecture had reached its close,
 Whispered, softly and sadly, " Nobody knows !"

The Bishop saw his last hope was vain,
 But to make the best of it he was fain ;
 So he added, " Dear children, we ever should be
 Prepared to learn from all we see,
 And beautiful thoughts of home and joy
 Fill the heart, I know, of each girl and boy !
 Oh, ponder on these, and you will not care
 To know the exact allotted share
 Of *legs* the creature possessed at its birth,
 When it crawled a mean worm on this lowly earth.
 Yet, if you know it, you now may tell,
 Your answers so far have pleased me well."

Then he looked around with benignant eye,
 Nor long did he wait for the reply,
 For the bright little boy, with a countenance gay,
 Said, " Six, for I counted 'em yesterday !"

MORAL.

"To all who have children under their care,"
 Of two things, nay, three things, I pray you beware—
 Don't give them too many "unlimited buns,"
 Six each (Bath) is sufficient, or twelve penny ones;
 Don't let them go in for examination,
 Unless you have given them due preparation,
 Or the questions, asked with the kindest intention,
 May be rather a strain on their powers of invention.
 Don't pretend you know everything under the sun,
 Though your school-days are ended, and theirs but begun,
 But honestly say, when the case is so,
 "This thing, my dear children, I do not know:"
 For they really must learn, either slower or speedier,
 That you're not a walking Encyclopædia!



ONLY SEVEN.

A Pastoral Story, after Wordsworth.

BY H. S. LEIGH.

I marvell'd why a simple child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 Should utter groans so very wild,
 And look as pale as death.

Adopting a parental tone,
 I asked her why she cried;
 The damsel answer'd, with a groan,
 "I've got a pain inside!"

"I thought it would have sent me mad
 Last night—about eleven;"
 Said I, "What is it makes you bad?"
 She answered, "Only seven!"

"And are you sure you took no more,
 My little maid?" quoth I.
 "Oh! please sir, mother gave me four,
 But they were in a pie!"

"If that's the case," I stammer'd out

"Of course you've had eleven ;"

The maiden answered, with a pout,

"I ain't had more nor seven !"

I wonder'd hugely what she meant,

And said, "I'm bad at riddles,

But I know where little girls are sent

For telling taradiddles.

"Now, if you don't reform," said I,

"You'll never go to Heaven."

But all in vain ; each time I try,

That little idiot makes reply,

"I ain't had more nor seven !"

POSTSCRIPT.

To borrow Wordsworth's name was wrong,

Or slightly misapplied ;

And so I'd better call my song,

"Lines after Ache-inside."

(By permission of MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS.)



THE THINNING OF THE THATCH.

OH, the Autumn leaves are falling, and the days are closing in,
And the breeze is growing chilly, and my hair is getting thin !
I've a comfortable income—and my age is thirty-three ;
But my Thatch is thinning quickly—yes, as quickly as can be !

I was once a merry urchin—curly-headed I was called,
And I laughed at good old people when I saw them going
bald ;

But it's not a proper subject to be lightly joked about,
For it's dreadful to discover that your roof is wearing out !

I remember asking Uncle—in my innocent surprise—
How he liked his head made use of as a Skating Rink by flies ;
But although their dread intrusion I shall manfully resist,
I'm afraid they'll soon have got another Rink upon their list.

When invited to a party I'm invariably late,
 For I waste the time in efforts to conceal my peeping pate—
 Though I coax my hair across it—though I brush away for
 weeks,

Yet I *can't* prevent it parting and dividing into streaks!

I have tried a Hair Restorer, and I've rubbed my head with
 rum,
 But the thatch keeps getting thinner, and the new hair doesn't
 come—

So I gaze into the mirror with a gloomy, vacant stare,
 For the circle's getting wider of that Open Space up there!

People tell me that my spirits I must not allow to fall,
 And that coming generations won't have any hair at all—
 Well—they'll never know an anguish that can adequately
 match

With the pangs of watching day by day the thinning of your
 Thatch!

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THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

(From the *Ingoldsby Legends*.)

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
 Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser degree,—
 In sooth a goodly company;
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween,
 Was a prouder seen,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out
 Through the motley rout,
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;

Here and there,
 Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cates,
 And dishes and plates,
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Mitre and crosier ! he hopp'd upon all
 With saucy air,
 He perch'd on the chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;
 And he peer'd in the face
 Of his Lordship's Grace,
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
 " We two are the greatest folks here to-day ! "
 And the priests, with awe,
 As such freaks they saw,
 Said, " The devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! "

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
 The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
 And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls !
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

Came, in order due,

Two by two,

Marching that grand refectory through !
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
 Emboss'd, and fill'd with water as pure
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
 Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne ;
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more

A napkin bore,

Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
 And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in " permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white :

From his finger he draws

His costly turquoise ;

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,

Deposits it straight

By the side of his plate,

While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait

Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

* * * * *

There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out ;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels ;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs :—
But, no !—no such thing ;—
They can't find THE RING !

And the Abbot declared that, “ when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it ! ”

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying !—

Never was heard such a terrible curse !

But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn ;

When the sacristan saw,
 On crumpled claw,
 Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
 No longer gay,
 As on yesterday;
 His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
 His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
 His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
 His eye so dim,
 So wasted each limb,
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM—
 That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
 That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"
 The poor little Jackdaw,
 When the monks he saw,
 Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
 And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
 "Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
 Slower and slower
 He limp'd on before,
 Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
 Where the first thing they saw,
 Midst the sticks and the straw,
 Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!
 Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
 And off that terrible curse he took;
 The mute expression
 Served in lieu of confession,
 And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
 The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
 —When those words were heard,
 That poor little bird
 Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.
 He grew sleek, and fat;
 In addition to that,
 A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
 His tail waggled more
 Even than before;
 But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
 No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
 He hopp'd now about
 With a gait devout;
 At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
 And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
 He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.

If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
 Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
 That good Jackdaw
 Would give a great "Caw!"
 As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
 While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
 That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
 He long lived the pride
 Of that country side,
 And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
 When as words were too faint
 His merits to paint,
 The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
 And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
 It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
 So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!



HOW TO SAVE A THOUSAND POUNDS.

HAZARD, a careless fellow, known
 At every gambling house in town,
 Was oft in want of money, yet
 Could never bear to run in debt;
 Because, 'twas thought, no man was willing
 To give him credit for a shilling.
 Dependent on Dame Fortune's will,
 He threw the dice, or well or ill;
 This day in rags, the next in lace,
 Just as it happened, six or ace;
 Was oftentimes when not a winner,
 Uncertain where to get a dinner.
 One day, when cruel Fortune's frown
 Had stripped him of his last half-crown,
 Saunt'ring along, in sorry mood,
 Hungry, perhaps for want of food—
 A parlour window struck his eye,
 Through which our hero chanced to spy
 A jolly round faced personage,
 Somewhat about the middle age,
 Beginning a luxurious meal,
 For 'twas a noble loin of veal;

And such a sight, I need not mention,
Quickly arrested his attention ;
"Surely," thought he, "I know that face,
I've seen it at some other place ;
I recollect, 'twas at the play,
And there I heard some people say
How rich this fellow was, and what
A handsome daughter he had got ;
That dinner would exactly do,—
A loin of veal's enough for two !
Could not I now strike out some way
To get an introduction, eh ?
Most likely 'tis I may endeavour
In vain ; but come, I'll try, how ever."
And now he meditates no more,
Thunders a rat-tat at the door.
The parti-coloured footmen come.
"Pray, is your master, sir, at home ?"
"My master, sir, is home, but busy."
"Then he's engaged," quoth Hazard, "is he ?"
In voice as loud as he could bellow ;
"I'm very sorry, my good fellow,
It happens so, because I could
Your master do some little good ;
A speculation that I know
Might save a thousand pounds or so.
No matter, friend, your master tell,
Another day will do as well."
"What's that you say ?" the master cries,
With pleasure beaming from his eyes,
And napkin tucked beneath his chin,
Bouncing from parlour, whence within
He'd heard those joy-inspiring sounds
Of saving him a thousand pounds.
"My dear sir, what is that you say ?"
"Sir, I can call another day ;
Your dinner I've disturbed, I fear."
"Do, pray, sir, take your dinner here ;
You'll find a welcome, warm and hearty."
"I shall intrude, sir, on your party."
"There's not a soul but I and you."
"Well, then, I don't care if I do."
Our spark's design so far completed
Behold him at the table seated.
Paying away, as well he might,
With some degree of appetite,

Our host, who willing would have pressed
The thousand pounds upon his guest,
Still thought it would not be genteel
To interrupt him at his meal,
Which seemed so fully to employ him,
Talking might probably annoy him;
So thought it better he should wait
Till after dinner the debate.
And now, "The king and constitution,"
With "Ill success to revolution,"
And many a warm and loyal toast
Had been discussed, when our good host
Thought it almost time to say,
"Let's move the order of the day."
Indeed, he hardly could help thinking
'Twas rather odd—his guest was drinking
(The business not a jot the nearer)
A second bottle of Madeira,
And that he seemed to sit and chatter
'Bout this and that, and t'other matter,
As if he'd not the least intention
This thousand pounds of his to mention;
Much did he wish to give a hint,
Yet knew not how he should begin't;
At length, "Sir, you've forgot, I fear,
The business that has brought you here;
I think you gave some intimation
About a saving speculation."
"Ay, sir, you'll find it not amiss;
My speculation's simply this:—
I hear you have a daughter, sir."
"A daughter! Well, and what of her?
What can my daughter have to do
With this affair 'twixt me and you?"
"I mean to make your daughter (craving
Your pardon, sir) the means of saving
The sum I mention. You'll allow
My scheme is feasible." "As how?"
"Why, thus: I hear you've no objection
To form some conjugal connection
For this same daughter." "No, provided
All other matters coincided."
"Then, sir, I'll suit you to an hair:
Pray, is she not extremely fair?"
"Why, yes, there's many folks who praise her;
But what is beauty nowadays, sir?"


"Ay, true, sir, nothing without wealth :
 But come, suppose we drink her health."
 "Indeed, I've drunk enough already."
 "O, fie ! consider, sir, a lady.
 By right we should have drunk her first ;
 Pray fill." "Well, if I must, I must."

"And pray what age, sir, may she be ?"
 "God bless me ! she's just twenty-three."
 "Just twenty-three ? i'faith, a rare age !"
 "Sir, you were speaking of her marriage."
 "I was, and wish to know, in case
 Such an occurrence should take place,
 The sum it might be in your power
 To give with her by way of dower."
 "Well, then, sir, this is my intent :
 If married with my own consent,
 I've no objection, on such grounds,
 To pay her down ten thousand pounds."
 "Ten thousand, sir, I think you say ?"
 "I do." "What, on her marriage day ?"
 "The whole." "Then let it, sir, be mine ;
 I'll take her off your hands with nine ;
 And that you'll call, I'm sure, good grounds
 For saving you a thousand pounds."

THE WOLF AND THE MASTIFF.

A WOLF that long had ranged the wood,
 A stranger to the taste of food,
 Met an old mastiff, sleek and fat—
 Each known to each, they stop and chat.
 "My !" says the wolf, "how plump you've grown ;
 Is that round belly all your own ?
 Pray how d'ye live, and what d'ye eat ?
 I wish you'd give me your receipt ;
 For, not to underrate your merit,
 I think, my friend, I don't want spirit
 To attack the foe by day or night,
 And yet you see my wretched plight !"
 "Why," quoth the dog, with conscious air,
 "My place requires a world of care ;

If you desire to serve the great,
Faith ! you must work as well as eat :—
Preferments are not given for nought
But by some useful service bought.”
“ Why, what service, then, will be expected ?
No honest terms should be rejected.”
“ Why, you must watch the doors by night,
Bark at the thieves,—the beggars fright.”
“ O ! I should bless that happy change,
For who would wish through rain and snow to range,
Who snug and warm could take his pleasure,
And fill his belly at his leisure ? ”
“ Well, then,” says Snap, “ since ’tis agreed,
Let us with gentle trot proceed.”
When lo ! the wolf’s too curious eye
Chanced the poor mastiff’s neck to spy—
Gall’d with a chain beneath his ear.
“ Ah ! ah ! ” cried he, “ what have you there ? ”
“ Nothing,” said Snap, and turned aside.
“ Nay, let’s know all,” the wolf replied.
“ Why, as I’m pretty fierce, you know,
They chain me up a day or so ;
My master’s whim—I can’t refuse it ;—
There’s nothing in ’t—indeed, I choose it ;—
For as I’m useless while ’tis light,
I sleep by day and bark by night,
When night comes on my chain’s unbound,
And then I rove the country round.
As for my meat, I’m well supplied
At table by my master’s side ;
The servants toss me bones half-picked,
And lor’ ! what plates of sauce I’ve licked !
But, come,—what now ? you lag behind.”
“ Why, faith, I think I’ve changed my mind,
I don’t much like that galling chain,
So think I’ll range the woods again ;—
Enjoy your scraps, for I’d not be
A king without my liberty.”



THE CHAMELEON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark—
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post ;
 Yet round the world the blade has been
 To see whatever could be seen ;
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times pertter than before.
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop—
 "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
 I've seen, and sure I ought to know."
 So begs you'll pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers, of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that—
 Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
 "A stranger animal," cries one,
 "Sure never lived beneath the sun !
 A lizard's body, lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 It's foot with triple claws disjoined !
 And what a length of tail behind !
 How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
 Whoever saw so fine a blue ?"
 "Hold there !" the other quick replies,
 "'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warm'd it in the sunny ray ;
 Stretch'd at its ease, the best I view'd
 And saw it eat the air for food."
 "I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue ;
 At leisure I the beast surveyed,
 Extended in the cooling shade."
 "'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
 "Green !" cries the other in a fury ;

"Why, sir, d'you think I've lost mine eyes!"
 "'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
 "For, if they always serve you thus,
 You'll find 'em but of little use!"
 So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows!
 When luckily came by a third;
 To him the question they referred,
 And begg'd he'd tell 'em if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.
 "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother;
 The creature's neither one nor t'other;
 I caught the animal last night,
 And view'd it o'er by candle-light,
 I marked it well—'twas black as jet!
 You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do!
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
 "And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 "Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him,"
 He said; then full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white!

CURING A COLD.

BY MARK TWAIN.

It is a good thing, perhaps, to talk for the amusement of the public, but it is a far higher and nobler thing to talk for their instruction, their profit, their actual and tangible benefit. The latter is the sole object of this address. If it prove the means of restoring to health one solitary sufferer among my race, of lighting up once more the fire of hope and joy in his faded eyes, of bringing back to his dead heart again the quick, generous impulses of other days, I shall be amply rewarded for my labour; my soul will be permeated with the sacred delight a Christian feels when he has done a good, unselfish deed.

Having led a pure and blameless life, I am justified in believing that no man who knows me will reject the suggestions I am about to make out of fear that I am trying to deceive him. Let the public do itself the honour to read my experience in doctoring a cold, as herein set forth, and then follow in my footsteps.

When the White House was burned in Virginia, I lost my home, my happiness, my constitution, and my trunk. The loss of the two first-named articles was a matter of no great consequence, since a home without a mother or a sister, or a distant young female relative in it, to remind you, by putting your soiled linen out of sight, and taking your boots down off the mantelpiece, that there are those who think about you and care for you, is easily obtained. And I cared nothing for the loss of my happiness, because not being a poet, it could not be possible that melancholy would abide with me long.

But to lose a good constitution and a better trunk were serious misfortunes.

On the day of the fire my constitution succumbed to a severe cold caused by undue exertion in getting ready to do something. I suffered to no purpose, too, because the plan I was figuring at for the extinguishing of the fire was so elaborate that I never got it completed until the middle of the following week.

The first time I began to sneeze a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly afterwards, another friend advised me to get up and take a cold shower-bath. I did that also. Within the hour another friend assured me that it was policy to "feed a cold and starve a fever." I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and then keep dark and let the fever starve awhile.

In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily; I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened his restaurant that morning; he waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about Virginia were much afflicted with colds? I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started down towards the office, and on the way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of salt-water, taken warm, would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul.

Now, as I am giving my experience only for the benefit of those who are troubled with the distemper I am speaking about,

I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me, and acting upon this conviction I warn them against salt-water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake.

After the storm which had been raging in my stomach had subsided, and no more good Samaritans happening along, I went on borrowing handkerchiefs again and blowing them to atoms, as had been my custom in the early stages of my cold, until I came across a lady who had just arrived from over the plains, and who said she had lived in a part of the country where doctors were scarce, and had from necessity acquired considerable skill in the treatment of simple "family complaints." I knew she must have had much experience, for she appeared to be a hundred and fifty years old.

She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, aquafortis, turpentine, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wine-glass full of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough; it robbed me of all moral principle, and awoke every unworthy impulse of my nature. Under its malign influence my brain conceived miracles of meanness, but my hands were too feeble to execute them; at that time, had it not been that my strength had surrendered to a succession of assaults from infallible remedies for my cold, I am satisfied that I would have tried to rob the graveyard.

Like most other people, I often feel mean, and act accordingly; but until I took that medicine I had never revelled in such supernatural depravity and felt proud of it. At the end of two days I was ready to go to doctoring again. I took a few more unfailing remedies, and finally drove my cold from my head to my lungs.

I got to coughing incessantly, and my voice fell below zero; I conversed in a thundering bass, two octaves below my natural tone. I could only compass my regular nightly repose by coughing myself down to a state of utter exhaustion, and then the moment I began to talk in my sleep my discordant voice woke me up again.

My case grew more and more serious every day. Plain gin was recommended; I took it. Then gin and molasses; I took that also. Then gin and onions; I added the onions, and took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a buzzard's.

I found I had to travel for my health. I went to Lake Bigler with my reportorial comrade, Wilson. It is gratifying

to me to reflect that we travelled in considerable style; we went in the Pioneer coach, and my friend took all his baggage with him, consisting of two excellent silk handkerchiefs and a daguerreotype of his grandmother. We sailed and hunted and fished and danced all day, and I doctored my cough all night. By managing in this way, I made out to improve every hour in the twenty-four. But my disease continued to grow worse.

A sheet-bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then: therefore I determined to take a sheet-bath, notwithstanding I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was.

It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My breast and back were bared, and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a Columbiad.

It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh it makes him start with sudden violence and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come.

Young Wilson said the circumstance reminded him of an anecdote about a negro who was being baptized, and who slipped from the parson's grasp, and came near being drowned. He floundered around, though, and finally rose up out of the water considerably strangled and furiously angry, and started ashore at once, spouting water like a whale, and remarking, with great asperity, that "One o' dese days some gen'l'man's nigger gwyne to git killed wid jes' such foolishness as dis!"

Never take a sheet-bath—never. Next to meeting a lady acquaintance, who, for reasons best known to herself, don't see you when she looks at you, and don't know you when she does see you, it is the most uncomfortable thing in the world.

But, as I was saying, when the sheet-bath failed to cure my cough, a lady friend recommended the application of a mustard-plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually if it had not been for young Wilson. When I went to bed I put my mustard-plaster—which was a very gorgeous one, eighteen inches square—where I could reach it when I was ready for it. But young Wilson got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw anybody have such an appetite; I am confident that lunatic would have eaten me if I had been healthy.

After sojourning a week at Lake Bigler, I went to Steamboat Springs, and beside the steam-baths I took a lot of the vilest medicines that were ever concocted. They would have cured me, but I had to go back to Virginia, where, notwithstanding

the variety of new remedies I absorbed every day, I managed to aggravate my disease by carelessness and undue exposure.

I finally concluded to visit San Francisco, and the first day I got there a lady at the Lick House told me to drink a quart of whisky every twenty-four hours, and a friend at the Occidental recommended precisely the same course. Each advised me to take a quart; that made half-a-gallon. I did it and still live.

Now, with the kindest motives in the world, I offer for the consideration of consumptive patients the variegated course of treatment I have lately gone through. Let them try it; if it don't cure, it can't more than kill them.



AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THE facts in the following case came to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San José; she is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself "Aurelia Maria," which may possibly be a fictitious name. But no matter, the poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story:

She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness his face was pitted like a waffle-mould and his comeliness gone for ever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first, but pity for her

unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season, and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last for ever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career, and in her tearful despair she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still, her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it: Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward and insisted that the match should be broken off; but after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart when he lost his hair for ever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with truly womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. “Now, what should she do?” she asks, with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question; it is one which involves the lifelong happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye, and a wig, and give him another show; give him ninety days, without grace, and if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, any way, Aurelia, because if he sticks to his infernal propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs, and such other valuables as he may possess, revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.



THE FLIGHT OF TIME.*

BY W. K.

It was an aged rustic who annexed my grudging ear,
And told a tale of days gone by, a pointless tale and drear;
And dull and endless as the songs that carol-singers yell,
When they come round at Christmas-time, and long before as
we'll

* From *The New Budget*.

Quoth he: "I mind one harvest, when we had a jolly spree,
My brother Bill—he's dead and gone—and Polly Pike and me,
And Sammy Green, or was it Jack? well, that I hardly know;
You see what I'm a-telling you were thirty year ago.

"Well, anyhow, the four of us we takes a half a day,
And starts to tramp to Pugsbury, to lark the time away;
And see what's going on, and take a rest, and have a drink;
We'd got our harvest-money, sir, and earned it, too, I think.
Well, him and her, and me and Bill, we did get sunthine hot
A-walking on they dusty roads, and so we had a pot
At Master Bunter's 'Spotted Cow,' just half way on or so—
Or, may be, mo—I most forgets, it's forty year ago.

That Bunter was a jolly chap, right fond of any joke;
We always liked a jaw with him, we did, us country folk.
I think he weighed ten score a'-most a-standing in his vest,
And won'erful good-natured, sir, and hearty as the best.
But lor! he had a awful wife, a reg'lar close old screw,
I think she was as vixenish as anyone I knew;
And poor old Bunter was the third as she had took in tow—
Or p'raps the fourth—I most forgets, it's fifty year ago.

"As we was sitting in the bar a feller comes along
With one of them 'cordecaus, and begins to sing a song;
So Bunter has him in and gives suthing for a wet:
And jolly glad to get it, too, he was, sir, you can bet.
So then we gets a-larking on, and 'tending for to stay
And have a bit of dancing like, as he was there to play.
We did a kind of up-and-down, and kicking on a row,
I can't remember what 'twas called—it's sixty year ago.

Said I: "My friend, I'm truly grieved to think I cannot wait
And hear the consummation of the story you relate.
Besides, I know you kindly will excuse me if I'm wrong—
But don't you think it dangerous for you to go on long?
According to your own account you age so very fast,
That at the present rate your span of life is nearly past.
Few people live to see five-score in this brief world of woe,
So, ere you reach your *century*, I think I'd better go."



COME WITH THE RING.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I.

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :
 So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
 Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

II.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
 Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat* :
 So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
 Had question'd the stranger and answer'd the door.

III.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;
 For the moment will come when such comers must go :
 So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
 “The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring.



THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A FARMER once to London went
 To pay the worthy Squire his rent ;
 He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains—
 Who at the door such guest detains ?
 Forth struts the Squire exceeding smart ;
 “Farmer, you're welcome to my heart ;
 You've brought my rent, then.”—“To a hair.”
 “The best of tenants, I declare.”
 The steward's call'd, accounts made even,
 And money paid, receipt is given.

“Well,” quoth the Squire, “now you shall stay
 And dine with me, old friend, to-day ;

I've here some ladies, wondrous pretty,
 And pleasant sparks, too, that will fit ye ;"
 Hob scratched his ears, and held his hat,
 And said, " No, zur, two words to that,
 For look, d'ye see, when I'ze to dine
 With gentlefolk zo cruel fine,
 I'ze use to make (and 'tis no wonder)
 In word or deed some plaguy blunder
 Zo, if your honour will permit,
 I'll with your zarvants pick a bit."

" Pooh ! " says the Squire, " it shan't be done
 And to the parlour push'd him on.
 To all around Hob nods and scrapes,
 Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes,
 With often bidding takes his seat,
 But at a distance mighty great :
 Though often ask'd to draw his chair,
 He rods, nor comes an inch more near.
 By Madam served, with body, bended
 With knife and fork, and arms extended,
 He reached as far as he was able,
 To plate that overhung the table :
 With little morsels cheats his chops,
 And in the passage some he drops ;
 To show where most his heart inclined,
 He talk'd and drank to John behind,
 When drank to in the modish way,
 " Your love's sufficient, zur," he'd say ;
 And to be thought a man of manners,
 Still rose to make his awkward honours.

" Pish," says the Squire, " pray keep your sitting."
 " No, no," Hob cries, " zur, 'tis not fitting;
 Though I'm no scholard, varsed in letters,
 I knaws my duty to my betters."
 Much mirth the Farmer's ways afford,
 And hearty laughs go round the board.
 Thus the first course was ended well,
 But at the next, ah, what befell !
 The dishes now were timely placed,
 And table with fresh lux'ry graced,
 When drank to by a neighb'ring charmer,
 Up, as was usual, stands the Farmer.
 A wag, to carry on the joke,
 Thus to the servant softly spoke :

"Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
And pull away the Farmer's chair."
'Tis done, his congée made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
But from his balance overweigh'd,
And of his trusty seat betray'd,
As men at twigs in river sprawling,
He seized the cloth to save his falling:
In vain: sad fortune! down he wallow'd,
And rattling, all the dishes follow'd.
The foplings lost their little wits,
The ladies squall'd, some fell in fits;
Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,
And there minced pies, and geese, and pigeons.
A pear-pie on his breeches drops,
A custard pudding meets his chops,
Zounds, what ado 'twixt belles and beaux!
Some laugh, some cry, and wipe their clothes.
This lady rayes, and that looks down,
And weeps and wails her spatter'd gown:
One spark bemoans his greasy waistcoat,
One "Rot him," cries, "he's spoil'd my laced coat."
Amidst the rout, the Farmer long
The pudding suck'd and held his tongue,
At length he gets him on his breech,
And scrambles up to make his speech;
First rubs his eyes, and mouth his nostril twangs,
Then smacks his fingers, and harangues,
"Plague tak't—I'ze told ye how 'twould be,
Luck, here's a pickle, zur, d'ye see?
And zome, I'll warrant, that makes this chatter
Have clothes bedaub'd with grease and butter
That cost——" He had gone on, but here
Was stopt at once in his career,
"Peace, brute! begone," the ladies cry,
The beaux exclaim, "Fly, rascal, fly!"

At this the Farmer, faint through fear,
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Steals off, and cries, "Ay, kill me, then,
Whene'er you catch me here again."
So home he jogs, and leaves the Squire
To cool the sparks' and ladies' ire.
Thus ends my tale, and now I'll try
A moral—something to apply.

This may teach rulers of a nation,
 Ne'er to place men above their station;
 And this may show the wanton wit,
 That while he bites he may be bit.



UNVALUED MERIT.

THE celebrated painter, Hogarth, used to tell a story of his being once in company of several artists, who were boasting of uncommon works each had executed. One, in particular, said he had written a volume in folios with a single pen which he had mended 199 times. Another declared he had finished an equestrian statue with only a broken knife for a chisel, and a rolling-pin for a mallet. A third stated he had engraved a copperplate with no other tool than a rusty nail.

"I told them," said Hogarth, "that I once painted a sacred history piece with one colour, which was neither heightened nor lowered, making the background, shades, &c. with one unaltered colour."

The company expressed their astonishment, and begged he would relate the method of completing his performance. Hogarth thus informed them:—

"I was sent for by a Sir Thomas Thornton, a man of singular disposition, to paint his staircase with some sacred historical piece, applicable to a circumstance which happened to him once, which was his being at sea, where he was pursued and taken by some Algerine pirates. I asked him what he thought of the Egyptians pursuing the Children of Israel through the Red Sea?"

"'Egad!' said Sir Thomas, 'a lucky thought. Well, my dear friend, begin it as soon as possible.' But stay, stay! hold, hold! What is your price? I always like to make a bargain with you gentlemen of the brush."

"'Dear sir,' Hogarth answered, 'I can give no answer to that until I have finished. I shall not be unreasonable. You will pay me, I dare say, as an artist.'"

"'Hey, egad, that you may depend on,' said the Baronet. 'But stay, stay! hold, hold! I can't think of exceeding ten guineas.'"

"Hogarth, piqued to have his talents so undervalued, accepted the terms on condition that five of the ten pieces should be advanced before he began."

"The five guineas were paid, and the painter desired to begin immediately.

"Hogarth rose early the next morning and took with him some common red paint, with which single colour he covered the staircase from top to bottom. He then went to Sir Thomas's chamber and knocked at the door. The awakened knight asked :

"'Hey! Who's there?'

"'Hogarth,' answered the painter.

"'Well! What do you want?' said Sir Thomas.

"'The job is done, Sir Thomas,' said Hogarth.

"'Done?' asked the other. 'Hey, the devil! No, sure! The staircase done already! Hold! hey,—stay, stay! Let me get on my morning gown—done—hey—What, a week's work done in a—Hey! Stay, stay!'

"The knight hobbled out of his chamber as fast as his gouty legs would permit, and rubbing his eyes, cried out:

"'What the devil have we here?'

"'The Red Sea, sir!' Hogarth answered.

"'The Red Sea!' said the astonished knight. 'Hey! Stay, stay! Hold, hold! But where the devil are the children of Israel?'

"'They are all gone over,' said the painter.

"'They are all gone over, are they?' Sir Thomas repeated. 'Hey! Stay, stay! Hold, hold! But, zounds, where are the *Egyptians*?'

"'They are all *drowned*, Sir Thomas.'

"'Drowned!' exclaimed the knight, furious. 'Then I'm hanged if you shall have the other five guineas!'

"'I make you a present of them, Sir Thomas. Good morning.' And away went Hogarth, considerably pleased to have thus so properly chastised the illiberal treatment he had received."



DOMESTIC ASIDES.

BY TOM HOOD.

"I REALLY take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p'raps the measles!)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby;
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come of course to spend the day!
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

"What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!")

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

MINE cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here und see
A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vas grazzy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id wasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer ;
 Not mooch pigger round as a goot glass off beer,
 Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,
 A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,
 Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine
 To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
 Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise ;
 He shust has pegun to shbeak goot English too,
 Says " Mamma," und " Bapa," und somedimes " ah-goo !"
 You don't find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
 Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloer over, und drows dings aboutd,
 Und puts efryding he can find in his mout ;
 He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
 Und gifes mine Katrina von derribel schare.
 Mine hair stands like shquills on a mat borcupine
 Ven I dinks of dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Der vas someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty vell ;
 To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
 Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
 While der chills down der sphine off mine pack quickly goes.
 Dose leedle shimmasdic dricks vasn't so fine
 Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
 Und all off dese droubles vill been ofer den ;
 Dey vill veer a white shirt-vront inshted of a bib,
 Und wouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib.
 Vell ! vell ! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,
 May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine.



YAW, DOT IS SO !

YAW, dot is so ! yaw, dot is so !
 " Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show !"
 I shmokes mine pipe,
 I trinks mine bier,

Und efry day to vork I go ;
 “ Dis vorltd vas all a fleeting show ; ”
 Yaw, dot is so !

Yaw, dot is so ! yaw, dot is so !
 I don’t got mooch down here below.
 I eadt und trink,
 I vork und sleep,
 Und find out, as I oldter grow,
 I haf a hardter row to hoe ;
 Yaw, dot is so !

Yaw, dot is so ! yaw, dot is so !
 Dis vorltd don’t gife me half a show ;
 Somedings to veer,
 Some food to eadt ;
 Vot else ? Shust vait a minude, dough ;
 Katrina, und der poys ! oh !
 Yaw, dot is so !

Yaw, dot is so ! yaw, dot is so !
 Dis vorltd don’t been a fleeting show,
 I haf mine frau,
 I haf mine poys
 To sheer me, daily, as I go ;
 Dot’s pest as anydings I know ;
 Yaw, dot is so !



JOHN GRUMLIE.

JOHN GRUMLIE swore by the licht o’ the moon,
 ‘ And the green leaves on the tree,
 That he could do mair wark in a day,
 Than his wife could do in three.
 His wife rose up in the morning
 Wi’ cares and trouble enow ;
 “ John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,
 And I’ll gae haud the plow.
 “ First ye maun dress your children fair,
 And put them a’ in their gear,
 And ye maun turn the malt, John,
 Or else ye’ll spoil the beer,

And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
 That I span yesterday;
 And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
 Else they'll a' lay away."

O he did dress his children fair,
 And he put them a' in their gear;
 But he forgot to turn the malt,
 And so he spoil'd the beer.
 And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel
 That his wife span yesterday;
 But he forgot to ca' in the hens,
 And the hens a' laid away.

The hawkit crummie loot down nae milk;
 He kirked, nor butter gat;
 And a' gaed wrang, and nought gaed right;
 He danced wi' rage, and grat.
 Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe,
 Wi' mony a wave and shout—
 She heard him as she heard him not,
 And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,
 And laugh'd as she'd been mad,
 When she saw the house in siccan a plight,
 And John sae glum and sad.
 Quoth he: "I gie up my housewife-skep,
 I'll be nae mair guidwife."
 "Indeed," quo' she, "I'm weel content,
 Ye may keep it the rest o' your life."

"The deil be in ~~that~~," quo' surly John,
 "I'll do as I've done before."
 Wi' that the guidwife took up a stout rung,
 And John made aff to the door.
 "Stop, stop, guidwife, I'll haud my tongue,
 I ken I'm sair to blame,
 But henceforth I maun mind the plow,
 And ye maun bide at hame."



TOM SHERIDAN'S ADVENTURE.

TOM SHERIDAN was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham (or rather Hampstead), and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorne, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until, unconsciously, he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire.

A very short time after he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you, sir," said the squire, when within half ear-shot, "what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir," said the squire, growing angry; "and do you know where here is, sir? These, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire. "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir?—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan," said the squire, cooling a little; "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know *that*, sir,—I—"

"No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion! Mr. Sheridan," said the squire; "you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for *you* to talk, but if you were in *my* place I should like to know what *you* would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—'I am' convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you will come up to my house and take some refreshment!'"

The squire was hard hit by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say), "it is needless to add," acted on Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me—now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he crossed a farm, on which was a green, in the centre of which was a pond; in the pond were ducks innumerable swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding. The farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent anyone else from doing it for him, and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer and accosts him civilly.

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer."

"Of what, sur?" says the farmer.

"Why," replies Tom, "I've been out all day fagging after birds and haven't had a shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fairish," said Tom, "fairish."

"And to *have* all you kill?" said the farmer, "eh?"

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven-shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made—Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn door, and let fly with one barrel and then with the other, and such quacking and splashing, and screaming and fluttering had never been seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and

so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Tom, "eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings, eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be; but what do I care for that—*they are none of them mine!*"

"Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness."



WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME!

A New Version for the Xmas Holidays.

BY F. B. DOVETON.

I.

THERE'S a noisy time coming
 When the boys come home;
 An uproarious day is coming
 When the boys come home;
 We shall end, by Fate's fell *fiat*,
 This blessed spell of quiet
 In an outburst of riot
 When the boys come home.

II.

The butcher will look brighter
 When the boys come home;
 Our pockets will be lighter
 When the boys come home;
 Silly sisters will press them
 To guzzle, and caress them—
 I'm not disposed to bless them
 When the boys come home.

III.

The *jams* will swiftly vanish
 When the boys come home,
 And decorum we must banish
 When the boys come home ;
 The vases will be shattered,
 And the furniture be battered,
 And the costly curtains tattered
 When the boys come home.

IV.

Their "suits" may be in creases
 When the boys come home,
 And their boots be all to pieces
 When the boys come home ;
 But we shall see the traces
 Of Mischief's doubtful graces
 In the ruddy, roguish faces
 When the boys come home.

V.

The 'bus will go to meet them
 When the boys come home
 And I shall have to treat them
 When the boys come home ;
 Excess of cake and wine, O,
 Will mean the Doctor, I know,
 And Pater finds the rhino
 When the boys come home !



WHY DOST THOU SING ?*

WHY dost thou sing ? Is it because thou dreamest
 We love to hear thy sorry quavers ring ?
 My poor deluded girl, thou fondly dreamest !
 Why dost thou sing ?

Why dost thou sing ? I ask thy sad relations,
 They shake their heads, and answer, with a sigh,
 They can explain thy wild hallucinations
 No more than I.

* From *Punch*.

Why dost thou sing ? Why wilt thou never weary ?
 Why wilt thou warble half a note too flat ?
 I can conceive no reasonable theory
 To tell me that.

Why dost thou sing ? O, lady, have we ever
 In thought or action done thee any wrong ?
 Then wherefore should thou visit us for ever
 With that song ?

Why dost thou sing ?—none offers a suggestion,
 None dares to do so desperate a thing,
 And echo only answers to my question,
 Why dost thou sing ?

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THE CONFESSION.

THERE's somewhat on my breast, father,
 There's somewhat on my breast !
 The live-long day I sigh, father,
 At night I cannot rest ;
 I cannot take my rest, father,
 Though I would fain do so,
 A weary weight oppresseth me,—
 The weary weight of woe !

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
 Nor lack of worldly gear ;
 My lands are broad and fair to see,
 My friends are kind and dear ;
 My kin are leal and true, father,
 They mourn to see my grief,
 But, oh ! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
 Can give my heart relief !

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
 'Tis not that she's unkind ;
 Though busy flatterers swarm around,
 I know her constant mind.
 'Tis not the coldness of her heart
 That chills my labouring breast,—
It's that confounded cucumber
I ate and can't digest !

SERJEANT BUZFUZ'S ADDRESS TO THE JURY.
BARDELL v. PICKWICK.

CHARLES DICKENS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,—Never, in the whole course of my professional experience—never, from the very first moment of my applying myself to the study and practice of the law—have I approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me—a responsibility, I must say, I could never have supported, were I not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong that it amounts to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of my much-injured and most-oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom I now see in that box before me.

“You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me.

“The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow,—yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of her royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

“Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlour window a written placard, bearing this inscription—‘Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.’

“Now, I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. ‘Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!’ Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable

qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow,—'Mr. Bardell was a man of honour, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *to* single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour window three days—three days, gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within—he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy. I say systematic villainy, gentlemen, and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

"Now, gentlemen, I shall show you that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited

on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commonys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that, about a year, ago Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or, that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly, and in terms, offered her marriage: previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—"Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious Heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive

and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression—'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is itself a harmless, a useful, and, I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word of promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a position to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

"But enough of this, gentlemen, it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors' and his 'commoneys' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down,' and at odd or even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilised countrymen."

CONNUBIAL CONSTANCY.

JOHN TAYLOR.

CHOANG and Hansi, all declare,
In China were a peerless pair ;
Between the husband and the wife
There ne'er was known a moment's strife ;
If walking out, whate'er the weather,
The loving pair were found together ;
And when at home nought came amiss—
They seem'd as they were born to kiss.
The wife affirm'd, if spouse should die,
She in his grave next day would lie.

Choang believ'd the tender dame,
And swore 'twould be with him the same.
It happen'd that he went to roam,
One day when Hansi stay'd at home,
No doubt on some domestic care,
For 'twas an instance wond'rous rare.
As saunt'ring on, with mind sedate,
Counting the virtues of his mate,
At length a lady struck his sight,
In widow's mournful weeds bedight,
Intent she wav'd a spacious fan
O'er clay that cover'd a dead man.

Choang approach'd the weeping fair,
And ask'd the cause that mov'd her care ;
Observing she must feel relief
In fanning thus, with duteous grief,
The flies away that hover'd near.
Lest they profan'd her husband's bier.
" Ah ! " said the dame, with accents sad,
" My loss has almost made me mad ;
Within this grave my husband lies "—
(And then her bosom throb'd with sighs) ;
" 'Tis not to fan away the flies,
But his injunction to obey,
That by his body thus I stay—
He charg'd me not to wear again,
Dear, tender man ! the nuptial chain,

Till that the hallow'd earth be dry
 Where now his sainted ashes lie.
 Hence two whole days I here have spent,
 To gratify his will intent ;
 And, if the clay's not dry before,
 I'll stay to fan it two days more."

Choang, perplex'd, resum'd his way,
 While fears within his bosom prey,
 Lest Hansi thus might wish to wed,
 When he was number'd with the dead ;
 Perchance the same expedient try,
 The earth upon his corpse to dry.
 He told his wife when home he came
 The story of the widow'd dame,
 Hinting that if the will of Fate
 Should first conclude his mortal date,
 She might be found a fan to wave,
 Chasing the moisture from his grave.

Poor Hansi rav'd like one distraught,
 That he should harbour such a thought ;
 Then weeping swore, if he were dead,
 She only with his tomb would wed.
 It chanc'd soon after came a friend,
 An ev'ning with the pair to spend,
 They suppd, they chatted, fill'd their glasses,
 And time in festive humour passes,
 When, horror to the loving fair,
 Choang fell breathless in his chair !

The lady, as in duty bound,
 Scream'd, and then fainted on the ground,
 Nor, till next day, she was so ill,
 Could she look o'er her husband's will.
 The friend, who thought 'twas wrong to go
 And leave poor Hansi lost in woe,
 On the third day used words of weight
 To reconcile her to her fate ;
 He was a young and handsome man,
 And she to listen soon began,
 In short, before the day was o'er,
 Hansi resolv'd to weep no more,
 And then agreed, without delay,
 To wed the friend that very day.

A nuptial feast took place that night,
The house appear'd one blaze of light,
And Choang was forgotten quite.
His corpse, which in the coffin lay,
Was mov'd, as lumber in the way,
To be interr'd some other day.
But lo ! so frail our mortal state,
So sudden are the strokes of Fate,
A chillness o'er the bridegroom came,
As if that Death had seiz'd his frame.

Doctors were sent for in a trice,
The lady offer'd any price
To him who sav'd her husband's life,
For else would die his loving wife.
The doctors weigh'd the matter well—
A remedy 'twas hard to tell—
At length they said a dead man's heart
Might, plac'd upon the breast, impart
New vigour to the vital tide :
This heard, away then ran the bride,
And with a mattock in her hand,
She at the coffin made a stand,
On which she gave so stout a knock
The lid came off—but what a shock !
She saw Choang his head advance,
For he was only in a trance.
He star'd with such a frightful mien,
Hansi in horror fled the scene.

He rose, and straight inquiry made,
About this splendour and parade,
And having learn'd the cause of all,
Sent for his wife, to vent his gall.
The servants quickly found the dame
Had kill'd herself, from grief and shame.
Choang, with philosophic ease,
Resign'd himself to Fate's decrees,
Had Hansi in the coffin laid,
And more secure the lid was made ;
Then reas'ning like a man of sense,
Thought 'twas a pity such expense,
Such rich attire, and sumptuous fare,
Should idly waste with none to share,
So that same night he briskly ran
To wed the lady with the fan.

THE GROWTH OF SCANDAL.

ANONYMOUS.

SAID MRS. A.

To Mrs. J.,

In quite a confidential way—

“It seems to me

That Mrs. B.

Takes too much—something—in her tea.”

And Mrs. J.

To Mrs. K.

That night was overheard to say—

She grieved to touch

Upon it much,

“But Mrs. B. took such-and-such.”

Then Mrs. K.

Went straight away

And told a friend the self-same day,

“’Twas sad to think”—

Here came the wink—

“That Mrs. B. was fond of drink.”

The friend’s disgust

Was such she must

Inform a lady “which she nussed,”

“That Mrs. B.

At half-past three

Was that far gone she couldn’t see!”

This lady we

Have mentioned, she

Gave needlework to Mrs. B.,

And at such news

Could scarcely choose

But further needlework refuse.

Then Mrs. B.,

As you’ll agree,

Quite properly—she said, said she,

That she would track

The scandal back

To those who painted her so black

Through Mrs. K.
 And Mrs. J.
 She got at last to Mrs. A.,
 And asked her why,
 With cruel lie,
 She painted her so deep a dye.

Said Mrs. A.,
 In sore dismay,
 "I no such thing could ever say;
 I said that you
 Had stouter grew
 On too much sugar—which you do!"



MY FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.*

BY EDWARD F. TURNER.

How I ever came to do it I don't know. I was not a theatrical man. I had never acted a part in my life, except once at charade when I was a little boy, and then my elder brother smacked my head in the passage afterwards because I let out the word with appalling significance immediately I came on. As far as I have anything like an impression on the subject, I think it was all owing to Duncan. If it was not, I have done him a wrong of tall dimensions, inasmuch as I have cut him persistently ever since it occurred, seven years ago.

If I am not dreaming, Duncan called on me on the day of the performance, and said, in about two breaths and a half, that it was for the benefit of a charity, and somebody could not play the small part of Giuseppe Diavolo at the last moment because his mother was ill, and would I do it, and it was as easy as possible, and I should only be on the stage a few minutes, and the theatre was in Bayswater, and would I start, please, not later than a quarter-past six, and he was sure I could not refuse, and it was very kind of me to say I would do it (I had not said anything of the kind), and there was the book with the part all marked, and he was very sorry he could not stop, but he had to go and see the costumier, who had only sent him one grey whisker instead of two to play an old man's part in, and, as he said before, it really was very good-natured indeed, and *au revoir*—and then I found myself alone with the book.

* From "T Leaves."

If I am not still dreaming, I rushed out to call Duncan back ; but by the time I got to the top of the stairs, the tails of his coat were just whisking out of the door, and he either would not or could not hear my despairing shout.

I believe, also, that when I came back into my room again, I took the book up and began to learn my part. I shall always declare to the end of my life—and thumb-screws won't make me depart from the statement—that at 5 P.M. I knew every single word of it. But I confess myself totally at a loss to account for the phenomenon, that at 5.30 I didn't know it quite so well ; that at 6 a distinct coolness had sprung up between me and it ; and that at 6.15, when I had been requested to start for the scene of action, we were complete strangers to each other.

I started mechanically, book in hand, and I hailed a cab. My composure of mind was not augmented by the circumstance that the driver confounded the elegant little bijou theatre to which he was directed to take me, first with a low music-hall, and then with a lower music-hall ; and that he then, as it were, suddenly repenting, drove me in triumph up to the front entrance of a dissenting chapel. We ultimately arrived at my real destination ; but the devious route by which I had come, and the stoppages which had occurred on the way, had consumed so much time, that the performance was about to begin ; and all hope of my having a little quiet "study" at my part had vanished.

I think, but I am not sure, that I expected, when I got to the door, to see Duncan there in the act of putting on his whiskers. If I did I was doomed to disappointment, for he was nowhere visible. This being so, I thought I had better ask for the "green-room," and I did so of a man who was standing at the door, in a tone which might naturally accompany an inquiry for the condemned cell.

"Green-room, sir ? Bless yer, there ain't no green-room 'ere ; but the dressin'-rooms is hunder the stage. You've come to the wrong hentrance haltogether ; but if you go along that there passidge, and hopen that there door at the hend of it, and go down the stairs (which, the roof being low and the timbers sticking hout, you'll wery likely 'it your 'ed as you goes), you'll find another door as leads into another passidge, and the dressin'-rooms leads hout of that."

This complicated and not, strictly speaking, cheerful direction is impressed on my memory with exactness, because I *did* hit my head against a protruding timber as I went down the stairs to which the man had alluded. And as I have the scar now, I am led to think that this part of the evening, at all events, is not a creature of my imagination.

Giddy with the blow, I found myself, somehow, in the passage out of which the various dressing-rooms led, and the questions which I had to solve were, which dressing-room was intended for me, how I was going to be dressed, and who was going to dress me. I gently tried a door with the words "Dressing-room" written over it. It was locked, and a shrill treble scream from within gave me reason to suppose that if it had *not* been locked the consequences might have been embarrassing. I fled on tiptoe, and was getting desperate, when a door lower down opened a little way, and an anxious head was thrust out. It was so disguised with paint, an unearthly wig, and two venerable grey whiskers, that I should not, I think, have recognised its owner but for the fact of his speaking to me in the unmistakable tones of Duncan.

"My dear fellow, this is your room. I told the man at the stage-door to show it to you. For mercy's sake, make haste! you've got to be dressed, and you come on quite early in the first act. Come along, pray."

I went along, pray; and the next thing I remember is that I found myself dressed up as a brigand, with a long cloak thrown loosely over me, as to which I can recall that whenever I walked I tripped up in it, and fell forwards, and whenever I stood still I caught my heels in it, and fell backwards. After I had done this impartially about six times each way, I thought it advisable to tuck it up. I am inclined now to believe that I must then have looked rather more like an elderly lady going over a crossing on a wet day than a bloodthirsty brigand.

I was scarcely tucked up when Duncan, who had gone upstairs and told me to wait in the dressing-room till he called me, came rushing down.

"Come up instantly—you'll be on in a minute. Don't forget the pistols, and the sword, and the rifle, and the dagger."

I had put those weapons all down while arranging the cloak to my satisfaction, and I now seized them hastily, and put the dagger through my belt on one side with the handle downwards, and the pistols on the other side with the barrels pointing upwards, so that if they had been loaded and had gone off they must infallibly have blown my head off; and I clung to the sword in one hand, and to some part, but I really don't know what part, of the gun in the other hand, and ran after Duncan.

The moment I got to the top of the stairs the dagger began to wriggle, and the weight of the handle being at the wrong end, it fell out of the scabbard, and I had to pick it up; and as the scabbard had got mixed up with the belt, and I could not unfasten it, I had to make dabs at it with the dagger, which resulted in my receiving six small flesh wounds, and

then throwing the dagger away. I was in the very act of doing so when my turn came to go on.

I am prepared to state on oath, that from the time of my reaching the theatre until that moment no subject had been more distant from my mind than my part. Owing to my lateness, the succession of events had been so rapid and startling that I had not had one instant for reflection of any kind, and had given myself up to the situation like a straw in a whirlwind.

Accordingly, when Duncan gave me a push and whispered, "Now then, fire away; flourish your gun, and say, 'Ha! ha! whom have we here?'" I was as much astonished at the moment as if he had asked me to assassinate his mother.

The scene must, I think, have been a forest. My reason for thinking so is, that there were two or three evergreens and a general appearance of green paint about, and that two ladies, an old and a young one, were wandering up and down and trying not to see me (which was a difficult matter, as the size of the stage would not allow of my being more than about three yards off them), and that they mentioned at intervals that the carriage had broken down, and they feared they had lost the path, and they sincerely trusted that Heaven would not, in that very unpleasant dilemma, desert them.

I have sometimes since, in a quiet hour, speculated in my mind as to whether, in happier circumstances, I might have gone so far as to deliver myself of the ridiculous observation, "Ha! ha! whom have we here?" I almost think I should have got to it in time; I seem even to recall a desperate effort to clear my mind and be equal to the occasion; but at the critical moment when my lips were about to move and say something—it might have been "Ha! ha! whom have we here?" or it might not; I won't pledge myself on the point—I dropped a pistol. I stooped down instinctively to pick up the pistol, and down went the gun, and then the other pistol, and then the sword, and then the pistol I had just picked up; and the more agonised I grew, and the more desperately I struggled, the more hopeless I found it to retain all my weapons at one and the same moment. If I got a firm hold of the pistols, the gun was prostrate and the sword between my legs; if I secured the sword and one pistol, the other pistol rolled about the stage like a nine-pin, and the gun fell with a thud on my toe. The violence of my exertions caused the arrangement by which I had fastened up my cloak to give way; and just as I had at last fairly got hold of sword, gun, and pistols, and was clutching them in my arms like a person nursing several babies at once, down went that abominable garment to its full length, and the next moment I had tripped up, and was rolling about

the stage on my back, with the implements of war on the top of me, clutched in my arms as before, and hurting most dreadfully.

I know that Duncan has denied it since, but I am positively certain that exactly at that moment he observed, in a most unkind tone of voice from the side-wings—it is painful to me to repeat his coarse language, but I must do it—he observed, “Come off, you ass.”

I was so convinced of it at the time, and so full of indignation, that I sat up (I couldn’t stand), forgetful of audience and of everything but my wrongs, and threw first one pistol and then another at the place from which Duncan’s voice came. The first one broke a plate-glass window, and the other hit the stage carpenter on the head.

The discharge of these missiles was followed by an instant burning desire for precipitate flight. I got up like lightning (I managed it that time), made for the wings, tore off my cloak, went upstairs, downstairs, and along passages, as if pursued by all the furies; reached the stage-door, rushed past the man who was there, opened it, and made for home in a costume consisting of buff-coloured boots up to the thighs, a leather-belt about two feet wide, with the scabbard of the dagger still thrust into it wrong side up, and a crimson coat and trousers. I must add that I was also garnished with a gigantic pair of beetle eyebrows, a large black beard, and a shaggy wig. I had been originally finished off with a conical-shaped hat, but that must have come off somewhere, for I certainly had nothing on my head, except the wig, when I started from the theatre. My impression is, that it fell off and rolled about like a pudding-basin in distress when I tumbled down.

How I ever got through the streets I know not. At all events, I am persuaded that if I had had to be let in at my lodgings by the servant I should have been responsible for her sudden death from fright. But luckily I had, from some instinctive impulse, transferred my latch-key, notwithstanding the haste in which I had dressed, to the pocket of my theatrical costume, and I was able to let myself in.

I sent back the costume in a hamper next day, anonymously. No one ever sent me back my own clothes, and, for the wealth of the Indies, I couldn’t have gone to the theatre to claim them.

I have stated here what I believe to have been facts that actually occurred. There is only one thing which makes me doubt whether my whole story is not based on some extraordinary hallucination. It is this—that in a theatrical magazine which I took up accidentally soon after the date on which I

suppose these events to have happened, there was contained a criticism on the performance in which I had, as I thought, taken part in the character of Giuseppe Diavolo, and in that criticism appeared the following paragraph :—

“The play was a melodrama of the heaviest type, and it was relieved only from intolerable dullness by the irresistibly droll acting of the gentleman who played the part of a comic brigand named Giuseppe Diavolo. This actor contrived, out of the slender material of pure pantomimic action, to provoke the most side-splitting laughter we ever remember to have heard in a theatre, and his sudden and somewhat unexplained disappearance left a blank which was not supplied during the remainder of the evening.”

(By permission of the Author.)



LITTLE PAT AND THE PARSON.

BY A.

He stands at the door of the church peeping in,
 No troublesome beadle is near him;
 The preacher is talking of sinners and sin,
 And little Pat trembles to hear him;
 A poor little fellow, alone and forlorn,
 Who never knew parent or duty,—
 His head is uncover'd, his jacket is torn,
 And hunger has wither'd his beauty.

The white-headed gentleman shut in the box
 Seems growing more angry each minute,—
 He doubles his fist, and the cushion he knocks,
 As if, anxious to know what is in it.
 He scolds at the people who sit in the pews,—
 Pat takes them for kings and princesses.
 (With his little bare feet—he delights in their shoes;
 In his rags—he feels proud of their dresses!)

The Parson exhorts them to think of their need,
 To turn from the world's dissipation,
 The naked to clothe and the hungry to feed,—
 Pat listens with strong approbation!
 And when the old clergyman walks down the aisle,
 Pat runs up to meet him right gladly—
 “Shure, give me my dinner,” says he with a smile,
 “And a jacket,—I want them quite badly!”

The kings and princesses indignantly stare,
 The beadle gets word of the danger,
 And, shaking his silver-tipp'd stick in the air,
 Looks knives at the poor little stranger.
 But Pat's not afraid, he is sparkling with joy,
 And cries—who so willing to cry it?—
 “You'll give me my dinner—I'm *such* a poor boy :
 You said so—now *don't* you deny it !”

The pompous old beadle may grumble and glare,
 And growl about robbers and arson ;
 But the boy who has faith in the sermon stands there,
 And smiles at the white-headed Parson !
 The kings and princesses may wonder and frown,
 And whisper he wants better teaching ;
 But the white-headed Parson looks tenderly down
 On the boy who has faith in his preaching.

He takes him away without question or blame,
 As eager as Patsy to press on,
 For he thinks a good dinner (and Pat thinks the same)
 Is the moral that lies in the lesson.
 And after long years, when Pat, handsomely drest—
 A smart footman—is asked to determine
 Of all earthly things what's the thing he likes best,
 He says, “Och ! shure, the master's ould sermin !”



A SOLILOQUY AT POKER.

“To draw or not to draw, that is the question.
 Whether 'tis safer in the player to take
 The awful risk of skinning for a straight,
 Or, standing pat, to raise 'em all the limit,
 And thus, by bluffing, get it. To draw—to skin
 No more—and by that skin to get a full
 Or two pairs, the fattest bouncin' kings
 That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To draw, to skin ;
 To skin ! perchance to bust—ay, there's the rub !
 For in that draw three cards may come,
 When we have shuffled off the uncertain pack,

Must give us pause. There's the respect
 Which makes a calamity of a bobtailed flush;
 For who would bear the overwhelming blind,
 The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge,
 The insolence of pat hands, and the lifts
 That the patient of the bluffer takes,
 When he himself might be much better off
 By simply passing? Who would trays-uphold,
 And go out on a small progressive raise,
 But that the dread of something after call,
 The undiscovered ace-full, to whose strength
 Such hands must bow, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather keep the chips we have
 Than be curious about hands we know not of!
 Thus bluffing doth make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of a four-heart flush
 Is sicklied o'er with some dark and cussed club,
 And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth,
 With this regard, their interest turn awry,
 And lose the right to open."



ON THE ART OF ANGLING.

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

A Fishy Story. From "Three Men in a Boat."

I AM not a good fisherman myself. I devoted a considerable amount of attention to the subject at one time, and was getting on, as I thought, fairly well; but the old hands told me that I should never be any real good at it, and advised me to give it up. They said that I was an extremely neat thrower, and that I seemed to have plenty of gumption for the thing, and quite enough constitutional laziness. But they were sure I should never make anything of a fisherman. I had not got sufficient imagination.

They said that as a poet, or a shilling shocker, or a reporter, or anything of that kind, I might be satisfactory, but that to gain any position as a Thames angler would require more play of fancy, more power of invention than I appeared to possess.

Some people are under the impression that all that is required to make a good fisherman is the ability to tell lies easily and without blushing; but this is a mistake. Mere bald fabrication is useless; the veriest tyro can manage that.

It is in the circumstantial detail, the embellishing touches of probability, the general air of scrupulous—almost of pedantic—veracity, that the experienced angler is seen.

Anybody can come in and say, "Oh, I caught fifteen dozen perch yesterday evening"; or, "Last Monday I landed a gudgeon, weighing eighteen pounds, and measuring three feet from the tip to the tail."

There is no art, no skill, required for that sort of thing. It shows pluck, but that is all.

No; your accomplished angler would scorn to tell a lie, that way. His method is a study in itself.

He comes in quietly with his hat on, appropriates the most comfortable chair, lights his pipe, and commences to puff in silence. He lets the youngsters brag away for a while, and then, during a momentary lull, he removes the pipe from his mouth, and remarks, as he knocks the ashes out against the bars,—

"Well I had a haul on Tuesday evening that it's not much good my telling anybody about."

"Oh! why's that?" they ask.

"Because I don't expect anybody would believe me if I did," replies the old fellow calmly, and without even a tinge of bitterness in his tone, as he refills his pipe, and requests the landlord to bring him three of Scotch, cold.

There is a pause after this, nobody feeling sufficiently sure of himself to contradict the old gentleman. So he has to go on by himself without any encouragement.

"No," he continues thoughtfully; "I shouldn't believe it myself if anybody told it to me, but it's a fact for all that. I had been sitting there all the afternoon and had caught literally nothing—except a few dozen dace and a score of jack; and I was just about giving it up as a bad job when I suddenly felt a rather smart pull at the line. I thought it was another little one, and I went to jerk it up. Hang me, if I could move the rod! It took me half an hour—half an hour, sir!—to land that fish; and every moment I thought the line was going to snap! I reached him at last, and what do you think it was? A sturgeon! a forty-pound sturgeon! taken on a line, sir! Yes, you may well look surprised—I'll have another three of Scotch, landlord, please."

And then he goes on to tell of the astonishment of everybody who saw it; and what his wife said when he got home, and of what Joe Buggles thought about it.

I asked the landlord of an inn up the river once if it did not injure him, sometimes, listening to the tales that the fishermen about there told him; and he said:—

"Oh, no; not now, sir. It did used to knock me over a bit at first, but, lor' love you! me and the missus we listens to 'em all day now. It's what you're used to, you know. It's what you're used to."

I knew a young man once—he was a most conscientious fellow, and when he took to fly-fishing he determined never to exaggerate his hauls by more than 25 per cent.

"When I have caught forty fish," said he, "then I will tell people that I have caught fifty, and so on. But I will not lie any more than that, because it is sinful to lie."

But the 25 per cent. plan did not work well at all. He never was able to use it. The greatest number of fish he ever caught in one day was three, and you can't add 25 per cent. to three—at least, not in fish.

So he increased his percentage to thirty-three and a third; but that, again, was awkward, when he had only caught one or two; so, to simplify matters, he made up his mind to just double the quantity.

He stuck to this arrangement for a couple of months, and then he grew dissatisfied with it. Nobody believed him when he told them that he only doubled, and he, therefore, gained no credit that way whatever, while his moderation put him at a disadvantage among the other anglers. When he had really caught three small fish, and said he had caught six, it used to make him quite jealous to hear a man, whom he knew for a fact had only caught one, going about telling people he had landed two dozen.

So eventually he made one final arrangement with himself, which he has religiously held to ever since, and that was to count each fish that he caught as ten, and to assume ten to begin with. For example, if he did not catch any fish at all, then he said he had caught ten fish—you could never catch less than ten fish by his system; that was the foundation of it. Then if by any chance he really did catch one fish, he called it twenty; while two fish would count thirty, three forty, and so on.

It is a simple and easily worked plan, and there has been some talk lately of its being made use of by the angling fraternity in general. Indeed, the Committee of the Thames Anglers' Association did recommend its adoption about two years ago, but some of the older members opposed it. They said they would consider the idea if the number were doubled, and each fish counted as twenty.

If ever you have an evening to spare, up the river, I should advise you to drop into one of the little village inns, and take a seat in the tap-room. You will be nearly sure to meet one or two old rod-men, sipping their toddy there, and they will tell

you enough fishy stories in half an hour to give you indigestion for a month.

George and I—I don't know what had become of Harris; he had gone out and had a shave, early in the afternoon, and had then come back and spent full forty minutes in pipeclaying his shoes; we had not seen him since—George and I, therefore, and the dog, left to ourselves, went for a walk to Wallingford on the second evening, and, coming home, we called in at a little river-side inn for a rest, and other things.

We went into the parlour and sat down. There was an old fellow there smoking a long clay pipe, and we naturally began chatting.

He told us that it had been a fine day to-day, and we told him that it had been a fine day yesterday, and then we all told each other that we thought it would be a fine day to-morrow; and George said the crops seemed to be coming up nicely.

After that it came out, somehow or other, that we were strangers in the neighbourhood, and that we were going away the next morning.

Then a pause ensued in the conversation, during which our eyes wandered round the room. They finally rested upon a dusty old glass case, fixed very high up above the chimney-piece, and containing a trout. It rather fascinated me, that trout; it was such a monstrous fish. In fact, at first glance, I thought it was a cod.

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, following the direction of my gaze, "fine fellow that, ain't he?"

"Quite uncommon," I murmured; and George asked the old man how much he thought it weighed.

"Eighteen pounds six ounces," said our friend, rising and taking down his coat. "Yes," he continued, "it wur sixteen year ago, come the third o' next month, that I landed him. I caught him just below the bridge with a minnow. They told me he wur in the river, and I said I'd have him, and so I did. You don't see many fish that size about here now, I'm thinking Good-night, gentlemen, good-night."

And out he went, and left us alone.

We could not take our eyes off the fish after that. It really was a remarkably fine fish. We were still looking at it when the local carrier, who had just stopped at the inn, came to the door of the room with a pot of beer in his hand, and he also looked at the fish.

"Good-sized trout, that," said George, turning round to him.

"Ah! you may well say that, sir," replied the man; and then, after a pull at his beer, he added, "Maybe you wasn't here, sir, when that fish was caught?"

"No," we told him. We were strangers in the neighbourhood.

"Ah!" said the carrier, "then, of course, how should you? It was nearly five years ago that I caught that trout."

"Oh! was it you who caught it, then?" said I.

"Yes, sir," replied the genial old fellow. "I caught him just below the lock—leastways, what was the lock then—one Friday afternoon; and the remarkable thing about it is that I caught him with a fly. I'd gone out pike-fishing, bless you, never thinking of a trout, and when I saw that whopper on the end of my line, blest if it didn't quite take me aback. Well, you see, he weighed twenty-six pound. Good-night, gentlemen, good-night."

Five minutes afterwards a third man came in, and described how *he* had caught it early one morning, with bleak; and then he left, and a stolid, solemn-looking, middle-aged individual came in, and sat down over by the window.

None of us spoke for a while; but, at length, George turned to the newcomer and said,—

"I beg your pardon, I hope you will forgive the liberty that we—perfect strangers in the neighbourhood—are taking, but my friend here and myself would be so much obliged if you would tell us how you caught that trout up there."

"Why, who told you I caught that trout?" was the surprised query.

We said that nobody had told us so, but somehow or other we felt instinctively that it was he who had done it.

"Well, it's a most remarkable thing—most remarkable," answered the stolid stranger, laughing; "because, as a matter of fact, you are quite right. I did catch it. But fancy your guessing it like that! Dear me, it's really a most remarkable thing."

And then he went on, and told us how it had taken him half an hour to land it, and how it had broken his rod. He said he had weighed it carefully when he reached home, and it had turned the scale at thirty-four pounds.

He went in his turn, and when he was gone the landlord came in to us. We told him the various histories we had heard about his trout, and he was immensely amused, and we all laughed very heartily.

"Fancy Jim Bates and Joe Muggles and Mr. Jones and old Billy Maunders all telling you that they had caught it. Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is good," said the honest old fellow, laughing heartily. "Yes, they are the sort to give it *me*, to put up in *my* parlour, if *they* had caught it, they are! Ha! ha! ha!"

And then he told us the real history of the fish. It seemed that he had caught it himself, years ago, when he was quite a lad; not by any art or skill, but by that unaccountable luck that appears to always wait upon a boy when he plays the wag from school, and goes out fishing on a sunny afternoon, with a bit of string tied on to the end of a tree.

He said that bringing home that trout had saved him from a whacking, and that even his schoolmaster had said it was worth the rule-of-three and practice put together.

He was called out of the room at this point, and George and I again turned our gaze upon the fish.

It really was a most astonishing trout. The more we looked at it the more we marvelled at it.

It excited George so much that he climbed up on the back of a chair to get a better view of it.

And then the chair slipped, and George clutched wildly at the trout-case to save himself, and down it came with a crash, George and the chair on top of it.

"You haven't injured the fish, have you?" I cried in alarm, rushing up.

"I hope not," said George, rising cautiously and looking about.

But he had. That trout lay shattered into a thousand fragments—I say a thousand, but they may have only been nine hundred. I did not count them.

We thought it strange and unaccountable that a stuffed trout should break up into little pieces like that.

And so it would have been strange and unaccountable if it had been a stuffed trout—but it was not.

That trout was plaster-of-Paris.

(By permission of the Author.)



BAIT OF THE AVERAGE FISHERMAN.

BY H. C. DODGE.

THIS is the bait the
fishermen take,
the fishermen
take, the fishermen take
when they start out the
fish to wake so
early in the
morning. They
take a nip before they go—a
good one, ah! and long and slow,
for fear the chills will lay them low
so early in the morning. Another—when
they're on the street, which they repeat each
time they meet for "luck" — for that's the
way to greet a fisher in the morning. — And
when they are on the river's brink again
they drink without a wink—to fight ma-
laria they think it proper in the morn-
ing. They tip a flask with true delight
when there's a bite; if fishing's light
they "smile" the more, till jolly tight
all fishing they are scorning. An-
other nip as they depart; one at the
mart and one to part, but none
when in the house they dart, ex-
pecting there'll be mourning.
This is the bait the fisher-
men try, who fishes buy at
prices high, and tell each
one a bigger lie of fish-
ing in the morning.



A PLAYHOUSE EFFECT.

WHEN Steele-Mackay had completed his play, "The Iron Will," he built great hopes upon a moon effect.

There was to be a scientific moon, that as it rose looked red through the stratum of atmosphere, changed to yellow as it ascended, and finally came out in lustrous silver.

The company called this "The Delsarte moon," and it came near wrecking the company. It was to make its appearance in the deep gloaming, just as the lovers were breathing their hushed vows in the front groove to tremulous music.

Mr. Harry Montague, the sentimental hero, had braced himself for his "low and soft," the strings were vibrating plaintively in the orchestra, when the audience began to whoop it up with the most uproarious laughter.

Mr. Montague, utterly discomfited, looked around to discover what had happened, and, to his amazement, saw three moons of different colours sailing about in the evening sky with the most reckless abandonment.

After horrible anathemas, threats of discharge, and of resignations and suits for damages, matters were guaranteed for the next night by the employment of a new and expert moon-man, and Mr. Montague was finally reassured.

Unfortunately, the new moon-man had had no experience with Delsarte orbs, and, just as the lovers had braced themselves for the tender scene, the audience broke out again in wild laughter.

The enraged Mr. Montague, white and blue, turned round again, and gazed, horror-stricken, at the wild antics of that moon. It was going up and down like a jig-saw. It shook itself; it even uttered audible damns, and rattled, and finally leaped out of the canvas and rolled across the stage.

Mr. Montague stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth and came down to the footlights.

He said afterwards that if the audience had stopped laughing long enough he intended to ask them to excuse the interruption while the author killed the moon-man.



A TYPICAL WOOER.

It was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;
His horse was so little and hers so high,
He thought his angel was up in the sky.

His love was great tho' his wit was small;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh,—
Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a churchyard, and then he spoke:
“My pretty maiden, if you'll agree
You shall always amble through life with me.”

The damsel answer'd him never a word,
But kick'd the grey mare, and away she spurr'd.
The wooer still follow'd behind the jade;
And enjoyed—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode thro' moss, and they rode thro' moor,
The gallant behind and the lass before:—
And at last they came to a miry place,
And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, “If my nag were better to ride,
I'd follow her over the world so wide.
Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
But I've lost the last glimpse of the grey mare's tail!”



THE SHAPE OF THE EARTH.

A COUNTRY schoolmaster of the old time was coaching his pupils for the yearly examination by the clergymen of the district. He had before him the junior geography class.

“Can any little boy or girl tell me what is the shape of the earth?”

To this there was no answer.

"Oh, dear me, this is sad ! What wull the minister sink o' this ? Well, I'll gie you a token to mind it. What is the shape o' this snuff-box in ma han' ?"

"Square, sir," replied all.

"Yes ; but on the Sablath, when I shange my claes, I shange ma snuff-box, and I wears a round one. Will you mind that for a token ?"

Examination day came, and the junior geography class was called.

"Fine intelligent class this, Mr. Mackenzie," said one of the clergymen.

"Oh yes, sir, they're na boor-like."

"Can any of the little boys or girls tell me what is the shape of the earth ?"

Every hand was extended, every head thrown back, every eye flashed with eager excitement in the good old style of schools. One was singled out with a "You, my little fellow, tell us."

"Roond on Sundays, an' square all the rest o' the week."



"THE TWINS."

H. S. LEIGH.

In form and feature, face and limb,
 I grew so like my brother,
 That folks got taking me for him,
 And each for one another.
 It puzzled all our kith and kin,
 It reached an awful pitch,
 For one of us was born a twin,
 Yet not a soul knew "which."

When quite a little infant child
 My trouble did begin,
 For when I called for nourishment
 'Twas given to the other twin ;
 They gave "me" Godfrey's cordial
 When he kicked up a shine,
 And when his nose was troublesome
 They took to wiping mine.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse
We got "completely mixed";
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened "me,"
And I got christened "him."

This fatal likeness even dogged
My footsteps when at school,
For I was always being flogged
'Cause he turned out a fool.
But once I had a sweet revenge,
For something made me ill;
The doctor came and gave poor Jack
A black draught and a pill.

We both set up at last in trade,
My prospects were but grim;
The people bought *my* things, but paid
The money all to him.
And once, when he had had a drop,
And broke a P'liceman's nob,
They took *me* into custody,
And fined me forty bob.

This fatal likeness turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
Year after year, and still the same
Absurd mistakes went on;
And when I died the neighbours came
And buried brother John.

(By permission of Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS.)



SKATING EXPERIENCES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"Now," said Wardle, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; oh yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening. "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently,

and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These--these--are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just agoin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There--that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank,—

"Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear Mr. Pickwick calling? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the

centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

Mr. Pickwick beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:—

"You're an impostor, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With those words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

"Sliding looks a nice warm exercise, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath, by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does, indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterised all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company; come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves, and

put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, the males turned pale, and the females fainted. Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The abjuration was rather unnecessary; the probability being, that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller; presenting the singular phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour, pausing not an instant until he was snug in bed.



THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

BY JOHN CHANCE CHENEY.

KNITTING is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,
 Doing nothing sits the chore boy, Billy:
 "Seconds reckoned,
 Seconds reckoned;
 Every minute,
 Sixty in it.
 Milly, Billy,
 Billy, Milly,
 Tick-tock, tock-tick,
 Nick-knock, knock-nick,
 Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
 Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
 Every whit as close and cosy, Billy:
 "Time's a-flying,
 Worth your trying;
 Pretty Milly—
 Kiss her, Billy!
 Milly, Billy,
 Billy, Milly,
 Tick-tock, tock-tick,
 Now—now, quick—quick!
 Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
 Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very red is Milly,
Billy boy is looking very silly ;
" Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses ;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right—left, left—right,
That's right, all right,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy
O, the winter winds are wondrous chilly !
" Winter weather,
Close together ;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two—one, one—two,
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly ?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy ?
" Give me credit,
For I did it ;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mister Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My—O, O—my,
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.



FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA ; OR, THE GENTLE
PIEMAN.

BY WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT.

PART I.

At a pleasant evening party I had taken down to supper
One whom I will call Elvira, and we talked of love and Tupper,

Mr. Tupper and the Poets, very lightly with them dealing,
For I've always been distinguished for a strong poetic feeling.

Then we let off paper crackers, each of which contained a
motto,
And she listened while I read them, till her mother told her
not to.

Then she whispered, "To the ball-room we had better, dear, be
walking ;
If we stop down here much longer, really people will be
talking."

There were noblemen in coronets, and military cousins,
There were captains by the hundred, there were baronets by
dozens.

Yet she heeded not their offers, but dismissed them with a
blessing ;
Then she let down all her back hair, which had taken long in
dressing.

Then she had convulsive sobbings in her agitated throttle,
Then she wiped her pretty eyes and smelt her pretty smelling-
bottle.

So I whispered, "Dear Elvira, say,—what can the matter be
with you ?
Does anything you've eaten, darling Popsy, disagree with
you ?"

But spite of all I said, her sobs grew more and more distressing,
And she tore her pretty back hair, which had taken long in
dressing.

Then she gazed upon the carpet, at the ceiling, then above me,
And she whispered, "Ferdinando, do you really, *really* love
me?"

"Love you?" said I, then I sighed, and then I gazed upon
her sweetly,—
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly neatly.

"Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable azure,
On a scientific goose-chase, with my Coxwell or my Glaisher!

"Tell me whither I may hie me—tell me, dear one, that I may
know—
Is it up the highest Andes? down a horrible volcano?"

But she said, "It isn't polar bears, or hot volcanic grottoes:
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely cracker
mottoes!"

PART II.

"Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred, Poet Close, or Mister
Tupper,
Do you write the bon-bon mottoes my Elvira pulls at supper?"

But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he had not had that
honour;
And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that told so much upon
her.

"Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg of you inform us;"
But my question seemed to throw them both into a rage
enormous.

Mister Close expressed a wish that he could only get anigh to
me;
And Mister Martin Tupper sent the following reply to me:

"A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men dread a bandit,"—
Which I know was very clever; but I didn't understand it.

Seven weary years I wandered—Patagonia, China, Norway,
Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastrycook his doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and daffodils and myrtle;
So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of mock turtle.

He was plump and he was chubby, he was smooth and he was
rosy,
And his little wife was pretty and particularly cosy.

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about, and laughed with
laughter hearty—
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a party.

And I said, “O gentle pieman, why so very, very merry?
Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-seven sherry?”

But he answered, “I’m so happy—no profession could be
dearer—
If I am not humming ‘Tra! la! la!’ I’m singing ‘Tirer, lirer!’

“First I go and make the patties, and the puddings, and the
jellies,
Then I make a sugar bird-cage, which upon a table swell is;

“Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-table lacquers;
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find inside the
crackers ——”

“Found at last!” I madly shouted. “Gentle pieman, you
astound me!”
Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically round me;

And I shouted and I danced until he’d quite a crowd around
him,
And I rushed away, exclaiming, “I have found him! I have
found him!”

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road behind me trilling,
“‘Tira! lira!’ stop him, stop him! ‘Tra! la! la!’ the soup’s
a shilling!”

But until I reached Elvira’s home, I never, never waited,
And Elvira to her Ferdinand’s irrevocably mated!

(By permission of the Author.)



THE NEW WOMAN.*

OH, where is that horrible modern monstrosity,
 Where is the woman that people call "new"?
 Who thinks, speaks, and acts with such utter atrocity,
 Tell me—oh, where are the women who do?

Half angry, half sad (upon grounds sentimental), man
 Begs the New Woman to stoutly proclaim—
 No longer a lady, and yet not a gentleman—
 Where are the creatures who own to the name?

This monster has, surely, no lasting vitality,
 Only existing in fancy and print.
 It is just an unlovely abstract personality,
 Coin from the end-of-the-century mint.

And, therefore, in physical prowess, and mental, man
 Owns her supremacy, calm and serene.
 Because the New Woman is like the "Old Gentleman,"
 Heard of more often—thank heaven—than seen.

(By permission of Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Limited.)




HUMBUG EXPOSED.

IN the year 1865 the American Davenport Brothers came to England to exhibit at dark séances certain extraordinary manifestations, which they declared were due to spiritual agencies. To expose this imposture—on the afternoon of Saturday, February 25th, 1865—Mr. Irving (now Sir Henry) in company with his brother actors, Messrs. Frederick, Maccabe and Philip Day, appeared at the Library Hall of the Athenæum in Manchester, and, "making up" to imitate the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, who acted as showman for the Davenports, delivered the following address before introducing Messrs. Maccabe and Day, who were to reproduce the tricks of the impostors, which they did with complete success:—

* From *Punch*.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—In introducing to your notice the remarkable phenomena which have attended the gentlemen about to appear before you, who are not 'brothers,' I do not deem it necessary to offer any observations upon their extraordinary manifestations. I shall, therefore, at once, commence a rigmarole for the purpose of distracting your attention and filling your intelligent heads with perplexity (laughter). I need not tell this enlightened audience that the manifestations they are about to witness are produced by occult powers, the meaning of which I don't clearly understand (laughter), but we simply bring before your notice facts, and from these you must form your own conclusions (hear, hear, and renewed laughter). Concerning the early life of these gentlemen columns of the most uninteresting description could be written (laughter). I will mention one or two facts connected with these remarkable men, for the truth of which I personally vouch. In early life one of them, to the perfect unconcern of everybody, was constantly and most unconsciously floating about his peaceful dwelling in the arms of his amiable nurse (laughter), while, on other occasions, he was frequently tied by invisible hands to his mother's apron strings (renewed laughter). Peculiarities of a like nature were exhibited by his companion, whose acquaintance with *various spirits* commenced many years ago, and has increased to the present moment with pleasure to himself and profit to others (roars of laughter). These gentlemen have not been celebrated throughout the vast Continent of America; they have not astonished the most civilised world, but they have travelled in various parts of this glorious land—the land of Bacon (laughter)—and are about to appear in your glorious city, Manchester (laughter). Many really sensible and intelligent individuals seem to think that the requirement of darkness seems to infer trickery (laughter). So it does (cheers), but I will strive to convince you it does not. Is not a dark chamber essential to the process of photography? and what would we reply to him who would say, 'I believe photography is a humbug; do it all in the light and we will believe otherwise.' It is true we know why darkness is essential to our manifestations (laughter), but we don't want them to find (laughter), we want them to avoid, a common-sense view of the mystery (laughter). We want them to be blinded by our puzzle, and to believe, with implicit faith, in the greatest humbug of the nineteenth century" (loud applause and laughter).



THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
 My curtains drawn, and all is snug ;
 Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
 And Tray is sitting on the rug.
 Last night I had a curious dream :
 Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
 I could but woo and she was won,
 Myself in blue, the bride in white,
 The ring was plac'd, the deed was done !
 Away we went in chaise and four,
 As fast as grinning boys could flog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

What loving *tête-à-têtes* to come !
 But *tête-à-têtes* must still defer !
 When Susan came to live with *me*,
 Her mother came to live with *her* !
 With sister Belle she couldn't part,
 But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
 A monkey too—what work he made !
 The sister introduced a beau—
 My Susan brought a favourite maid ;
 She had a tabby of her own—
 A snappish mongrel christened Gog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The monkey bit—the parrot scream'd,
 All day the sister strummed and sung ;
 The petted maid was such a scold !
 My Susan learned to use her tongue :

Her mother had such wretched health,
She sat and croaked like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

No longer "Deary," "Duck," and "Love,"
I soon came down to simple "M"!
The very servants crossed my wish,
My Susau let me down to them.
The poker hardly seemed my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The maid declared her master wrong—
The parrot learned to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!

Then, first to come and last to go,
 There always was a Captain Hogg—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
 For one who single is and snug,
 With Pussy in the elbow-chair,
 And Tray reposing on the rug?
 If I must totter down the hill,
 'Tis safest done without a clog—
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?



A TRIPLET.

BY W. BEATTY KINGSTON.

I AM, I really think, the most unlucky man on earth,
 A triple sorrow haunts me, and has done so from my birth;
 My lot in life's a gloomy one, I think you will agree:
 'Tis bad enough to be a twin—but I am one of three!

No sooner were we born than pa' and ma' the Bounty claimed;
 I scarce can bear to think they did—it makes me feel ashamed.
 They got it, too, within a week, and spent it, I'll be bound,
 Upon themselves—at least, I know I never had *my* pound.

Our childhood's days in ignorance were lamentably spent—
 Although I think we more than paid the taxes and the rent;
 For we were shown as marvels, and, unless I'm much deceived,
 The smallest contributions were most thankfully received.

We grew up hale and hearty—would we never had been born!
 As like to one another as three peas, or ears of corn.
 Between my brothers, Ichabod, Abimelech, and me,
 No difference existed which the human eye could see.

This likeness was the cause of dreadful suffering and pain
 To me in early life; it nearly broke my heart in twain;
 For while my conduct as a youth was fervently admired,
 That of my fellow-triplets left a deal to be desired.

I was amiable, and pious too—good deeds were my delight ;
 I practised all the virtues—some by day and some by night ;
 Whilst Ichabod imbrued himself in crime, and, sad to say,
 Abimelech, when quite a lad, would rather swear than pray.

Think of my horror and dismay when, in the park at noon,
 An obvious burglar greeted me with “Hullo! Ike, old coon,
 Why, how did you contrive to give the bloomin’ jug the slip?
 I ain’t agoin’ to blow the gaff—come, give us the straight
 tip!”.

One day, as I was dallying with a penny lemon ice,
 My wrists were seized on from behind, and pinioned in a trice,
 The while a voice exclaimed—’twas that of bluff Policeman X—
 “Young man, you are my pris’ner, on a charge of forgin’
 cheques.”

He ran me in, and locked me up, to moulder in a cell ;
 The reason why he used me thus, alas ! I knew too well—
 He took me for Abimelech, my erring brother dear,
 Who was “wanted” by the bank of which he’d been the chief
 cashier.

Next morn the Magistrate remarked, “This is a sad mistake,
 Though natural enough—I much regret it for your sake !
 But, if you will permit me to advise you, I should say,
 Leave England for some other country—very far away.

“For if you go on living in this happy sea-girt isle,
 Although your conduct (like my own) be pure and free from
 guile,
 Your likeness to those sinful men, your brothers twain, will
 lead,
 I fear, to very serious inconveniences indeed !”

I took the hint, and sailed next day for distant Owhyhee—
 As might have been expected, I was cast away at sea.
 A pirate lugger picked me up, and, dreadful to relate,
 Abimelech her Captain was, and Ichabod her Mate.

I loved them, and they tempted me. To join them I agreed,
 Forsook the path of virtue, and did many a ghastly deed.
 For seven years I wallowed in my fellow-creatures’ gore,
 And then gave up the business, to settle down on shore.

My brothers, on retiring from the buccaneering trade,
 In which, I’m bound to say, colossal fortunes they had made,

Renounced their wicked courses, married young and lovely
 wives,
 Went to church three times on Sundays, and led sober, decent
 lives.

As for me, I somehow drifted into vileness past belief,
 Earned unsavoury distinction as a drunkard and a thief;
 E'en in crime, ill-luck pursued me; I became extremely poor,
 And was finally compelled to beg my bread from door to door.

I'm deep down in the social scale, no lower I can sink.
 Upon the whole, experience induces me to think
 That virtue is not lucrative, and honesty's all fudge—
 For Ichabod's a Bishop—and Abimelech's a Judge!

(By permission of the Author.)



I VANT TO FLY.

ANONYMOUS.

DURING the last war there were a number of French officers in an inland town on their parole of honour. Now, one gentleman was tired with the usual routine of eating, drinking, gambling, smoking, &c., and therefore, in order to amuse himself otherwise, resolved to go a-fishing. His host supplied him with a rod and line, but being in want of artificial flies, he went in search of a fishing-tackle maker's shop. Having found one, kept by a plain, painstaking John Bull, our Frenchman entered, and with a bow, a cringe, and a shrug of the shoulders, thus began:—

“Ah, Monsieur Anglaise, comment vous portez-vous?”

“Eh, that's French,” exclaimed the shopkeeper, “not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what you mean.”

“Bon, bon, ver good; den, sare, I sall tell you, I vant deux fly.”

“I dare say you do, Mounseer,” replied the Englishman, “and so do a great many more of your outlandish gentry; but I'm a true-born Briton, and can never consent to assist the enemies of my country to leave it—particularly when they cost us so much to bring them here.”

"Ah, Monsieur, you no comprehend ; I sall repeate, I vant deux fly, on de top of de vater."

"Oh ! what, you want to fly by water, do you ? then I'm sure I can't assist you, for we are, at least, a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and our canal is not navigable above ten or twelve miles from here."

"Sare, you are un stup of de block. I sall tell you once seven times over again—I vant deux fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle at de end of de long pole."

"Aye, aye ! you only fly, Mounseer, by land or water, and if they catch you, I'm mistaken if they won't dingle dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole."

"Vat you mean by dat ? You are un bandit jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. Ba, ba, you are affronte, and I disgrace me to parley vid you. I tell you, sare, dat I vant deux fly on de top of de vater, to dingle dangle at de end of de long pole, to la trap poisson."

"What's that you say, you French Mounseer—you'll lay a trap to poison me and all my family, because I won't assist you to escape ? Why, the like was never heard. Here, Betty, go for the constable."

The constable soon arrived, who happened to be as ignorant as the shopkeeper, and of course it was not to be expected that a constable should be a scholar. Thus the man of office began :—

"What's all this ? Betty has been telling me that this here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family ? Aye, aye, I should like to catch him at it, that's all. Come, come to prison, you delinquent."

"No, sare, I sall not go to de prison, take me before de—what you call it—de ting dat nibble de grass ?"

"Oh, you mean the cow."

"No, sare, not de cow ; you stup Johnny de bœuf—I mean de cheval, vat you ride. [*Imitating.*] Come, sare, gee up. Ah, ha !"

"Oh, now I know ; you mean a horse."

"No, sare, I mean de horse's wife."

"What, the mare ?"

"Oui, bon, yes, sare, take me to the mayor."

This request was complied with, and the French officer stood before the English magistrate, who by chance happened to be better informed than his neighbours, and thus explained to the satisfaction of all parties :—

"You have mistaken the intention of this honest gentleman ; he did not want to fly the country, but to go a-fishing, and for that purpose went to your shop to purchase two flies, by way of

bait, or, as he expressed it, to la trap la poisson. Poisson, in French, is fish."

"Why, aye," replied the shopkeeper, "that may be true--you are a scholar, and so you know better than I. Poisson, in French, may be very good fish, but give me good old English roast beef."

THE WISH.*

BY S. ROGERS.

MINE be a cot beside the hill,
 A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
 A willowy brook that turns the mill,
 With many a fall shall linger there.
 The swallow oft beneath the thatch
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.
 Around the ivy porch shall stray
 Each fragrant flower that sips the dew;
 And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
 In russet gown and apron blue.
 The village church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vow was given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

THE WISH ENJOYED.

So damp my cot beneath the hill,
 The bees have ceased to soothe my ear;
 The willow brook that turns the mill,
 Is turn'd to please the miller's ear.
 The swallow housed beneath the thatch,
 Bedaubed my windows from her nest;
 Instead of pilgrims at my latch,
 Beggars and thieves disturb my rest.

* The rejoinder to same ascribed to Coleridge.

From out the ivy at my door,
 Earwigs and snails are always crawling;
 Lucy now spins and sings no more,
 Because the hungry brats are squalling.
 To village church with priestly pride,
 In vain the pointing spire is given;
 Lucy, with Wesley for her guide,
 Has found a shorter way to heaven.



“BEAR AND FORBEAR.”

A PLAYETTE IN THREE ACTS.

BY JOHN J. PLEDGE, F.R.G.S.

Dramatis Personæ and Costumes.

HARRY.	A young husband. Ordinary indoor gentleman's dress.
CHARLIE.	Also young married man. First time walking dress; second, indoor dress.
UNCLE GEORGE.	Rather elderly gentleman. Ordinary walking suit, etc.
ANGELINA.	Wife to Harry. Fashionable indoor costume.
AUNT RACHEL.	Elderly lady in black silk dress, lace cap, little shawl, etc.
LADY VISITOR.	Fashionably dressed for walking.
ROSE.	Wife to Charlie. First outdoor; second, indoor costume.

ACT I.

[SCENE.—*Modern sitting-room. Young wife and visitor seated.*]

LADY VISITOR. I did not intend to call so early in the day, dear, but it is the only opportunity I shall have of saying good-bye in a quiet way.

ANGELINA. And do you leave England so soon, Alice?

LADY VISITOR. Yes, the steamer starts from Liverpool to-morrow. I have several more calls to make when I leave you, dear, for I *must* say adieu to some of the other old girls.

ANGELINA. Certainly you must. Talking of old girls, what happy times we used to spend at school, Alice, didn't we? I sometimes think it would be so nice if I could be back there again, even if I *had* to learn a lot of hard lessons.

LADY VISITOR. But you are married, Angelina, and must be quite happy with your dear husband. By the bye, is he quite well? I saw him at the concert with you the other night, and I thought he looked a little unwell or troubled. You look a little older and more thoughtful than you did six months ago, dear.

ANGELINA. [*Trying to appear cheerful.*] Do you think so? Oh, we are both pretty well. [*After a pause.*] And so you are going to your uncle and aunt in Canada!—I wish I were going with you!

LADY VISITOR. And leave Harry in England! That would never do. Why, he would be running over to fetch you before a week was out. [*Rises.*] But I really must be going, dear, Good-bye!

ANGELINA. Good-bye—be sure and write soon, and cheer me up, won't you?"

LADY VISITOR. Of course I will. I'll send enough news to fill a book almost. And mind you answer by the next mail. Good-bye again, dear! [*Kisses affectionately and exit.*]

ANGELINA. [*Seats herself, and after a pause soliloquizes.*] Yes! I've been married now six months—but I'm not quite happy. Of course I love Harry, and he's a dear good fellow, but somehow he doesn't seem *quite* so nice as when he was courting me—I'm sure I try to make home as comfortable for him as I can; and if meals *are* a little late, sometimes, he oughtn't to mind—oh, dear! what *is* a poor girl to do? I know Harry has a great deal to think about; and he is very exact and expects things done punctually and properly; but he *should* remember that I am only a *young* housewife, and be a little lenient. [*Takes out her watch.*] Oh, dear! my watch has stopped: I'm sure I don't know what the time is, and Harry will be coming home to dinner and find it not ready for him. I'll just put these things off the table and then run and see if dinner is progressing.

[*Enter HARRY.*]

HARRY. Well, Angelina, is dinner ready? It is one o'clock. [*Takes out his watch.*]

ANGELINA. Is it, dear? I'll go and hasten it on.

HARRY. Is it not ready, then?

ANGELINA. Now, don't be vexed, Harry, I'm going to see.

[*Exit.*]

HARRY. [*Solo.*] Dear me! I *do* like punctuality. [*Pause.*] I thought when I got married I could have everything just as I wanted it; and that Angelina would be a capital manager. But somehow I don't seem to feel quite so happy and contented as I thought I should—of course I love Angelina as much as ever I did, and I know she loves *me*, but things don't seem to run quite smoothly. I wonder how it is? I wouldn't have her think I'm dissatisfied, and yet I'm afraid I sometimes appear so. Bother it! I so soon show it, if I'm not quite pleased with anything. Now, there's Charlie and his wife; how well they always get on together! I must ask him how it is. Why, he told me the other day, Rose and he never have a mis-word; and they've been married much longer than we have. Perhaps they've made some special arrangement in the matter, that we don't know of. [*Looks at his watch again. Calls.*] Angelina! shall I come to dinner? [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

[*SCENE as before. Old, imbecile lady, aunt to ANGELINA, seated by fire, chattering to herself—always asking for her knitting needles. HARRY and ANGELINA at table reading, apparently not noticing each other. Presently ANGELINA stops reading, and after looking at HARRY for some time says—*]

ANGELINA. Harry, I think it's very cruel of you to sit there reading and taking no notice of me. [*Begins to cry.*] What is the matter?

HARRY. Matter with me? Nothing, Angelina. [*Looks up and sees her crying.*] What are you crying for? If Aunt sees you she'll want to know what's the matter with you, and what can you tell her?

ANGELINA. Why, I should tell her the truth; that you're cross with me. But you know very well she doesn't notice much, now.

AUNT. [*In loud shrill voice.*] Oh dear! I think it's going to rain—my corn shoots so! oh! oh!

[*Long pause, presently AUNT speaks.*]

AUNT. Oh dear! I think I must have a cold in my head; or else somebody's talking very loud. There's such a noise in my ears. Angey! who're you talking to so loud? how you *do* chatter, to be sure! Oh! my corn! Where *are* my needles?

[*HARRY gets up and looks out of window.*]

HARRY. Angelina, will you go for a little walk? It'll do us good p'r'aps!

ANGELINA. Yes, if you particularly want me to!

HARRY. [*Piqued.*] Well, I want a walk, and you don't like me to go out alone.

ANGELINA. Oh, Harry, I've *never* said "don't go for a walk." I *may* have said "I like you to go out with me." [*Pauses and goes to window.*] There now; it rains! We can't go now; can we? Well, I can go on with some needlework I want to finish.

AUNT. Angey! Come here, I want you.

[ANGELINA goes and helps old lady with her knitting.]

AUNT. Law! my dear, how nice you look! and so happy too. Where's my needle? Where's Harry? Oh my corn! What a noise in my head, to be sure! You *do* talk so fast, Angelina! Is Uncle George come? Why doesn't he come?

[*Chatters to herself.*]

[ANGELINA goes to window.]

HARRY. Here comes Charlie and his wife! Run and open the door, Angelina, quick.

[*Exit ANGELINA.*]

[*Enter CHARLIE and his wife with ANGELINA.*]

CHARLIE. [*To HARRY.*] Well, old boy, we've just run in to see how you are.

HARRY. And got caught in the rain.

ANGELINA. Well, we're very pleased to see you both; are we not, Harry?

[CHARLIE looks at HARRY for a minute, and finding him dull remarks—]

CHARLIE. Why, what's the matter, Harry? You look down in the dumps. That wicked little wife of yours been scolding you? You should do as I do when Rose scolds me.

ROSE. Now don't be foolish, Charlie.

HARRY. [*Trying to look cheerful.*] What's that?

CHARLIE. Why this. [*Goes and kisses ROSE.*] That's an effectual cure, I can tell you. They don't like our kisses, you know, and are sure to give up scolding at once.

ROSE. To begin again when you deserve it.

[*Enter UNCLE GEORGE.*]

UNCLE GEORGE. I say, young man, what are you about? I don't allow such things in *my* friends' houses! [*Looking round at all in the room.*] Well, how d'ye do, all of you? Come up quite wet, hasn't it? Why, how happy you all look!

Where's Aunt Rachel? Oh, there she is—I must go and speak to her.

CHARLIE. [*To his wife.*] Queer customer that! [*To HARRY.*] I say, Harry, who's that?

UNCLE GEORGE. Well, Aunt Rachel, how de do! Why, you look quite young again. [*Kisses her.*]

CHARLIE. Ha, ha, ha! Pray excuse me, sir, I couldn't help laughing! For the world, I couldn't.

UNCLE GEORGE. Were you laughing at me, sir? and pray what for?

CHARLIE. If I must explain, it seems to me, sir, your practice behes your precept. You have just done the very thing you blamed me for two minutes ago.

UNCLE GEORGE. Why, surely, young man, I may affectionately embrace my own sister!

CHARLIE. And surely, old gentleman, I may affectionately embrace my own wife!

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

UNCLE GEORGE. Come here and let me shake hands with you. You're a naughty young man; but I *like* you, too!

CHARLIE. Do you? Thank you!

UNCLE GEORGE. Don't thank *me*; you're very welcome.

ANGELINA. Now, you'll all stay to tea, won't you?

UNCLE GEORGE. Of course we will. Now, all of you go and take your things off, and I'll chat to Aunt Rachel.

[*Exeunt all except UNCLE GEORGE and AUNT RACHEL.*]

UNCLE GEORGE. Well, how about our little plan? Have you anything fresh to tell me? Do they get on together any better?

AUNT RACHEL. I'm afraid not. They were looking cross and couldn't understand each other just before you came in. One wanted to go for a walk and the other didn't. And this morning Harry came home and found the dinner wasn't ready, and of course *that* wasn't right—oh, my corn! Silly babies, ain't they, George?

UNCLE GEORGE. Ah! I'll set matters right. You have a little nap now, and I'll go and find them. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

[*SCENE as before. Enter UNCLE GEORGE, followed by the others.*]

UNCLE GEORGE. I think it's very unkind of you all not to want to go for a walk before tea. It rains! Well, what does

that matter? we could wrap up.—Now look at Aunt Rachel there! The very idea of her sleeping like that. What right has she to sleep if we can't? [*Goes and shakes her.*] Wake up, Aunt Rachel! [*CHARLIE laughs.*] What are you laughing at, sir? Do you mean to insult me?

CHARLIE. Oh, not by any means to *insult* you! I would rather *consult* you, sir, as to your reason for changing your genial manner for one which is far from agreeable.

ANGELINA. Why, what *is* the matter with you, Uncle?

UNCLE GEORGE. Matter with me, Angelina? Nothing! Why do you ask?

AUNT RACHEL. Oh, my corn! It's going to rain, I think, Oh, oh!

UNCLE GEORGE. *Going to rain!* Why, it *is* raining, silly old lady, and so we can't go out for a walk.

ANGELINA. Oh, Uncle, it *is* too bad of you to go on in this way. And so *different* from you too! What *is* the matter? [*Begins to cry.*]

UNCLE GEORGE. Matter with me, Angelina? Nothing! What are you crying for? [*Takes a book and begins to read.*]

CHARLIE. [*Aside to HARRY.*] Do you know, I'm afraid that old gentleman is suddenly taken ill in his mind.

HARRY. Well, I certainly don't know what to make of him! I never saw him like this before.

[*A pause, during which all look alternately at each other and*
UNCLE GEORGE.]

HARRY. I can't stand this any longer! Look here, Uncle George, if you don't tell me what's the matter, and why you're acting in this strange and unaccountable manner, I'll—I'll run away. [*Paces the room and gets quite excited.*]

ANGELINA. Now, Harry, don't get excited. Try and calm yourself. [*Goes to UNCLE GEORGE, and in a determined tone asks.*] Uncle! what *is* the matter?

UNCLE GEORGE. [*Assuming his genial manner.*] Ha! ha! ha! Poor dears! Now haven't I been a disagreeable old fellow, eh?

ALL. Well, you certainly have been acting very strangely!

UNCLE GEORGE. Yes! and that intentionally so. But there are others that I could mention who, from want of reflection and forethought, go on day after day in pretty much the same fashion; rendering others unhappy and themselves miserable.

AUNT RACHEL. [*Coming forward.*] Dear young friends and audience. Believe us! [*Takes UNCLE GEORGE's hand.*] To be happy one's self, and to make others so, we must practise

self-denial. Let our motto then in future be "*Bear and Forbear*," and let us not forget that we do not live so much to gratify our own desires as to make other people happy.

(CURTAIN.)

(*By permission of the Author.*)



TO BARY JADE.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE bood is beabig brighdly, love,
 The sdars are shidiḡ too;
 While I ab gazig dreabily,
 Add thigkig, love, of you.
 You caddot, oh! you caddot kdow
 My darlig, how I biss you—
 (Oh, whadt a fearful cold I've got!—
 Ck-tish-u! Ck-ck-tish-u!)

I'b sittig in the arbor, love,
 Where you sat by by side,
 Whed od that calb, autubdal dight
 You said you'd be by bride.
 Oh! for wud bobedt to caress;
 Add tederly to kiss you;
 But do! we're beddy biles apart—
 (Ho-rash-o! Ck-ck-tish-u!)

This charbig evedig brigs to bide
 The tibe whed first we bet;
 It seebs but odly yesterday;
 I thrig I see you yet.
 Oh! tell be, ab I sdill your owd?
 By hopes—oh, do dot dash theb!
 (Codfound by cold, 'tis gettig worse—
 Ck-tish-u! Ck-ck-thrash-eb!)

Good-bye, by darlig Bary Jade!
 The bid-dight hour is dear;
 Add it is hardly wise, by love,
 For be to ligger here.

The heavy dews are fallig fast :
 A fod good-dight I wish you
 (Ho-rash-o!—there it is agaid—
 Ck-thrash-ub! Ck-ck-tish-u!



IN BONDAGE.

"HER eyes were wild, her hair was in disorder, her face was flushed, her hands were clenched. She was a deeply injured and desperate woman.

"Oh, cruel one," she cried in agonised tones, "I have borne with you too long! You have injured the very foundation of my being! Day by day you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up.

"When first we met, how your ease and polish attracted me! When you became my own how my friends envied me! But your understanding is too small for my large soul. You are opposed to my progress in life.

"You have injured my standing in society. If we had never met I might have walked in peace. So now begone! We part for ever!"

There was a moment's convulsive breathing, a grinding of teeth, and a sharp sigh. It was all over. By a supreme effort she had pulled off her new shoes.



THE DANGER OF LYING.

BY CHARLES DIBDIN.

An English ship, to desperate fight
 With Gallic foes engag'd,
 For twice two hours, an awful time,
 The unequal conflict waged.

But victory crown'd the British flag,
 Though purchased by the blood
 Of many a brave and noble tar,
 Who for his country stood.

The fight once o'er, the surgeons next
O'er wounded bodies creep,
And those whom death had fairly caught
They sentence to the deep.

One manly fellow on the deck
Had felt the Gallic fire;
Disguised with blood, they scarcely knew
Poor Dick, nicknamed the *liar*.

For truth Dick's unsteady tongue
Too rarely found the way;
Whate'er he said, he freely gave
Imagination play.

Him motionless and stain'd with gore,
The surgeons left for dead;
And bade his comrades standing round,
Heave to his watery bed.

They stoop; they heave the bleeding load;
But life was not all gone;
Dick roared aloud, "I'm only stunn'd,
You lubbers, set me down!"

Amazed they stand, but knowing well
Dick loved a *lying* jest,
At once exclaim, "Why, darn your soul,
The doctor must know best."



LOSING HIS SENSES.

A CENSUS taker tells the following story. The first difficulty I experienced was with Old Ronaldson. He was always a little queer, as old bachelors often are. As I left the census paper with him, he held the door in one hand while he took the paper from me in the other. I said I would call again for the paper. "Ye needn't trouble yourself," said he in a very ill-natured tone; "I'll not be bothered with your papers!" However, I did not mind him much; for I thought when he discovered that the paper had nothing to do with taxes he would feel more comfortable, and that he would fill it up properly.

The only person whom Old Ronaldson allowed near him was Mrs. Birnie; she used to put his house in order and arrange his washing; for Ronaldson was an old soldier; and although he had a temper, he was perfect in his dress, and most orderly in all his household arrangements. When Mrs. Birnie went in her usual way to his house on the morning referred to, the old gentleman was up and dressed; but he was in a terrible temper, flurried and greatly agitated.

"Good-morning, sir," said Mrs. Birnie—I had the particular words from her own lips—"Good-morning," said she; but Old Ronaldson, who was as a rule extremely polite to her, did not on this occasion reply. His agitation increased. He fumbled in all his pockets; pulled out and in all the drawers of his desk; turned the contents of an old chest out on the floor—all the time accompanying his search with muttered imprecations, which at length broke into a perfect storm.

Mrs. Birnie had often seen Mr. Ronaldson excited before, but she had never seen him in such a state as this. At length he approached an old bookcase, and after looking earnestly about and behind it, he suddenly seized and pulled it toward him, when a lot of old papers fell on the floor, and a perfect cloud of dust filled the room. Mrs. Birnie stood dumbfounded. At length the old gentleman, covered with dust, and perspiring with his violent exertions, sat down on the corner of his bed, and in a most wretched tone of voice said: "Oh, Mrs. Birnie, don't be alarmed, but I've lost my *senses*!"

"I was just thinking as much myself," said Mrs. Birnie; and off she ran to my house at the top of her speed. "Oh, Mr. M'Lauchlin," said she, "come immediately—come this very minute; for Old Ronaldson's clean mad. He's tearing his hair, and cursing in a manner most awful to hear; and worse than that—he's begun to tear down the house about himself. Oh, sir, come immediately, and get him put in a strait jacket!"

Of course I at once sent for old Dr. Macnab, and asked him to fetch a certificate for an insane person with him. Now, old Dr. Macnab is a cautious and sensible man. His bald head and silvery hair, his beautiful white neck-cloth and shiny black coat, not to speak of his silver-headed cane and dignified manner, all combine to make our doctor an authority in the parish.

"Ay, ay," said the good doctor, when he met me; "I always feared the worst about Mr. Ronaldson. Not good for man to be alone, sir. I always advised him to take a wife. Never would take my advice. You see the result, Mr. M'Lauchlin. However, we must see the poor man."

When we arrived, we found all as Mrs. Birnie had said;

indeed by this time matters had become worse and worse, and a goodly number of the neighbours were gathered. One old lady recommended that the barber should be sent for to shave Ronaldson's head. This was the least necessary, as his head, poor fellow, was already as bald and smooth as a ball of ivory. Another kind neighbour had brought in some brandy, and Old Ronaldson had taken several glasses, and pronounced it capital; which everyone said was a sure sign "he was coming to himself." One of his tender-hearted neighbours, who had helped herself to a breakfast cupful of this medicine, was shedding tears profusely, and as she kept rocking from side to side, nursing her elbows, she cried bitterly, "Poor Mr. Ronaldson's lost his senses!"

The instant Dr. Macnab appeared, Old Ronaldson stepped forward, shook him warmly by the hand, and said, "I'm truly glad to see you, doctor. You will soon put it all right. I have only lost my *senses*—that's all! That's what all these women are making this row about."

"Let me feel your pulse," said the doctor gently.

"Oh, nonsense, doctor," cried Ronaldson—"nonsense; I've only lost my *senses*." And he made as if he would fly at the heap of drawers, dust, and rubbish which lay in the centre of the floor, and have it all raked out again.

"Oh, lost your senses, have you?" said the doctor, with a bland smile. "You'll soon get over that—that's a trifle." But he deliberately pulled out his big gold repeater and held Ronaldson by the wrist—"Just as I feared. Pulse ninety-five, eye troubled, face flushed, muckle excitement," etc. So, there and then, Old Ronaldson was doomed. I did not wish a painful scene; so, when I got my certificate signed by the doctor, I quietly slipped out, got a pair of horses and a close carriage, and asked Mr. Ronaldson to meet me, if he felt able, at the inn in half an hour, as I felt sure a walk in the open air would do him good. He gladly fell in with this plan, and promised to be with me at noon certain.

As I have said, he is an old soldier—was an officer's servant in fact—and is a most tidy and punctual person. But old Mrs. Birnie had, with much thoughtfulness, the moment he began to make preparations for this, put his razors out of the way. Hereupon he got worse and worse, stamped and stormed, and at last worked himself into a terrible passion. I grew tired waiting at the inn, and so returned, and found him in a sad state. When he saw me he cried, "Oh, Mr. M'Lauchlin, the deil's in this house this day."

"Very true," said Mrs. Birnie to me in an aside. "You see, sir, he speaks sense—whiles."

"Everything has gone against me this day," he went on; "but," said he, "I'll get out of this if my beard never comes off. Hand me my Wellington boots, Mrs. Birnie. I hope you have not swallowed them too!"

The moment Ronaldson began to draw on his boots, affairs changed as if by magic. "There," cried he triumphantly—"There is that confounded paper of yours which has made all this row! See, Mrs. Birnie," he exclaimed, flourishing my census paper in his hand, "*I've found my senses!*"

"Oh," cried the much affected widow, "I am glad to hear it," and in her ecstatic joy she rushed upon the old soldier, took his head to her bosom, and wept for joy. I seized the opportunity to beat a hasty retreat, and left the pair to congratulate each other upon the happy finding of Old Ronaldson's *senses!*



GETTING UP; OR, THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD.

BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

HAVE you brought my boots, Jemima?

Leave them at my chamber-door.

Does the water boil, Jemima?

Place it also on the floor.

Eight o'clock already, is it?

How's the weather—pretty fine?

Eight is tolerably early;

I can get away by nine.

Still I feel a little sleepy,

Though I came to bed at one.

Put the bacon on, Jemima;

See the eggs are nicely done!

I'll be down in twenty minutes—

Or, if possible, in less;

I shall not be long, Jemima,

When I once begin to dress.

She is gone, the brisk Jemima;

She is gone, and little thinks

How the sluggard yearns to capture

Yet another forty winks.

Since the bard is human only—
 Not an early village cock—
 Why should he salute the morning
 At the hour of eight o'clock ?
 Stified be the voice of Duty ;
 Prudence, prithee, cease to chide,
 While I turn me softly, gently,
 Round upon my other side ;
 Sleep, resume thy downy empire ;
 Reassert thy sable reign !
 Morpheus, why desert a fellow ?
 Bring those poppies here again !
 What's the matter *now*, Jemima ?
 Nine o'clock ? It cannot be !
 Hast prepared the eggs, the bacon,
 And the matutinal tea ?
 Take away the jug, Jemima,
 Go, replenish it anon ;
 Since the charm of its caloric
 Must be very nearly gone.
 She has left me. Let me linger
 Till she reappears again ;
 Let my lazy thoughts meander
 In a free-and-easy vein.
 After sleep's profounder solace,
 Nought refreshes like the doze ;
 Should I tumble off, no matter ;
 She will wake me, I suppose.
 Bless me, is it *you*, Jemima ?
 Mercy on us, what a knock !
 Can it be—I can't believe it—
 Actually ten o'clock.
 I will out of bed and shave me,
 Fetch me warmer water up !
 Let the tea be strong, Jemima.
 I shall only want a cup !
 Stop a minute ; I remember
 Some appointment, by the way ;
 'Twould have brought me mints of money ;
 'Twas for ten o'clock to-day.
 Let me drown my disappointment,
 Slumber, in thy seventh heaven !
 You may go away, Jemima,
 Come and call me at eleven !

THE BLUE-STOCKING'S ANSWER.

BY W. I. HENDERSON.

You've talked of the source of Euphrates (she said),
 And of Thebes with her myriad gates,
 You've told me the story of Carthage entire,
 And sprinkled your visits with dates ;
 The history of England repeated in full,
 Magna Charta, corn laws, and stamp acts,
 Till I've sometimes thought that your brain must be
 Solidified grey pulp of facts.

Binomial theorem seemed (she said)
 Quite simple when you made it clear ;
 Computation of error of compass (she said)
 Was a problem for you without fear ;
 You've talked very well of the steering of ships,
 Of the course and the distance made good ;
 And proved with a microscope, once and again,
 The presence of microbes in food.

Of Critique of Reason by dead-and-gone Kant,
 Of Logic of Hume and of Locke,
 Of monadic theory Leibnitz (she said)
 You've served me up daily a stock.
 You've shown me the Whereness and Whatness of Which,
 And likewise the Whyness of Whom,
 Till I've wondered how ever in such a short man
 Memory so long could find room.

And, finally, early last evening (she said)
 You mapped out the heavens for me,
 So that Alpha and Beta, and Vega of Lyre,
 And Jupiter's suns I could see.
 A binary system you then pointed out,
 Two stars ever joined in the blue ;
 And asked me if I didn't think it were well
 Such a system were made of us two.

And here is the answer I give you (she said):
 You've fed me on other men's brains,
 With dry-as-dust facts, by hard study acquired ;
 Ma foi! you're a fool for your pains;

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I, WHO was always counted, they say,
 Rather a bad stick any way,
 Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
 Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six";
 I, the truant, saucy and bold,
 The one black sheep in my father's fold,
 "Once on a time," as the stories say,
 Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor-house.

Tom could save what twenty could earn;
 But *givin'* was somethin' he ne'er would learn
 Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's speak—
 Committed a hundred verses a week;
 Never forgot, an' never slipped;
 But "Honour thy father and mother" he skipped.
So over the hill to the poor-house.

As for Susan, her heart was kind
 An' good—what there was of it, mind;
 Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice,
 Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice
 For one she loved; an' that 'ere one
 Was herself, when all was said an' done.
 An' Charlie an' 'Becca meant well, no doubt,
 But any one could pull 'em about.

An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see,
 Save one poor fellow, and that was me;
 An' when, one dark an' rainy night,
 A neighbour's horse went out o' sight,
 They hitched on me, as the guilty chap
 That carried one end o' the halter strap.
 An' I think, myself, that view of the case
 Wasn't altogether out o' place;
 My mother denied it, as mothers do,
 But I am inclined to believe 'twas true.
 Though for me one thing might be said—
 That I, as well as the horse, was led;
 And the worst of whisky spurred me on,
 Or else the deed would have never been done.

But the keenest grief I ever felt
 Was when my mother beside me knelt,
 An' cried an' prayed, till I melted down,
 As I wouldn't for half the horses in town.
 I kissed her fondly, then an' there,
 An' swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill
 Some fellows should take who never will ;
 And then I decided to go “out West,”
 Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best
 Where, how I prospered, I never could tell,
 But fortune seemed to like me well,
 An' somehow every vein I struck
 Was always bubbling over with luck,
 An' better than that, I was steady an' true,
 An' put my good resolutions through.
 But I wrote to a trusty old neighbour, an' said,
 “You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
 An' died a Christian ; 'twill please 'em more,
 Than if I had lived the same as before.”

But when this neighbour he wrote to me,
 “Your mother's in the poor-house,” says he,
 I had a resurrection straightway,
 An' started for her that very 'day.
 And when I arrived where I was grown,
 I took good care that I shouldn't be known ;
 But I bought the old cottage through and through,
 Of some one Charlie had sold it to ;
 And held back neither work nor gold,
 To fix it up as it was of old.
 The same big fire-place, wide and high,
 Flung up its cinders toward the sky ;
 The old clock ticked on the corner-shelf—
 I wound it an' set it agoin' myself ;
 An' if everything wasn't just the same,
 Neither I nor money was to blame ;

Then—over the hill to the poor-house !

One blowin', blusterin' winter's day,
 With a team an' cutter I started away ;
 My fiery nags were as black as coal ;
 (They some'at resembled the horse I stole) ;
 I hitched an' entered the poor-house door—
 A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor ;

She rose to her feet in great surprise,
 And looked, quite startled, into my eyes ;
 I saw the whole of her troubles' trace
 In the lines that marred her dear old face ;
 "Mother !" I shouted, "your sorrows are done !
 You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son,
 Come over the hill from the poor-house !"

She didn't faint ; she knelt by my side,
 An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried.
 An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant an' gay,
 An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day ;
 An' maybe our cottage wa'n't warm and bright ;
 An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight,
 To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea,
 An' frequently stoppin' and kissin' me ;
 An' maybe we didn't live happy for years,
 In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers,
 Who often said, as I have heard,
 That they wouldn't own a prison-bird ;
 (Though they're gettin' over that, I guess,
 For all of 'em owe me more or less) ;

But I've learned one thing ; an' it cheers a man
 In always a-doin' the best he can ;
 That whether, on the big book, a blot
 Gets over a fellow's name or not,
 Whenever he does a deed that's white,
 It's credited to him fair and right.
 An' when you hear the great bugle's notes,
 An' the Lord divides his sheep an' goats ;
 However they may settle my case,
 Wherever they may fix my place,
 My good old Christian mother, you'll see,
 Will be sure to stand right up for me,
 With over the hill from the poor-house.



THE TITMICE OF NEWBERN.

BY HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

In sight of the spires of Newbern town,
Where the guns of Fort Thompson were frowning down,
 The men in gray,
 The legends say,
Threw crumbs to titmice that came that way
One bright spring morn—new-mated bliss
In the haunts of death. Strange irony this :
Seeking a place for a young love's nest,
They choose a cannon as suited best ;
 Then with a flip,
 Flip, flippety hip,
Hoppety, hippety, trippety, trip,
In the mouth of the implement made to kill
They built their brooding nest with skill,
 Before the battle of Newbern.

But so it happed ere the work was done,
And the bird-home made in the mouth of the gun,
 The men in blue
 Came marching through,
And balls and shells hissed, whistled, and flew ;
And the men in gray fired the chickadee's gun,
Which scattered the bird's nest just begun,
'Mid the fire and smoke, when a solid shot
Dismounted the cannon. The birds, harmed not,
 With flutter and skip,
 And a trip, trip, trip,
A hippety, hoppety, flippety, flip,
Had flown with the screech of the first wild shell
Far into the woods where 'twas safe to dwell
 During the battle of Newbern.

And on that day, so the soldiers say,
After the blue had succeeded the gray,
 The birds once more
 Came as before
Back to the haunts of those men of war ;
After the smoke and the carnage and death,
Almost in the cannon's fiery breath,

They gathered once more moss, feathers, and hair,
And went to work their nest to repair,
 With their hoppety hip,
 And their busiest skip,
In the now dismounted cannon they'd trip,
Beneath the mild spring sun in the south,
Rebuilt their nest in the cannon's mouth,
 After the battle of Newbern.

These small chickadees they cared not a mite
Which soldiers were wrong and which were right,
 The blue or gray
 Who came that day
To wrangle and slay in their own rude way ;
They only sought for the ways of peace,
And waited aside for the noise to cease ;
Then built in the gun they had used before,
And showed contempt for the ways of war,
 With their hippety hip,
 Flip, flip, flip, flip,
With their teetering tip and hoppety skip ;
And this is the legend the soldiers tell
About the titmice, and what befell
 After the battle of Newbern,

Was this a presage of what would be,
This home rebuilding by bright chickadee ?
 For they display
 The blue and gray
In the feathery suits they wear every day.
Was this an auspice of what would come
After the hush of the rifle and drum,
When war and its horrors had passed away,
Commingled as one the blue and the gray,
 With a hip, hip, hip,
 And a brotherly grip,
Joined in to rebuild what the war let slip ?
Was this a lesson of life to be
Taught to men by the small chickadee,
 After the battle of Newbern ?



SHAMUS O'BRIEN: A TALE OF '98.

BY J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.

Jist afther the war, in the year '98,
 As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
 'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
 To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.—
 There was thrial by jury goin' on by daylight,
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
 It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon :
 If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon ;
 An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sintence,
 The divil a much time they allowed for repintance.
 An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin',
 Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin' ;
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
 With the *heath* for their *barrack*, *revenge* for their *pay*.
 An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
 Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
 His limbs were well-set, an' his body was light,
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white.
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red ;
 An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
 For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night ;
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.
 An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
 An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare ;
 An' by gorra, the whole world gev it in to him there.
 An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
 An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
 An' it's many the one can remember right well
 The quare things he done : an' it's often I heerd tell
 How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin' four,
 An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.—
 But the fox *must* sleep sometimes, the wild deer *must* rest,
 An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best.—

Afther many a brave action of power and pride,
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
 An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
 An' take your last look on her dim lovely light,
 That falls on the mountain and valley this night ;—
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,
 An' one at the shelthering, far-distant wood.
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still ;
 Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,
 And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.—
 An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
 An' the turnkey resaved him, refusing all bail ;
 The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands wor bound,
 An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd prison ground.
 An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there,
 As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air ;
 An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
 As fast as the foam-flashes dhrift down on the river,
 Bring fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
 Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
 But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
 Would not suffer *one* drop down his pale cheek to start ;
 An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
 An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
 By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,
 That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
 His enemies never should have it to boast
 His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost ;
 His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhr'y,
 For, undaunted he *lived*, and undaunted he'd *die*.

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over and gone,
 The terrible day iv the thrial kem on ;
 There *was sich* a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
 An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand.
 An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered.
 An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered :
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead ;
 An' the judge settled out so detarmined and big,
 With his gown on his back, and an illigant new wig ;

An' silence was called, and the minute it was said
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead.
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,—
 An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.—
 For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm an' so strong,
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
 A chance of escape, nor a word to defend ;
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone ;
 And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
 An' Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it a taste,
 An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
 " Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase ? "

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhreads
 An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said :
 " My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time
 I thought any treason, or did any crime
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
 The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
 Before God and the world I would answer you, *No !*
 But—if you would ask me, as I think it like,
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
 An' fought for Ould Ireland from the first to the close,
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
 I answer you, *Yes ;* and I tell you again,
 Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that *then*
 In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
 An' that *now* for *her* sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light ;
 By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap !
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
 Then Shamus's mother, in the crowd standin' by,
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :
 " O, judge ! darlin', don't, O, don't say the word !
 The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord ;
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin' ;—
 You don't know him, my lord—O, don't give him to ruin !—
 He's the kindest crathur, the tendherest-hearted ;—
 Don't part us for ever, we that's so long parted.
 Tudge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
 An' God will forgive you—O, don't say the word ! "

That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
 When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken ;
 An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
 The big tears wor runnin' fast, one after th' other ,
 An' two or three times he endeavoured to spake,
 But the sthrong, manly voice used to falther and break ;
 But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
 He conquered and masted his grief's swelling tide,

" An," says he, " mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,
 For, sooner or later, the dearest *must* part ;
 And God knows it's betther than wandering in fear
 On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
 To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast
 From thought, labour, and sorrow, for ever shall rest.
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
 Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour ;
 For I wish, when my head's lyin' undher the raven,
 No thrue man can say that I died like a craven !"
 Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
 An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
 An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky ;—
 But why are the men standin' idle so late ?
 An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street ?
 What come they to talk of ? what come they to see ?
 An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree ?—
 O, Shamus O'Brien ! pray fervent and fast,
 May the saints take your soul, for *this* day is your *last* ;

Pray fast, an' pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
 When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.—
 An' faster, an' faster, the crowd gathered there,
 Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair ;
 An' whisky was sellin', an' cussamuck too,
 An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.
 An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
 There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark ;
 An', be gorra, 'twas thrue for him, for divil sich a scruge,
 Sich divarshin and crowds, was known since the deluge.
 For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
 Waitin' till such time as the hangin' id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
 An' out came the sheriffs an' sodgers in state,

An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
Not *paler*, but *prouder* than ever, that minute;
An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' an' blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wiud blowin' through trees.
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stan'
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look round.
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turn sickly, and warm hearts turn chill;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
An' the good priest had left him, havin' said his last prayer.
But the good priest had done *more*, for his hands he unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground;—
Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres;
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbours,
Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,—
By the heavens he's free!—than thunder more loud,
By one *shout* from the people the heavens were shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang;
To night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.—
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
An' the sheriffs were both of them punished severely,
An' fined like the divil because Jim done them fairly.



THE SONG OF THE FLAG.

BY ERIC MACKAY.

UP with the flag !
 And let the wind caress it fold on fold,—
 For 'tis the token of a truth sublime,
 A flag of pride, a splendour to behold !
 And 'tis our honour's pledge :
 A thing to die for, and to wonder at,
 When, on the shuddering edge
 Of some great storm, it waves its woven joy
 Which no man shall destroy,
 In shine or shower, in peace or battle time.
 Up with the flag !
 The winds are wild to toss it, and to brag
 Of England's high renown,—
 And of the throne where chivalry has sat
 Acclaimed in bower and town,
 For England's high renown,—
 And of those happy isles where men are free
 And masters of the sea,
 The million-mouthèd sea,
 That calls to us from shore to furthest shore,—
 That fought us of yore,—
 The thunder-throated, foam-frequented sea,
 That sounds the psalm of Victory even more !

For England's sake to-day,
 And for this flag of ours which, to the blast,
 Unfurls its proud array,
 Its glittering width of splendour unsurpass'd,—
 For England's sake,
 For our dear Sovereign's sake,—
 We cry all shame on traitors, high and low,
 Whose word let no man take,
 Whose love let no man seek throughout the land,—
 Traitors who strive with most degenerate hand
 To bring about our country's overthrow.

The sun reels up the sky, the mists are gone,
 And overhead the lilting bird of dawn
 Has spread, adoring-wise, as for a prayer,
 Those wondrous wings of his,

Which never yet were symbols of despair;
 It is the feathery foeman of the night
 Who shakes a-down the air
 Song-scented trills and sunlit ecstasies.
 Ay, 'tis the lark, the chorister in gray,
 Who sings hosannahs to the lord of light,
 And will not stint the measure of his lay,
 As hour to hour, and joy to joy succeeds,
 For his the morning mirth of English meads;
 And we, who mark the moving of his wings,
 We know how sweet the soil whereof he sings,—
 How glad the grass, how green the summers thrall,
 How like a gracious garden the dear Land
 That cover the ocean and the tossed-up sand
 Whereof the wind has made a coronal;
 And how in spring and summer, at sunrise,
 The birds fling out their raptures to the skies,
 And have the grace of God upon them all.

Up with the flag!
 Up, up, betimes, and proudly speak of it;
 A lordly thing to see on tower and crag
 O'er which,—as eagles flit,
 With eyes a-fire, and wings of phantasy,—
 Our memories hang superb!
 The foes we frown upon shall feel the curb
 Of our full sway; and they shall shamèd be
 Who wrong, with sword or pen,
 The code that keeps us free.
 For there's no sight, in summer or in spring,
 Like our great standard-pole,
 When round about it ring
 The cheers of Britons, bounden, heart and soul
 To deeds of duty dear to Englishmen;
 And he who serves it has a name to see
 On Victory's muster-roll;
 And he who loves it not, how vile is he!
 For 'tis the wave's delight,—
 Our ocean-wonder, blue and red and white;
 Blue as the skies and red as roses are,
 And white as foam that flashed at Trafalgar:
 The wind's and wave's delight,
 The badge and test of right,
 Girt with its glory like a guiding star!

The sh many a time,
 And e frothy main,
 In doo battle plain ;
 And yet
 In many namoured clime.
 And how t sailors ache with fear
 When our go forth, as heretofore,
 Full-armed i fore,—
 And Boreas b tultant on the seas,
 To bid the wav these,—
 The subject waves of England and the Isles,—
 Out-leap for miles and miles,
 As loud as lions loosed on enemies !

Oh, may no mean surrender of the rights
 Of our ancestral swords,
 Which made our fathers pioneers and lords
 And victors in the fights,—
 May no succession of the days and nights
 Find us or ours at fault,
 Or careless of our fame, our island-fame,
 Our sea-begotten fame,—
 And no true Briton halt
 In his allegiance to the Victory-name
 Which is the name we bow to, in our thought,
 When English deeds are wrought
 In lands that love the languors of the sun,
 And where the stars have sway,
 And where the moon is marvelled at for hours,
 The flags of nations are the ocean-flowers,
 And ours the dearest, ours the brightest one,
 That ever shimmered on the watery way
 Which patriots call to mind,
 When they remember isles beyond the dawn
 Where our sea-children dwell.
 For there's no flag afloat upon the wind
 Can wave so high, or show so fair a front,
 Or gleam so proudly in the battle-brunt,
 Or tell a tale of conquest half so well
 As this we dote upon !

The storm is our ally, the raging sea
 Is our adherent, and, to make us free,
 A thousand times the full-tongued hurricane
 Has bellowed forth its menace o'er the deep

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 which none in all the
 ability for blame.
 The story of the gl
 W
 And was from first to
 Of Wellington's

High, high the flag for England's sake and ours,
 Who know the vested powers
 And what is ours in
 When fierce contentions cease,—
 High, high the flag of England over all,
 Which naught but good befall!
 High let it wave, in triumph, as a sign
 Of Freedom's right divine,—
 Its glorious folds out-fluttering in the gale,
 Again to tell the tale
 Of deeds heroic, done at Duty's call!
 The wind's our trumpeter; and east and west,
 And north and south, all day,—as on a quest,—
 It bears the news about
 Of all we do and dare, in our degree,
 And all the Land's great shout,
 And all the pomp and pageant of the sea!

(By permission of the Author.)

You can't win a woman with learning (she said),
There's something she prizes above ;
I knew all the things that you talked of before :
Why didn't you tell me of—LOVE ?

MY FIRST RECITAL.

BY W. A. EATON.

I WAS seized with an ambition to appear in public once,
I was young and not bad-looking, nor by any means a dunce ;
But I little knew the trouble that my wild desire would cause,
Or the woes of those who try to win the " popular applause."

I had no voice for singing, so my fancy took its flight :
I would study elocution and in public would recite ;
So I bought a recitation, and I read it night and day,
Until, without a single break, I every word could say.

I bought a book on action, and studied ease and grace,
And practised well, before the glass, each tragical grimace,
For I was of a sombre turn and loved dramatic rhyme,
Of haunted towers, and lovers' sighs, and deeds of horrid
crime.

I moved my eyebrows up and down, as tragic actors do,
And ate a pound of acid drops, and sticky jujubes too ;
I practised deep tones very deep, and growled like any bear,
Until my landlady would ask, " What is that noise up there ? "

I joined a Concert Company, and had my name put down,
And thought my first appearance was the talk of half the town ;
The piece I had selected was a splendid one to " go,"
I had heard it oft recited by a fellow that I know.

And when you hear the title, I am sure you'll say that's good,
'Twas the most dramatic poem ever written by Tom Hood ;
I had seen the ladies clasp their hands, and give a little
scream,—
Now, can't you guess the title ? It was " Eugene Aram's
Dream ! "

It's rather difficult because of the recurring rhyme,
But I thought I had quite mastered that and now could bide
my time ;

My name upon the programme gave me quite a sudden start,
But I knew my words correctly, so I cheered my drooping
heart.

And I practised more than ever in deep tones that tragic rhyme,
And related all the details of the usher's horrid crime.
And at last the wished-for evening came, as evenings ever will,
For whatever *we* are doing *time* is never standing still.

The spacious hall was crowded with an audience most select,
And some most distinguished visitors whom we did not expect,
A real *live* Lord and Lady, and the Mayor of Blanktown too,
With a fierce moustachioed Captain of the Royal Horse Guards
Blue.

The Vicar of the Parish and Churchwardens in a row,
With crowds of gushing ladies, each with her special beau,
And one, I must confess it, the adored one of my heart,
It was for her I tried to shine in this most tragic part.

There was carpet on the platform, and banners trailed the
ground,
And a scented water fountain threw its perfumed spray around ;
And plants of tropic beauty in pots were blooming there,
You scarcely could imagine a scene more wondrous fair.

I looked at my adored one, with the glorious hazel eyes,
And felt that her applause would be an all-sufficient prize.
First a grand piano solo, then a chorus by the choir,—
I always had a notion that sweet music could inspire,

And give a soldier courage ; but the more I now reflect,
I am sure *that* music had on me an opposite effect,
For although my head was burning I was trembling like a leaf.
Then I thought the songs might soothe me, but the songs were
all too brief.

When I looked upon the programme, and I marked off every
name,
It seemed as if my time to appear like a flash of lightning came.
I tried to feel collected, and as if I didn't care,
But I felt my face was burning right away into my hair.

I stood just behind the platform trying vainly to keep cool,
And whispering softly to myself, "Be calm; don't be a fool!"
When, smiling, our conductor round the corner popped his
head,
"Come, look sharp, Mr. Whizzer, the platform waits!" he said.

Then I rushed upon the platform, nearly falling on my face,
And stood before the audience glaring wildly into space,
When I saw the upturned faces, I'd have given the world to
say,
"Please don't stare at me so rudely! Oh, do look the other
way!"

Where were all my tragic actions, which their feelings must
have stirred?
And, oh horror! more important, where, oh where, was the
first word!
Vainly stared I at the ceiling, vainly stared I at the floor,
Yes, the words were quite forgotten, I had known so well
before.

And I saw my own adored one hide her face behind her fan,
And a stout old lady murmured, "Dear me, what *can* ail the
man?"
Then I suddenly remembered part of that most tragic rhyme,
And I waved my arms and shouted, "In the prime of summer
time."

Why the audience laughed I know not, but they did, and I got
mad,
It was not a comic poem, and to laugh was much too bad;
Then I thought about my action, when "some moody turns he
took,"
And I tramped along the platform till the very rafters shook.

Then I reached the thrilling portion where the ladies *ought* to
scream,
Then I said, "My lad, remember, this is nothing but a dream."
But to me it was a nightmare, awful, but, alas! too true;
How I wished the creaking platform would but break and let
me through.

Oh, but for one drink of water, *one* to cool my burning tongue,
Then I stooped to lift the body, then again I upward sprung;
I had clasped a splendid rose-tree, on my shoulder held it tight,
Then I plunged into the audience, scattering wildly left and
right.

And I dropped that splendid rose-tree on a stout old lady's lap,
 And the branches got entangled with the ribbons of her cap.
 Then I pulled it, waved it wildly, like a palm branch high in
 air,
 Wig and cap hung in the branches—the old lady's head was
 bare !

Wildly then I flung it from me, flung it ere I turned and fled,
 And it struck the portly Rector, struck him on his shiny head.
 Then the fierce moustachioed captain seized me with an angry
 shout,
 Lifted me by the coat collar, and, yes, really, *kicked me out !*

Angelina, my adored one, passes me and does not bow,
 Angelina goes out walking with another fellow now.
 How I hate my wild ambition ! I detest dramatic rhyme,
 And the art of elocution I would punish as a crime.

For reciting may be pleasant if you don't aspire too high,
 But before you say it's easy, do as I did—"Go and try."

(By permission of the Author.)



THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THERE was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp ; but, anyway, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side ; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway, what suited the other man would suit him—anyway, just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky ; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance ; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it ;

if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here; and so he was too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at you'd think he warn't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was upon him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side

all the time, till the money was all up ; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under the circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, this-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him ; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, “Flies, Dan'l, flies!” and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snack a fly off'n the counter there and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he's been doing any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and

straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp he was—come across him with his box, and says, "What might be it you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The fellow took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I an't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and prised his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in and give him to this feller, and says :

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up, and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of snot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him.



THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "PUFFIN."

BY F. ANSTEY.

I.

TELL you a story, children? Well, gather round my knee,
And I'll see if I cannot thrill you (though you're torpid after
your tea),
With a moving tale of a shipwreck; and—should you refrain
from sleep,
For the cake was a trifle heavy—I flatter myself you'll
weep!

II.

You all know Kensington Gardens, and some of you, I'll be bound,
Have stood by the level margin of the Pond that's entitled
"Round";
'Tis a pleasant spot on a summer day, when the air is laden
with balm,
And the snowy sails are reflected clear in a mirror of flawless
calm!

III.

Well, it isn't like that in the winter, when the gardens are shut
at four
And a wit is lashing the water, and driving the ducks
ashore.
Ah! the Pond can be black and cruel then, with its waves
running inches high,
And a peril lurks for the tautest yacht that pocket-money can
buy!

IV.

Yet, in weather like this, with a howling blast and a sky of
ominous gloom,
Did the good ship *Puffin* put out to sea, as if trying to
tempt her doom!
She was a model steamer, on the latest approved design,
And her powerful 10-slug engines were driven by spirits of
wine.

V.

And a smarter crew (they were sixpence each!) never shipped
on a model bark,
While her Captain, "Nuremberg Noah," had once commanded
an ark;
Like a fine old salt of the olden school, he had stuck to his
wooden ship,
But lately, he'd been promoted—and this was his trial trip.

VI.

Off went the *Puffin* when steam was up, with her crew and
commander brave!
And her screw was whizzing behind her as she breasted the
foaming wave;
Danger? each sixpenny seaman smiled at the notion of that!
But the face of the skipper looked thoughtful from under his
broad-brimmed hat,

VII.

Was he thinking then of his children three—of Japheth, and
 Ham, and Shem?
 Or his elephants (both with a trunk unglued!), was he sad at
 the thought of them?
 Or the door at the end of his own old ark—did it give him a
 passing pain
 To reflect that its unreal knocker might never deceive him
 again?

VIII.

Nay, children, I cannot answer—he had passed inquiry beyond:
 He was far away on the billowy waste of the wild and heaving
 Pond,
 Battling hard with the angry crests of the waves, that were
 rolling in
 And seeking to overwhelm and swamp his staggering vessel of
 tin!

IX.

Suddenly, speed she slackened, and seemed of her task to
 tire . . .
 Ay! for the seas she had shipped of late had extinguished
 her engine fire!
 And the park-keeper, watching her, shook his head and in
 manner unfeeling, cried:
 “’Twill be nothing short of a miracle now if she makes the
 opposite side!”

X.

Think of it, children—that tiny ship, tossed in the boiling
 froth,
 Drifting about at the wild caprice of the elements’ fitful wrath!
 Her screw-propeller was useless now that the flickering flame
 was out,
 And the invalids gazed from their snug bath-chairs, till they
 almost forgot the gout.

XI.

Help for the gallant vessel! she is overborne by the blast!
 She is shipping water by spoonfuls now, I tell you she’s
 sinking fast!
 “Hi!” cried one of her owners to a spaniel, liver and black,
 “Good dog, into the water quick!” But the park-keeper held
 it back!

XII.

Yes, spite of indignant pleadings from the eager excited crowd,
He quoted a pedant bye-law: "In the water no dogs allowed."
Then shame on the regulations that would hinder an honest
dog
From plunging in to assist a ship that is rolling a helpless log!

XIII.

Stand by all! for she'll ride it out—though she's left to do it
alone.
She was drifting in, she was close at hand—when down she
went like a stone!
A few feet more and they had her safe—and now, it was all
too late,
For the *Puffin* had foundered in sight of port, by a stroke of
ironical Fate!

XIV

But the other owner was standing by, and, tossing her tangled
locks,
Down she sat on the nearest seat—and took off her shoes and
socks!
"One kiss, brother!" she murmured, "one clutch of your
strong right hand—
And I'll paddle out to the *Puffin*, and bring her in safe to land!"

XV.

What can a barefooted child do? More than the pampered
cur,
With his chicken-fed carcass shrinking, afraid from the bank
to stir!
More than a baffled spaniel—ay, and more than the pug-dog
pet,
That wrinkles his ebony muzzle, and whines if his paws are
wet!

XVI.

"Come back!" the park-keeper shouted—but she merely
answered, "I won't!"
And into the water she waded—though the invalids whimpered,
"Don't!"
Ah! but the Pond struck chilly, and the mud at the bottom
was thick:
But in she paddled, and probed it with the point of a bor-
rowed stick!

XVII.

"Don't let go of me, darling!" . "Keep hold of my fingers tight,
 And I'll have it out in a minute or two . . . I haven't got up to it quite :
 A minute more, and the sunken ship we'll safe to the surface bring,
 Yes, and all the sixpenny sailors, too, that we lashed to the funnel with string!"

XVIII.

Up to the knees in the water, Ethel and brother Ralph
 Groped till they *found* the *Puffin* and her sailors, soppy but safe ;
 All the dear little sailors . . . but Children—I can't go on,
 For poor old wooden-faced Noah was—*how* shall I tell you?—gone !

XIX.

He must have fallen over, out of that heeling boat,
 Away in the dim grey offing, to rise and to fall like a float,
 Till the colour deserted his face and form, as it might at an infant's suck,
 And he sank to his rest in his sailor's tomb—the maw of a hungry duck !

XX.

You are weeping ? I cannot wonder. Mine is a pathetic style.
 Weep for him, children, freely . . . But, when you have finished, smile
 With joy for his shipmates, rescued as though by a Prospero's wand,
 And the *Puffin*, snatched from the slimy depths of the Round but treacherous Pond !

(By permission of the Author.)



'SPÄCIALLY JIM.

(Harper's Magazine.)

I wus mighty good-lookin' when I wus young—

Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,
'Spacially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he,
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;
But I toss'd up my head, an' made fun o' the crowd,
'Spacially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,
An' I wouldn't take stock in *him*!
But they kep' up a-comm' in spite o' my talk,
'Spacially Jim.

I got *so* tired o' havin' 'em roun'
(*'Spacially Jim*!),
I made up my mind I'd settle down
An' take up with him;

So we was married one Sunday in church,
'Twas crowded full to the brim,
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,
'Spacially Jim.

A RAT OR A MOUSE; OR, NEITHER RIGHT.

JOHN DAVIDSON, and Tib his wife,
Sat toastin' their taes ae nicht,
When something startit in the fluir
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John, "did you see that moose?
Whar sorra was the cat?"
"A moose?"—"Ay, a moose."—"Na, na, Guidman,
It wasna a moose! 'twas a rat."

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

“Ow, ow, Guidwife, to think ye’ve been
Sae lang about the hoose,
An’ no’ to ken a moose frae a rat!
Yan wasna a rat! ’twas a moose!”

“I’ve seen mair mice than you, Guidman—
An’ what think ye o’ that?
Sae haud your tongue, an’ say nae mair—
I tell ye, *it was a rat.*”

“*Me* haud my tongue for *you*, Guidwife?
I’ll be mester o’ this hoose—
I saw’t as plain as een could see,
An’ I tell ye, *it was a moose.*”

“If you’re the mester of the hoose,
It’s I’m the mistress o’t;
An’ I ken best what’s in the hoose—
Sae I tell ye, *it was a rat.*”

“Weel, weel, Guidwife, gae mak’ the brose,
An’ ca’ it what ye please.”
So up she rose and made the brose,
While John sat toastin’ his taes.

They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
And ay their lips played snack;
They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
Till their lugs began to crack.

“Sic fules we were to fa’ out, Guidwife,
About a moose”—“A what?
It’s a lee ye tell, an’ I say again
It wasna a moose, ’twas a rat.”

“Wad’ye ca’ me a leear to my very face?
My faith, but ye craw crouse!
I tell you, Tib, I never will bear’t—
“’Twas a moose”—“’Twas a rat”—“’Twas a moose e.”

‘Wi’ that she struck him ower the pow—
“Ye dour auld doit, tak’ that—
Gae to your bed, ye canker’d sumph—

’Twas a rat.”—“’Twas a moose!”—“’Twas a rat!”

She sent the brose caup at his heels
As he hirpled ben the hoose;
Yet he shoved out his head as he steekit the door,
And cried, “’Twas a moose, ’twas a moose!”

But when the carle fell asleep
 She paid him back for that,
 And roar'd into his sleepin' lug,
 "'Twas a rat, 'twas a RAT, 'twas a RAT!"

The devil be wi' me if I think
 It was a beast at all—
 Next morning, when she swept the fluir,
 She found wec *Johnnie's ball!*



THE LETTERS AT SCHOOL.

ANONYMOUS.

ONE day the letters went to school,
 And tried to learn each other;
 They got so mixed, 'twas really hard
 To pick one from the other.

A went in first, and Z went last;
 The rest were all between them,—
 K, L, and M, and N, O, P,—
 I wish you could have seen them!

B, C, D, E, and J, K, L,
 Soon jostled well their betters;
 Q, R, S, T,—I grieve to say—
 Were very naughty letters.

Of course, ere long they came to words—
 What else could be expected?
 Till E made D, J, C, and T
 Decidedly dejected.

Now, through it all, the consonants
 Were rudest and uncouthest,
 While all the pretty vowel girls
 Were certainly the smoothest.

And simple **U** kept far from Q,
 With face demure and moral,
 "Because," she said, "we are, we two,
 So apt to start a quarrel!"

THE FERNANDEZ RECITER.

But spiteful P said, "Pooh for U!"
(Which made her feel quite bitter),
And, calling O, L, E to help,
He really tried to hit her.

Cried A, "Now, E and C, come here!
If both will aid a minute,
Good P will join in making peace,
Or else the mischief's in it."

And smiling E, the ready sprite,
Said, "Yes, and count me double."
This done, sweet peace shone o'er the scene,
And gone was all the trouble!

Meanwhile, when U and P made up,
The cons'nants looked about them
And kissed the vowels, for, you see,
They couldn't do without them.



